JAMES CONNOLLY

Portrait of a Rebel Father



by his daughter

Nora Connolly O'Brien

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"Among the sixteen men who were executed after the Irish Insurrection of 1916 there was no nobler or more heroic figure than James Connolly. . . . His daughter has here repaid love with love and pride with pride in a book that has been written from the depths of her remembering heart." *Robert Lynd.*

"intimate and affectionate . . . that charming and lovable life that Nora Connolly O'Brien wrote of her father, the Irish labour leader and patriot, who was executed after Easter Week, 1916. All Ireland knows how the Citizen Army general, severely wounded, was propped in a chair to face the British firing squad, but not so many know of his ideal private life." *The Irish Press.*

"Tells the story of her father's life and struggle in America, Britain and elsewhere — all of which she shared with him as a child; his splendid work for the Irish Labour Movement in later years, his association with the Citizen Army and the Easter Week Rising, and his tragic death. She quotes Connolly's touching remarks to his heroic wife on the morning of his execution: 'Hasn't it been a full life, Lillie, and isn't this a good end?' " *Leitrim Observer.*

"I believe that the people who are fighting the British in the North are just a continuation of the fight that we fought in our days before we got our political freedom and all that is left to us in our fight for social justice down here. But the fight for the same ideal is still going on in the North, and I have found on my visits there that it is James Connolly's ideal of social and political freedom for which they are fighting the same enemy as we fought. Until the six counties are united with the twenty-six counties, the fight will still go on. I am with the people of the North in their fight and believe they are justified in it." *Nora Connolly O'Brien, The Irish Times, 16 July 1971.*



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James Connolly

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Nora Connolly O'Brien
with a preface by Robert Lynd



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7 JUL 1981

TO MY MOTHER

IS DEDICATED

THIS ATTEMPT TO PORTRAY

A BRAVE, LOVING AND LOVABLE FATHER

"Hasn't it been a full life, Lillie, and isn't this a good end?"

—JAMES CONNOLLY.

PREFACE

AMONG the sixteen men who were executed after the failure of the Irish Insurrection of 1916 there was no nobler or more heroic figure than James Connolly. It was not necessary to share the faith for which he died in order to realise what a magnanimous and valiant man was lost to the world on the day on which, wounded and unable to walk, he was carried from his bed on a stretcher and propped up in a chair to face the firing-squad. Criticism was silent in the presence of that last tragic picture; and, when it became known that the man about to die, on being asked by the priest who attended him: "Will you say a prayer for the men about to shoot you?" had replied: "I will say a prayer for all brave men who do their duty," Connolly's heroic end became a legend to be treasured for all time.

In some ways Connolly differed conspicuously from most of the famous Irish patriots both of the past and of his own time. He was a working-class leader and a Nationalist in almost equal proportions. He was at once as patriotic as Garibaldi and as revolutionary as Lenin. The great nation of the poor commanded his loyalty no less than the historic Irish nation that traced its idealism

back through the centuries. For him there was nothing paradoxical in this. He saw the cause of the workers and the cause of Ireland, not as separate causes, but as the same cause.

His politics, no doubt, were largely influenced by his early life in working-class Scotland. Born near the Ulster town of Ballybay in 1870, he was only ten years old when his family moved to Edinburgh, where his father worked as a municipal dustman. Connolly himself was contributing to the family income by the age of eleven by working in a bakery from six in the morning till late at night. We learn from a passage in this book of his misery at the time, and how, when he set out for work in the morning, he used to long for the bakery to be burned down before his arrival there. For a time he also had a job as a printer's devil on an evening newspaper. "He was," writes Mr. W. P. Ryan in "The Irish Labour Movement," "under the age at which the law allowed youths in such a position, but . . . he was mounted on a stool behind a 'case' whenever a factory inspector appeared, and thus looked as tall and passable as the law required."

As he grew older, Mr. Ryan tells us, he was in turn tramp, navvy, and pedlar; and, by the time that he married at the age of 21, he had become, like his father, a dustman.

The way in which he contrived to educate himself during these years gives evidence of his passionate earnestness and strength of will. He loved books of all kinds—novels, poetry, and history—from an

early age; and, when he was taken by his Fenian uncle to Socialist gatherings, his new interest sent him to the books of the economists, and he was before long a disciple of Karl Marx. The young convert then set out to train himself as a Socialist speaker; but, as one job after another slipped from him, it looked for a time as though he would have to abandon politics and emigrate to South America. He was urged by a friend to go back to Ireland instead, find work there, and organise an Irish Socialist Party.

We realise from Mrs. Connolly O'Brien's vivid and moving narrative something of what he and his family suffered during the early stages of his struggle to spread a new and far from popular gospel in southern Ireland. We see him, exhausted by his work as a navvy, tramping the streets in leaking boots as an unemployed man, with nothing to support his courage but the love of his heroic wife and children and the flame within.

There have been few revolutionary leaders, I imagine, in whose life the affections of the home played a greater part. Poverty was there—poverty sometimes so overwhelming that it became a question whether there was anything else in the house left to pawn—but it is difficult not to think of that devoted family as being happy beyond the common lot. There was laughter as well as anxiety in the air. The family in "Little Women," indeed, did not live in an atmosphere richer in human kindness than did the family of this dangerous agitator.

PREFACE

Mrs. Connolly O'Brien's book is particularly attractive because of the way in which she blends the story of his beautiful private life with his daring and determined public life. As the title of the book suggests, it is the father as well as the rebel that she sets out to paint.

Rebellion is in the wind, however, from the beginning of the story—rebellion against a world in which the poor and the weak suffer at the hands of the rich and the strong. Luckily for Connolly, unlike many idealists, he found in his family a happy mirror of his own enthusiasms. We get the impression at times from his daughter's book of the young people's throwing themselves into the work of agitating and assisting in strikes as gaily as if they were taking part in a birthday party. This gaiety, this high-spiritedness, is, of course, common enough among those who have committed themselves to great causes. It is a mark of the exaltation of the self that has become merged in a purpose greater than the self. It is the emotion felt by those for whom the Promised Land is not only more real than reality, but is already coming into view in the far distance with its rivers and green fields.

Like Arthur Griffith in the Sinn Féin movement—Griffith who was at times a severe critic of Connolly and his Labour activities—Connolly struggled on through dark years, indifferent to failure, indifferent to poverty, confident of the journey's end that he might not even live to see. He was denounced by priests from the pulpit—for he was

that unusual thing, a Catholic as well as a patriotic Marxian—and he listened to the denunciations from his seat without resentment. Ireland as a whole seemed indifferent to his ideals, but Connolly was the sort of man who would have gone boldly forward if he had been in a minority of one. He was always in a minority while he lived: he was still in a minority when he died. He sacrificed his life, like others, indeed, in 1916, because he believed that it was only by dying that the minority could win over the majority to the cause in which it believed.

Of those last days that led up to the Easter Week Insurrection Mrs. Connolly O'Brien has written an unforgettable narrative. Here even those who have no sympathy with the Insurrection or who regard it as a crime or an act of madness, will see the insurgents as the insurgents saw themselves, and will come to understand their spirit. As events recede into history, men of all shades of opinion can recognise heroism and self-sacrifice on whichever side of the battle they appear; and, when a man fearlessly and selflessly gives his life for an ideal, he takes his place in the eyes of his fellows among the heroes.

Connolly, I think, would have been an important figure in Irish history even if he had not been executed in 1916. His book, "Labour in Irish History," would alone have been enough to keep his name in the memory of his fellow-countrymen. We should not have known so much of his greatness

of spirit, however, if he had not undergone that last agony. Those who read this book will always remember him as the tender-hearted and indomitable man, lying wounded in his bed in Dublin Castle, laying his hand for comfort and consolation on the head of his sobbing wife, to whom he had just broken the news that he had been sentenced to be shot at dawn. "'Don't cry, Lillie,' he pleaded. 'You'll unman me.' 'But your beautiful life, James,' Mama sobbed, 'your beautiful life.' 'Hasn't it been a full life, Lillie?' he said. 'And isn't this a good end?'" Then when the weeping mother had been taken from the room, the daughter ran back from the door and kissed him. He held her to his breast. "I'm proud of you, Nora girl," he said. Those were his last words to her on earth. His daughter has here repaid love with love and pride with pride in a book that has been written from the depths of her remembering heart.

ROBERT LYND.

CONTENTS

PART I.—IRELAND

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	17
CHAPTER II.	26
CHAPTER III.	34
CHAPTER IV.	43
CHAPTER V.	47
CHAPTER VI.	55

PART II.—AMERICA

CHAPTER VII.	69
CHAPTER VIII.	76
CHAPTER IX.	86
CHAPTER X.	96

PART III.—IRELAND

CHAPTER XI.	115
CHAPTER XII.	121
CHAPTER XIII.	137
CHAPTER XIV.	151
CHAPTER XV.	170
CHAPTER XVI.	188
CHAPTER XVII.	204
CHAPTER XVIII.	222
CHAPTER XIX.	238
CHAPTER XX.	258
CHAPTER XXI.	275
CHAPTER XXII.	313
EPILOGUE	324

PART I.—IRELAND.

PORTRAIT OF A REBEL FATHER

CHAPTER I.

NONO sat on a small stool by the fire and wondered. Something was wrong with little mother. Nono had been watching her since it had begun to grow dark. Little mother was spending a lot of time looking out of the window. Nono wondered about that—there was nothing to be seen but the houses across the street. Nono knew, because she had looked out herself and that was all she had seen. But little mother was looking out of it when she was not looking at the little fire.

Why did little mother bother about the fire? Nono was sitting beside it and if it was going out she would tell her. Maybe she was afraid that because it was such a little fire Nono could not tell if it was going out or not. It had only been lit since it had begun to grow dark. Nono wondered why they had no fires during the daytime and why little mother would not give them more to eat. "Two pieces of bread are enough for little girls," she said when they asked for more at breakfast. Breakfast was a long time ago, but the kettle was boiling, and they must be going to have something

to eat. Nono felt hungry, but she did not like to say so. Mona has stopped crying; no, she has fallen asleep. Why did Mona cry so much, and why did little mother cry when she looked at them?

"I wonder why he doesn't come," Nono heard her mother say from her place at the window. She thought little mother looked very nice as she stood there looking out. She and Mona were very proud of her; she looked so much nicer than the other mothers in the big house where they lived. She was so small and young they had decided to call her "little mother." She was always so clean and her brown hair looked so nice piled on top of her head, with the little curls dancing at her neck. Then she had such a nice face—it was not red and dirty like some of the other mothers—it was white, and soft, and clean.

"It is time he should be home. What can be keeping him?" said little mother. She came to the fire again, looked into the kettle, put a little bit of stick under it, and sat down in the chair at the other side of the fire. She sat there for a while, and then, as if she could not sit still, went over to the bed where Mona lay, undressed her, and put her under the bed-clothes. "Would Nono like to go to bed?" she asked. Before Nono could reply a halting footstep was heard dragging itself up the stairs until it came to the door, and someone rattled at the handle.

Little mother ran to the door and opened it. A

man staggered in, his clothes as white as if flour had been sprinkled over them.

"James," cried little mother. "My poor James."

Silly, thought Nono. That's not my daddy. My daddy stands straight, and has black hair and laughing eyes, and when he comes in he always plays and jokes with us. But little mother put her arms round him and led him to a chair and sat him in it. It *is* my daddy! And he doesn't speak to Nono or to little mother, only groans as he bends his body to the chair, and sits with his head on his chest. Nono watches, makes no sound, and wonders what has happened to daddy and why little mother is crying.

Little mother pours out the tea and butters some bread.

"Here, James. Don't try to eat anything, but drink this. It will do you good."

Daddy raises his hand to take the tea, but his arm falls to his side again.

"I haven't the strength, Lillie. I haven't the strength."

Little mother pours out some in a saucer and holds it to his lips. This is such an extraordinary thing that Nono leaves her stool and comes closer to daddy. Daddy is drinking the tea, but his face is all wet. Was daddy crying?

"Did someone hurt my daddy?" she asked. Daddy looked at her.

"Oh, God, Lillie," he said, "I'm no good. I'm

no use to you and the children. I cannot do the work. I'm no good."

Little mother turned her head away, wiped her eyes with her apron, poured out another saucer of tea, held it to daddy, and with a smile said: "Don't say that, James. Drink some more tea."

Daddy drank the tea, but he did not eat any bread.

"Tell me about it," said little mother when he was finished.

"I was wheeling barrows of cement. All day long . . . All day long. I felt as if they were pulling the arms out of my body. They were so heavy . . . When dinner-time came I could not eat the bread you put in my pocket . . . Every muscle and bone was crying out for rest . . . but I couldn't rest . . . I could only sit there. And afterwards it grew worse. A hundred times I thought I'd give up and go home. Then I thought how happy you were this morning because I had work at last and the hungry days were over . . . You had pawned everything . . . so I said I must stay. When the day was over I was too tired to be thankful. I was afraid I wouldn't be able to get home, but I dragged myself along . . . You would be waiting and anxious. People thought me drunk, Lillie . . . when I got dizzy and reeled . . . People thought me drunk."

Little mother was crying like Mona before she fell asleep.

"Don't, Lillie," said daddy. "When you sob like that you break my heart."

"My poor, poor James."

"Poor. Aye, it's a poor husband you have. He's a weakling. He can't work for his wife and children."

"A weakling? You can't say that, James. You know that for the last few months you haven't had enough to eat—not even for one day. You've gone out in the morning after bread and tea to look for work, and haven't come home till it was dark, and then pretended that someone had given you a dinner so that there would be enough for me and the children. Isn't that enough to take the strength from any man? Ask any other man of twenty-six and he'd say he'd feel the same. That work you tried to-day would be too much for any man who hasn't had a decent meal in God knows how many weeks. It wasn't you; it was the work. How could you do it after months of starvation? Don't blame yourself. Don't think little of yourself."

Little mother was so angry that she had stopped crying. She went over to the window and brought back a basin with some water in it, and a towel. She put them down by daddy's chair, and going down on her knees began to take off his shoes—they were slippers tied with a string. When little mother had taken them and the socks off she poured some water from the kettle into the basin and put daddy's feet into the warm water. "That will make them comfortable," she said. Then she took off daddy's coat, and let his braces down from his shoulders. "Rest there till I come back from a

message," she said, and going to a cupboard she took something from it and went out.

* * * * * *

Nono had gone back to her stool, and sat very quiet all this time, wondering about it all and trying to puzzle it out. She remembered that last night after she had gone to bed daddy had come in and he was all wet. He had sat by the fire very quiet, and she had seen little mother look at him as she looked at Mona or herself when they coughed or had a cold. Nono had watched them from the bed, and they were not speaking. Then the postman came with a letter for daddy. He had opened it, read it, lifted little mother from her chair, and laughed and kissed her. And little mother had laughed and kissed him, and asked: "What is it, James; what is it? What makes you so glad?"

"Work, Lillie; work. I'm to start to-morrow. Look. See for yourself." And little mother had read the letter and kissed daddy again, and said: "Oh, James! I'm so glad; so glad. After all this long time." They had sat down beside each other and read the letter again, and seemed so happy.

"I wonder what kind of work it will be," said little mother. "It doesn't say."

"Oh, it will be a good job," said daddy. "Look who got it for me."

"I must brush up your clothes, James, and you must mend your shoes to-night. I brought some

leather home for you, but you looked so tired I didn't mention it. You said they were very bad and let in all the wet."

"Why wouldn't they let in the wet," laughed daddy, "when there's a hole in each of them as big as Nono's hand? I did feel tired, but I don't believe I'll ever be tired again. Where's the leather?"

Little mother gave him the leather, and daddy got the hammer and the iron foot and the nails, and took his shoes from where they were drying before the fire, and began to work. Little mother was busy brushing his clothes, humming a little song.

"Why do you always hum 'Rock-a-bye baby,' when you are feeling happy?" asked daddy.

"I don't know," said little mother. "James, isn't it good to be hopeful again?"

"It is."

"The dark times are gone. Oh, James, it used to hurt me when you came home and I would know there was another disappointment. You were so glad to be coming here to live among your own people. You were going to help them, to have meetings . . . You were so hopeful. Then it was so hard to get work—day after day you hunted . . . So many had promised that they would help you get it. Now that's all over . . . you'll be able . . ."

"I'll be better able, Lillie. This past misery . . ."

Daddy looked at little mother, and she turned away and began to brush his coat again.

"Oh, my God!" said daddy.

"What's wrong?"

"I've ruined the boots," said daddy. "The wet to-day has made them rotten, and they have all come apart."

"James! James! What will we do now? You can't go to the new job without boots." Daddy sat looking at the boots, but he didn't speak. Little mother came over and looked at him. "Look, James; those slippers you have on have good strong soles, and the top comes right up to your trousers. If they could be tied on . . . you could do with them for a day . . . we could buy a second-hand pair to-morrow. We'll be able to do that now that you have got work. Try . . ."

Daddy tied a bit of string about the slippers. "See, Lillie," he said. "You are right. The trousers hide the string. We'll make them do."

* * * * * *

Daddy had dozed in his chair while Nono was remembering all this. But he was twisting about so much that Nono was wondering would he fall. Just then little mother came in. Her hair was wet and her cheeks very red. Daddy wakened when he heard the door close. Little mother went to him and knelt down by his chair.

"Look, James," she said. "Look." She held out her hand to daddy. She had a lot of shillings. Daddy looked at them.

"Where did you get it?" he asked. "Where did you get it, Lillie?"

Little mother threw her arms around daddy and shook her head. She did not speak.

"Lillie, Lillie."

"My little gold watch, James," sobbed little mother. "My little gold watch. I could not bear to part with it . . . I let everything else go . . . but I couldn't let it go. But when I saw you there so broken . . . losing faith in yourself . . . It would have to go . . . then you needn't go back to be killed again to-morrow . . . It's gone now. I pawned it."

"My little girl," said daddy. "Your last treasure gone."

"Wasn't I the selfish woman to cling to it so long? But I was so fond of it, James. But now that it is gone I know that everything is going to be all right. You'll have good meals to-morrow and you'll be strong again."

"I'll make it up to you, Lillie. I'll make it up to you. God helping me, I'll make it up to you."

CHAPTER II.

I.

IT was a party, mama said, a christening party. People had a party when a new baby was given a name. That was the explanation she had given when Nono asked about it. There were a lot of grown-ups in the house. Nono didn't know who they all were. Her two uncles she knew, because they had come often to see Nono and had given her pennies. But who were the ladies? And why hadn't she been given a seat at the table? Of course, there didn't seem to be any room, but she was very little and she could squeeze in somewhere. It wasn't very nice to be sitting on a hassock by the fire when people were laughing, and eating, and drinking around the table.

There was a big cake with currants and things in front of the strange old lady. Nono had never seen an old lady like that before. She was wearing a grey dress that spread all about her chair and out on the floor. There were one, two, three rows of black ribbon that went in and out in funny ways at the end of her skirt. Nono tried to follow them with her eyes, but every now and then she lost them. Tiring of this, she glanced up at the old lady, and

her attention was caught by the small, shiny, black buttons that went down the front of her dress from her chin to below her waist. They were too close together and too shiny for Nono to count.

How could an old lady be old if she didn't have white hair? Nono asked herself. All old ladies had white hair, but this old lady had hair as dark as mama's, darker where it showed under the stiff white bonnet. There were so many things about the old lady to interest Nono that she almost forgot her grievance studying her.

She rose from her hassock and went over to the side of the old lady. Then her eyes fell on the resplendent cake, and longing to eat a piece of it possessed her. "What a good, quiet little girl," said the old lady. "Bring over your hassock and stand beside me, and maybe I'll give you something nice."

Eagerly Nono brought the hassock. She was certain that a piece of the cake would soon be hers. The old lady had a piece of it on her plate, but Nono saw that she was busy cutting a crust from bread, and watched her while she took a spoonful of sugar and spilled it on her plate. Then she dipped a crust into her tea, and twisted it round and round on her plate till it was all covered with sugar.

"Now," she said, holding it out to Nono, "here's something nice for Nono."

Rage swelled Nono's throat, tears of disappoint-

ment came to her eyes. The cake, the lovely cake, was not for her.

"Take it, Nono," said mama, "and say 'thank you,' nicely."

Nono would not take it. She glanced from mama to the old lady, unable to say a word to voice her disappointment.

"Take it, Nono," said mama, "or leave the table."

Trembling with rage, Nono reached out her hand to the uninviting object. She took it, and suddenly her voice broke forth. "I don't want the nasty old thing," she cried, and threw it at the old lady, and her rage and disappointment found vent in her wails.

II.

NONO was lying in mama's bed and mama was bathing the new baby. Steam was rising from the basin and the fender was covered with clean clothes for the new baby. Mama had just put the baby in the basin when someone knocked on the door. "Come in," said mama, and in came a tall, beautiful lady, the tallest, most beautiful lady Nono had ever seen. Her dress rustled over the floor as she walked to a chair beside mama. Beside her walked a dog. Such a big dog! Why, he was bigger than the table—his head was higher than it.

"Let me hold the darling," said the beautiful lady.

How small the baby looks, thought Nono.

Maybe that's because it has no clothes on. The beautiful lady was holding the baby and talking to mama. Nono couldn't hear what they were saying, but the beautiful lady was smiling. Mama was smiling, too, but her eyes were very bright, as if she were going to cry, and the beautiful lady was patting her shoulder.

Suddenly the beautiful lady cried out: "Look, look, the dog is eating your cheese."

"No, no, Miss Gonne," said mama, pushing the plate away from the dog, who was licking it with a big, long tongue.

"Cheese," said Nono, drowsily, as mama and the beautiful lady went to the door, "it's only the baby's Castille soap."

III.

DADDY came in with a man who carried a big book on his back. He opened the strap which held it there and put the book on the floor beside the bed.

"Can we have something to eat, Lillie?" asked daddy, and he and the strange man sat down at the table.

Nono timidly touched the strange man's arm. "Is there any pictures in your book?" she asked him when he looked at her. Daddy and the strange man looked at each other and laughed.

"There is," said the strange man in a funny voice; "there is nothing but pictures in it. Would you like to look at them?" Nono could only look her eagerness.

The strange man opened his book and spread it on the floor. It was full of the most glorious pictures. "Holy pictures," she knew they were called. There were pictures of Our Lord in red with a gold crown; and pictures of Our Lady in blue and white with a gold crown, and the Infant Jesus. And a lot of other pictures. "Saints," Nono thought they were called, but she had never seen so many in her life, and was enthralled by the colours and the gold crowns.

Something distracted her attention, and she looked over at daddy and the strange man at the table. They were eating, but the strange man had on his hat. Why does he leave on his hat when he is eating? thought Nono. She left the pictures and went over to the table.

"Why do you keep your hat on?" she asked. "Daddy never does when he is eating."

"Nono, Nono," said mama in a severe voice, "you mustn't ask questions like that."

"Ah, but she must," said the strange man, with a smile. "I keep my hat on, little lady, because I am a Jew."

"A Jew," repeated Nono. "What is a Jew?"

"Come here, Nono," said daddy, laughing, as he sat her on his knee. "Little Nono couldn't understand the answer to that question."

* * * * * *

Mama was trying not to cry and daddy was patting her. "I must try any and every way to

earn our bread, Lillie," he said. "I may not have any more success this way than the others, but I'll have a try."

He put on his hat and lifted up a big book and straps like the one that the—the Jew had.

"Oh, mama," cried out Nono, "is daddy a Jew?"

IV.

SHE was very sick. She did not want to move, and her eyes would not stay open. Mama kept coming to the bed, bending over her with a white, tired face. Daddy and mama were looking at her now. Mama's head was on daddy's shoulder and his arm was round her.

"I'm frightened," said mama. "She doesn't look like a child. She's like a tired old woman. I'll *have* to get a doctor."

Nono saw daddy nod his head just as her eyes were closing.

* * * * * *

When Nono opened her eyes again she saw a strange man talking to mama.

"Curious," he said in a rumbly voice. "How long has she been this way?" Mama whispered.

The strange man held Nono's hand. His lips tightened. "We'll have to get her between blankets," he said, and began to pull the sheet down. Nono didn't like the fuzzy feel of the

blankets on her face, and was about to say so when her eyes closed again.

* * * * * *

"It's very sad! Poor little thing," said a deep voice, and Nono tried to open her eyes. "Don't despair," said the voice again, and now Nono could see a tall man dressed in black—a priest. Tears were running down mama's face and she wasn't wiping them away. Nono's eyes were closing again, but she saw the priest and mama kneel down and begin to pray.

. . . . . .

Nono felt very happy and comfortable lying in bed watching mama at work about the room. She had just nursed the baby and sung her to sleep, and now she was doing something at the dresser. Nono stretched her head back on the pillow so that she could look through the bed rails and see what mama was doing. A bottle on the dresser, partly filled with a dark-coloured liquid, roused unpleasant thoughts.

"Mama," she said.

"Yes, dear."

"I'm better now, amn't I?"

"Yes, thank God," said mama.

"Then I won't have to take any more of that nasty, brown medicine. Will I?"

"I don't know, dear," said mama. "We'll see what the doctor says. "You've only taken half of it, you know."

" Please don't give me any more. It's nasty."

" We'll see," said mama. And Nono knew when mama said that there would be no promise.

Mama left the dresser and came over to the table and began to lay it. Suddenly there was a great bang and the sound of glass falling. Nono started up in bed and looked over at the dresser. Dark brown liquid was streaming down it and bits of glass were scattered about.

" Your bottle of medicine has burst," said mama.

" Oho," laughed Nono in great glee. " It knew I was better and didn't want any more of it."

CHAPTER III.

I.

"I KNOW it's extravagant," said mama, "but I did want Mona and Nono to have new frocks. They've never had a really new one; they were all made from old ones of mine. And now that things are looking a bit brighter, I thought I'd celebrate by getting new frocks for the girls. Just think, these will be the first frocks they'll have made from stuff *bought* for them."

"But when," said daddy, "will you be able to get new frocks to replace the ones you cut up? That would be a real celebration."

"Oh, no," said mama in a hurry. "I don't need new frocks. What do I need a new frock for? I'm too busy looking after the children to go out anywhere. If we could only afford an overcoat. You need one, and the days are getting cold."

"Do you ever think of yourself, Lillie?"

Mama smiled and began stroking the blue cloth, and the velvet, and the lace. "Mrs. Callaghan is going to make them," she said. "The children will look lovely."

Nono felt proud that she could understand everything that mama and daddy said to each other.

Of course, she was six now, and quite a big girl. Mona was a big girl, too. Nono was never quite happy at the thought that, however big or old she grew, Mona was always bigger and older. She always felt annoyed when mama said to Mona as they were going out: "Take good care of Nono." But, lately, mama had changed this, and now she said: "Take care of each other, children." Nono almost felt as if she were catching up on Mona, because they had been put in the same class in school. Nono and Mona were equally proud of the fact that they had never been in the Infants' class. They had started in the first, because mama had taught them to read and write and spell and add before they went to school.

Nono grew warm at the thought that Mrs. Callaghan, who made dresses for grown-ups, was going to make their frocks. Mama kissed daddy, and said: "I'll take the stuff to her now and see how soon she'll have them ready."

After a while she came back and said: "She'll take the children's measure to-morrow and have them ready for Sunday. "Now children," turning to Nono and Mona, "if you are very good all the week daddy will take you out in your new dresses on Sunday."

II.

IT was Saturday night, and Nono could do nothing save feast her eyes on the new frocks and pridefully

think of her appearance on the morrow. For one tiny little while they had had the frocks on, and mama had kissed them and said: "Won't daddy be proud of his little girls in the morning?" Then she had bathed them and put them to bed. Mama had spread the new frocks out on chairs where they could be seen. Nono couldn't tear her eyes away from them. Again and again they wandered to the pleated skirts, and thence to the velvet front with the velvet frills, which ran over the shoulders with the cream lace on the edge, and to the high velvet collar trimmed with more lace. How lovely they were! And wasn't mama good to knit blue stockings to match the dresses! How could Mona go to sleep when there was all that loveliness to look upon and the joyful thought that to-morrow, to-morrow, everybody could see and admire?

Never, never, were there lovelier frocks—not even the blue one mama had made for her a long time ago which had real gold braid on it. Nono remembered the first time that she had worn it. Mama said daddy was taking them to a play in the Town Hall. She remembered going there, and the big lot of people sitting on chairs in front of a big curtain with lights at the foot. How the gold braid had sparkled when mama had taken off her coat! Then the lights went out and the curtain went up, and there were some people in a house talking to each other. She didn't listen to them, for even in the darkness the gold braid had sparkled. That was a nice frock; but oh, the new one was lovely!

Mama was tiptoeing down the room. She had a big paper bag in her hand, and was looking at Nono with her finger on her lip. She opened the bag and showed Nono two new, little, pink hats. Nono's cup of joy overflowed. She opened her mouth and gasped.

"Hush," said mama, as she put her arms round Nono and kissed her. "You must go to sleep quickly so morning will come. If you stay awake it will still be night and to-morrow will take a long time to come."

Then Nono understood why Mona was asleep and settled herself to follow her example, though beneath her closed eyelids she could still see the frocks, the stockings, and the hats between lines of gold, and green, and blue.

III.

DADDY said: "I'll take the girls to Abbey Street with me, Lillie; that will keep them out of your way." So mama had dressed them and given them a halfpenny each, and now they were walking down town with daddy. Once when daddy had said "Abbey Street," Nono had asked, "What's that?" and was told, "That's where daddy works."

Nono was full of anticipation and curiosity as she tripped along with one hand in daddy's and her halfpenny clenched tight in the other. They stopped in front of a little shop and daddy took a

key from his pocket and opened the door. What a small, dark place it was! How disappointed she was! But what was that curious, big thing with wheels and a handle?

"What's that?" she asked, pointing to it.

"That's what prints the paper," said daddy.

"And what's that?" pointing to a high table with a lot of little boxes instead of a top.

"That's the type," said daddy.

"Type! What's type?"

"See," said daddy, as he took something from one of the boxes. "That's an N and this is an O, and this is another N, and this is another O, and daddy puts them side by side and touches them with ink, and puts them on a piece of paper like this, and it prints Nono. See."

Yes; there was Nono.

"Is the whole alphabet there?" asked Nono, wonderstruck.

"Lots and lots of alphabets," said daddy, laughing.

Then daddy took a pile of paper over to the printing press and began turning the handle. A man came in and went over to daddy and they began talking. Nono and Mona wandered about the place, looking at this, and touching that, till they had explored its resources. They looked at each other wondering what to do next, when a bright idea struck Mona. "Let's spend our ha'pennies," she said. "Oh, yes," said Nono. "I'm going to buy an orange. We'll tell daddy."

Daddy was still talking to the man and did not notice them till they pulled his coat.

"What is it?" he asked, looking down.

"Can we go out and spend our ha'pennies?"

"Yes, yes," said daddy. "Don't be long, though"; and he began talking again.

They went out and wandered about looking for a shop. They found one, and Mona bought some sweets, but the woman had no oranges.

"Buy sweets," said Mona. "Daddy said we weren't to be long."

"I won't buy sweets," said Nono. "I want an orange."

"Daddy'll be angry," said Mona; "I'm going back to him."

"I won't go back till I get an orange," said Nono, and they parted.

Nono wandered on till she was tired, but she could not find a shop where she could get an orange for a halfpenny. Everyone wanted a penny. And even when she said she had only a halfpenny they would not give her one. She was getting very tired, but she was determined not to buy sweets. She would go back to daddy and maybe he would give her another halfpenny and then she could buy an orange. She went on and on, but she could not find the street where daddy and Mona were. She was very tired and began to cry for weariness. And daddy could not be found.

"What's the matter, little girl?" said a big policeman. "What are you crying for?"

"I wanted to buy an orange and I can't find daddy."

"Where is your daddy?" asked the policeman.

"In a shop," sobbed Nono.

"What kind of a shop?"

"I don't know. Oh, I want my daddy and I can't find him."

"You'd better come with me," said the policeman. "Maybe I'll find your daddy."

He lifted Nono in his arms and walked away with her. He brought her to a house filled with policemen. There was a policeman without a hat sitting at a big table, and the policeman who was carrying her sat her down on the corner of it and said: "She's lost."

"How did you get lost?" asked the one at the desk.

"I wanted to buy an orange," began Nono, and then the strangeness of everyone and everything overcame her, and she sobbed as though her heart would break. The policemen gathered round her and tried to amuse her. One took her on his shoulders and marched round the room. Nono thought that rather nice and forgot her fright for a while. Then she thought of daddy and began to cry again.

"I know what she wants," said another. "She would like a ride round the yard." He brought her out to the yard and lifted a great, big brush. "Now," he said to Nono. "You're to sit on this and pretend it's a horse."

D 992

Nono was interested. She sat on the brush and took hold of the handle. "All ready," said the policeman, and began to pull the brush around the yard. Nono was delighted. She had never had such fun. She laughed, and the policeman laughed with her. Another policeman came into the yard. "See what I've got for you," he said, and gave Nono two big oranges. They were so big she was hardly able to hold them in her hands.

"Are you hungry?" asked the policeman who had been pushing the brush, wiping his brow with a big handkerchief. "Did you have your dinner?"

"No," answered Nono, meaning that she had no dinner.

"We must get you something to eat at once," he said, and carried her into the house. When they came inside another policeman gave her an orange, and then they all began to laugh, and put oranges on the table in front of Nono. One policeman peeled an orange for her. She was eating it when she thought she heard daddy's voice. Then she saw him coming in. "Daddy, daddy," she cried, running to him.

Daddy lifted her up in his arms and had gone out with her when she remembered her oranges. "My lovely oranges," she cried. "We can't go back for them, Nono," said daddy, but a policeman came after her and gave her one in each hand.

Mona and the man who had been talking to daddy were waiting for them.

"So you found her?" said the man.

"Yes," said daddy, "in the last place I looked for her."

Nono and Mona ate the oranges on the way home, but before they reached there Nono was asleep.

"You shouldn't have stayed out so late, James," said mama. "The children are all tired out. Give Nono to me and I will put her to bed."

Mama began to undress Nono, who was so sleepy she could not stand. "What have you clutched so tightly in your hand, Nono?" said mama, opening it. "Your ha'penny. Why didn't you spend it?"

"Spend it!" cried Nono, indignantly. "How could I spend it when I was in jail?"

"I wasn't going to tell you, Lillie," said daddy, laughing, "but now I'll have to."

CHAPTER IV.

I.

THEY were living in a new house. Nono and Mona were delighted with it. They shared mama's pleasure in "having a house to themselves." It was a tiny house, the last in a long row of houses exactly alike in appearance. The "weeny" yard was the scene of innumerable fairy tales to Nono. The dingy gate which opened into the lane was the gateway to the Ogre's Kingdom, and she could not do more than barely peep round it, banging it hastily at the slightest sound. But, oh! Nono's joy when, with the aid of a box and a hole in the wall, she had clambered up and gazed over at the silent, flowing river, and watched the trees swaying without a sound. Surely, surely, it was the Enchanted Land. She gazed, and gazed, awed and wonder-struck, then silently crept down and into the house. She did not tell anyone of her discovery, not even Mona, for she knew that two people could not see the Enchanted Land at the same time. But she wondered if she would ever find courage to climb over the wall and enter it; and what adventures would she have if she did.

"Come, Mona and Nono," said mama, breaking

in on her thoughts. "Daddy is late. We won't wait any longer. We'll take our tea."

Just as they were sitting down, mama said: "Run to the door, Nono, and see if daddy is coming."

Nono went to the door and looked out.

"Mama, mama!" she cried excitedly, "come and see the great, big bonfire with all the people round it."

"I saw it before, Nono," said mama. "Isn't daddy coming?"

"I don't see him," answered Nono. "Why is the bonfire burning?"

"It is about the rent," said mama. "I wonder what is keeping him?"

Nono was always wondering why mama worried so much when daddy was late. Soon after they had come to the new house daddy had been very late and mama had been very quiet, as she always was when she was worried. She had put them to bed and had wandered in and out of the room where they were, and then she would say to herself: "What can be keeping him?" Then, just as Nono was falling asleep, daddy had come in.

"Nothing serious this time, Lillie," he said, as he put his arms round her and kissed her. "Nothing more serious than a bicycle." Nono had fallen asleep at the sound of his voice as he laughingly told of his attempts to learn to ride a bicycle.

Daddy was not so late to-night, thought Nono,

but mama was worried again. Nono was turning into the house when she spied daddy. "Here's daddy," she cried, and ran down the street to meet him.

"I'm sorry, Lillie," said daddy, "but they stopped me at the top of the street and asked me to speak. That's what delayed me."

"Oh, James," said mama; "was that wise, was that wise, just now?"

"I know, Lillie," he answered, "but when I am asked to help the people I can't refuse."

II.

"I THINK I'll take Nono with me," said daddy. Nono lifted her head with a jerk, unable to believe her ears. Daddy was going to Scotland on a Lecture Tour ("to speak at meetings," daddy explained), and now he was thinking of taking her with him. Would mama let her go?

"She'll be a lot of trouble," said mama. "She is very small to travel round all those places." Nono held her breath to hear daddy's answer.

"Oh no, she won't," said daddy, and Nono's breath came forth in a soft, glad sigh. "Edinburgh will be the second place, and your sister and my father are there. I can leave her with either of them while I do the places near at hand."

Nono waited to hear no more, but rushed from the room to hug her anticipated joy.

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She was going with daddy. Mama was getting her things ready as well as daddy's. In her new joy she wished to give something to Mona, who had to stay behind.

"Come to the yard, Mona," she said, "till I show you something." Eagerly she pulled a box to the wall under the hole. "Climb up, Mona," she directed. "Put your foot in the hole and look over the wall. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Isn't what wonderful?" asked Mona, wrinkling her nose disdainfully. "I saw all that before."

Nono was conscious of a great disappointment, and a sense of wasted generosity damped her joy.

CHAPTER V.

I.

TO-DAY, Nono was going away with daddy. It was a rainy, blustering day, but to Nono it was glorious. Daddy's bag was packed, and Nono's clothes were in it. Daddy was out and Nono was impatiently waiting his return. "What can be keeping him?" she said to herself, as she had so often heard mama say. At last he came.

"It's stopped raining," he said, "but very windy. I'm afraid we'll have a bad crossing."

Breathless and almost blind with excitement, Nono passed through the streets to the boat.

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It was dark and the boat was wet. Daddy and Nono walked about, but she didn't like to tell daddy that the hot, greasy smell at one place they passed made her stomach feel "queasy" again. Then they went to bed. Wasn't it funny to see people lying on shelves and thinking they were in bed? Everyone was sick, and Nono began to feel sick, too; but she mustn't let daddy know, because then she'd be a bother, as mama was afraid she would. She could not help it any more. She was

sick for a long time, but daddy didn't say she was a bother. He held her and wiped her face, and at last she fell asleep in daddy's arms.

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It was morning and everyone was getting ready to leave the boat. Nono was still feeling very "queasy," but daddy washed her face and combed her hair, and she felt a little better. Then daddy helped her to put on her hat and coat, and put on his own, took his bag and they went upstairs again. It was lovely, and bright and cold up here.

Four men met daddy when they left the boat, and they all went to a shop to eat. Big breakfasts were given them, but Nono couldn't eat. She would look wistfully at daddy now and then, but she couldn't listen to what he was saying, though every now and then the strange men would say a word that Nono thought she knew but it sounded different.

II.

THEY were on a train going to Edinburgh. Nono stood by the window so that she could see everything, but she wasn't the least bit excited. "Poor Nono," said daddy. "You've not got over the boat yet." Then he lifted her on his knee, and Nono slept until the train stopped.

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They were walking up a street. Nono was excited

now. It was so different, and daddy was answering all her questions. Daddy stopped and lifted Nono up to kiss a tall man with a red, curly beard. Nono kissed him.

"Who is that?" asked daddy.

"I don't know," answered Nono.

"Then why did you kiss him?"

"Because you told me."

"Well, James," laughed the man with the red beard, "let's hope that she'll always be so obedient."

"He is your grandfather," said daddy, "and you are going to stay with him while daddy goes to see some people."

Daddy went away and grandfather said: "We'll go for a walk to give you an appetite, and then we'll go home and have something to eat." Nono took his hand and trotted along beside him.

"Wait a minute," said grandfather. "Wait a minute. Let me look at your boots." Nono was quite willing to have him look at her boots. They were new ones and they had patent leather toes. But grandfather did not look at her toes; he looked at her laces, and said: "We'll open those laces a bit. These are hilly streets and you'll need free ankles for them." He opened them and Nono was not pleased; she thought they looked very untidy.

Grandfather showed her a castle high up on a rock, and told her stories about other places. Nono decided he was very nice.

They went home, but there was no one there.

Perhaps grandfather lived all alone. He put a pot on the fire and the kettle beside it.

"We'll have collops," said grandfather. "You won't get that in Dublin." And while Nono was wondering about collops, he put a cloth on the table, and plates, and cups and saucers, and everything. Then he began to cut bread and butter it. The bread was not very thick, but oh, the butter was thicker than the bread. Nono wondered what she would do. She could never eat the bread with all that butter on it. If only daddy were here he would tell grandfather.

The kettle was boiling, the tea was made. "Now for the collops," said grandfather, and he put big spoonfuls of minced meat and onions and gravy on each plate. They were very nice, thought Nono, but she could only take weenshy bits of the bread and butter. "Eat up, eat up," said grandfather. "You'll have to eat more than that if you're going to grow up into a great big girl." Still, Nono couldn't find courage to tell him about the butter. Then daddy came in.

"Here, James," said grandfather, while he put collops on a plate for daddy, "this little girl is picking like a bird. Did she leave her appetite behind her?"

"Maybe she's still squeamish from the boat," said daddy. "Is that it, Nono?"

Nono looked at him appealingly.

"What is it, Nono?" he asked, bending down beside her.

"All that butter makes me queasy," she answered.

"Oh, yes," said daddy, turning to grandfather, "since Nono was ill her stomach is a bit squeamish—'queasy,' she calls it—and she can't eat much butter. Bread without butter would be much better, wouldn't it, Nono?" He cut some for her.

"Nonsense," said grandfather, "she should eat lots of butter. That child needs fattening."

After they had finished, grandfather cleared the table, washed the dishes, and put them away. Then daddy and he sat down by the fire and began talking. Nono grew drowsy and began to nod.

"I'd better take her away to her aunt," said daddy, and carried her away.

"What auntie am I going to?" she roused herself to ask.

"Your Aunt Margaret."

"Who is Aunt Margaret?"

"Mama's sister."

"Oh." Nono remembered nothing more till she was being undressed, and heard daddy say: "Lillie thinks she looks very like you, Margaret."

Aunt Margaret cuddled her. "I think she is rather like you." Then Nono fell asleep.

Nono wakened in the morning and saw a strange man looking at her. "She could be your own, Margaret," he said. "Perhaps your little one will look like that." He kissed Aunt Margaret and he

kissed Nono. "I must be off," he said, and went out.

"That was your Uncle Dick," said Aunt Margaret.

"Where's the little one that will look like me, perhaps?" asked Nono.

"I haven't got her yet," said Aunt Margaret. "I hope to get her soon. And now for Nono's breakfast."

"I must get up and dress first," said Nono.

"Oh, no," said Aunt Margaret. "I'm going to give you your breakfast on a tray in bed just like a grown-up on holidays."

She brought the tray. There was toast and a boiled egg and a lovely pink china tumbler with milk.

"Oh, the lovely pink tumbler!" cried Nono.

"Yes," said Aunt Margaret, "I have had it a very long time. Whenever I want to pretend that I'm having a party I always use it instead of a cup. Eat your breakfast and then I'll dress you and take you out with me."

"I can dress myself," said Nono, smacking the top of her egg.

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"She's been great company," said Aunt Margaret to daddy when he came to take her home. "I'll miss her very much. Dick will be very disappointed if she can't say good-bye. Can't you take her down to him for a few minutes?"

" Well, it won't be much out of the way. We'll spare the time."

Aunt Margaret hugged and kissed Nono.

" Don't forget your Aunt Margaret," she said.

" I love you, Aunt Margaret," answered Nono. " And your lovely pink tumbler."

" This is where Uncle Dick works," said daddy, and they went into a big, dark building.

" We're going back to Dublin to-night," he told Uncle Dick when he came; " so I brought Nono to say good-bye."

" What is your work, Uncle Dick? " asked Nono.

" I make pipes."

" Pipes. What kind of pipes? "

" All kinds. Big pipes, little pipes. Would you like to see them? Can she come in a minute? " he asked daddy.

" Just for a minute then." Uncle Dick lifted her up and carried her into a long room with a lot of windows.

" Here she is, boys," he said. There were men sitting on stools down each side of the room. Uncle Dick brought her round to each of them. They all laughed and talked to her. Some were making short pipes, and small pipes, but Nono was most intrigued by some pipes in front of one man. They had small heads and long, long, thin stems.

" What are they? " she asked.

" Those are grandfather pipes," said the man.

"Grandfather pipes! Are they only for grandfathers?" All the men near her laughed.

"Little girls can use them, too."

"Little girls!" said Nono, astonished. "How do they use them?"

"Well, they get a bowl and some water, and some soap, and they put the pipe down this way, and they blow, and lovely bubbles come—all sorts of colours the bubbles are."

"Oh!"

"Suppose you take one home with you and try it." He gave her one.

Nono's eyes were smarting. She wanted to get away quick to try it. When Uncle Dick brought her back to daddy she had as many pipes as her hand would hold. "They're lovely men," she said to Uncle Dick as she went away.

CHAPTER VI.

I.

THERE was an election and daddy was in it. "Daddy is trying to get into the Corporation," mama explained.

"Oh," said Nono, not very pleased. "If daddy gets in will he come for our dustbin?"

Mama laughed, and when daddy came in told him what Nono had said. He laughed, too.

"Hardly anything so useful, eh, Lillie? I'd only be one among so many."

Nono puzzled over that, but gave it up. There were so many things she couldn't understand.

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Daddy brought her out and they went to a room with tables and chairs. There were people at the table; some were writing, and some were folding printed papers and putting them in envelopes.

"What are they doing?" she asked.

"Helping daddy in the election."

"I could put the papers in the envelopes," said Nono.

"Come along, then." Daddy lifted her on to a chair. "Here's a new helper, comrades. She says she can put the papers in the envelopes."

Nono was busily filling the envelopes when a friend of daddy's came in. He looked at Nono.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm helping."

"Hello, James," he called over to daddy. "Here's Nono setting up a new record. I bet she's the youngest and smallest helper in an election."

Nono felt very important, and never stopped till she had finished the pile of papers and envelopes in front of her.

"I did help. Didn't I, daddy?" she asked on their way home.

"You surely did."

"I like helping an election," she said. Daddy laughed.

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Daddy was angry. "There's no end to the lies and terrible things they say about me, Lillie. There's nothing they won't say." He walked up and down with his hands clasped tight behind him. That was what daddy always did when he was angry. He stopped suddenly. "They even brought the children into it. They said I sent the children to a Convent school for a blind."

"Oh!" said mama, very angry, too.

Why were they angry? Was it because Mona and she had never brought home a blind from school? How could they when they were never given any?

"It shows how little they are able to say against you," said mama, "when they have to invent lies."

"I know, Lillie, I know. But it makes me angry all the same. I know they say those things about me because I am a Socialist."

"A Socialist, daddy. What's that?"

"A Socialist, Nono," said daddy, "is a person who wants to change things so that everyone—every man, every woman, every boy and girl, will have enough to eat, and that no little boy or girl will have to go barefoot, or without clothes. That's what a Socialist is, Nono."

"But everyone should want that," said Nono. "Have you told everyone?"

"Nono, Nono," said daddy, and he wasn't angry any more. "You are like a young man who told me last week that when he first became a Socialist he was afraid to go asleep for fear the revolution would begin before he awoke."

"What's a revolution?" asked Nono.

"We'll require a revolution, Nono, before we change things and have enough for everyone."

"Let's get a revolution," said Nono.

"Good girl! We will."

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"It's over, Lillie, and I'm beaten." Mama nodded.

"Does that mean that you are not going in the Corporation?" asked Nono.

"Just that."

"I'm glad," said Nono. "The Corporation men are very dirty." Daddy and mama laughed.

II.

THEY were waiting for daddy to come home to dinner. When he was going out he said: "I may be a bit late, Lillie. You know the meeting has been proclaimed, and it is more than likely that there will be trouble, as we are going to hold it in spite of the proclamation. I'll probably be home by three, anyway." But it was four o'clock and he had not come. Mama had dressed them and taken them out to meet him, and they had waited, and waited, and waited till they were all tired, and then came home. Mama was anxious and kept going to the door looking for him. "We'll have our dinners," she said. "I'm afraid something has happened and daddy won't be home."

"You can go out and play," she said when they were finished. "But as soon as you see daddy, come and tell me."

It grew dark and mama called them in, gave them their tea, and began to put them to bed. Nono was watching for daddy when an outside car drove up to the door with the tall, beautiful lady. She came in.

"Mr. Connolly has been arrested," she said to mama. "Didn't Mr. Lyng come to tell you?"

"No, Miss Gonne," said mama.

"You are not to worry. I'll look after him. We'll have him out to-morrow and home to you." The beautiful lady stayed some time with mama, talking to her and trying to cheer her up.

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"Well, Lillie," said daddy the next day, "here's your wandering husband back to you, and none the worse."

"Tell me everything that happened," said mama.

"Well, you know the Transvaal Committee were to hold a meeting yesterday. It was advertised, and on Saturday it was proclaimed, and police served copies of the proclamation on John O'Leary, Michael Davitt, Pat O'Brien, Willie Redmond, and myself. A meeting of the committee was called, and Willie Redmond, as Chairman, advised that we defy the police and hold the meeting in Beresford Place.

"Yesterday morning every corner and every street around Beresford Place were filled with police; and we heard that the military were confined to barracks. Thousands of people came flocking to the meeting. There was great excitement.

"The Home Rulers funked the meeting. Although they had advised the people to defy the police *they* stayed away.

"We got a brake, and Miss Gonne, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Lyons, Stewart and myself drove down to Beresford Place to hold the meeting. As soon as we arrived there was a baton charge. The driver of the hired brake was seized by the police and hauled off. I had been moved to the chair by Griffith, and when the driver was hauled off, grabbed the reins and drove through the streets, the people forming

a triumphal procession behind us. We held two meetings in spite of charges by mounted police, finished the procession, and then I was arrested.

"I was charged this morning with presiding at 'seditious and riotous assemblages,' and was fined two pounds or one month imprisonment, and to find bail of ten pounds or go to prison for another month.

"Miss Gonne paid the fine, and here I am."

III.

THERE was a fight on in the street. Boys with stones were ranged opposite each other—one side representing the Boers and one the English. Beside them, taking cover when necessary, were other children, cheering and encouraging the side they favoured. Nono was vociferous for the Boers.

"Hey, Nono," said a boy. "Why are you for the Boers?"

"Aren't you?"

"No, I'm for the English."

"Well, you shouldn't be."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Well, my daddy explained it. He said: 'If you saw a big boy trying to take away a little boy's dog, wouldn't you want to help the little boy to keep his dog?' Wouldn't you?"

"Of course I would."

"Well. That's just like England and the Boers."

IV.

"THINGS look pretty bad, Lillie. The money is getting less and less every week. I don't see how we can manage to pull along like this."

"But the subscriptions were promised."

"I know, Lillie. But it is only human nature that if anything has to go short it is the subscription that loses."

"But if the subscription goes short so does your wages, and then we haven't enough to eat."

"What can I do, Lillie? If they don't pay I can't make them."

"It's pretty hard, though," said mama.

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"Daddy Christmas won't visit us this year," said mama. "He hasn't very many presents this year, and there are too many in this house. He can't find presents for five, and as he doesn't want to make any of you jealous, neither Mona, nor you, nor Edie, Agna, or Moira must expect any."

"Nothing at all?" asked Nono, dismayed.

"Nothing," and mama looked sad.

Nono knew that something was wrong this Christmas. Every other Christmas time mama used to make a big pudding. After she had mixed it she would wait till daddy came in and she would make him stir it, and then one after another would stir it till each had had her chance, and then they would all put their hands on the big spoon and all

would stir the pudding together. When they had finished mama would tie it in a cloth and boil it for hours. Then she would take it out and hang it up till Christmas Day, when it was boiled again and put on the table with holly sticking in it on the top. To-morrow was Christmas and there was no pudding hanging up, and now mama said Daddy Christmas would leave them nothing at all.

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It was very late. They were all in bed and mama was waiting for daddy.

"You're very late," she said when he came in. "It's too late to buy anything now, and there is nothing in the house. To-morrow is Christmas."

"Too late," said daddy, and he sounded as if he were choking. "Two shillings was all I got to-night. Two shillings! I was ashamed to come home with them. I walked about and then I bought this," taking something from his pocket. "I thought if we had nothing to eat you'd have a Christmas present." He sat down at the table and hid his face in his arms.

Mama stood beside him patting his shoulder.

V.

DADDY was going to America. Mama was packing his box. "I'm not going away for ever," he told Nono as she sat disconsolate watching him. "This is just another lecture tour. I'll only stay long

enough to get enough money to print the paper, and then I'll come back, and we'll all live happily ever after."

"Don't be too long, daddy."

"I won't. And you can write me letters while I'm away. You can tell me all about school and everything."

"Yes," said Nono.

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Daddy was gone and Nono was very lonely.

Every Monday morning she was up early and waiting outside for the postman who brought the letter from daddy. Sometimes there was a postcard for her showing the place where daddy was; and sometimes there were bits of newspapers telling all about daddy. Some of the papers called him the "Socialist Silver Tongue." She would say it over and over to herself while waiting for the postman. It had a lovely sound. The "Socialist Silver Tongue," or "I'm waiting for a letter from the 'Socialist Silver Tongue.'" Wasn't she lucky to have a daddy who was called that? She was sorry for the other children who had only daddies, not a Socialist Silver Tongue daddy.

Daddy would soon be home—his last letter said that "he was moving eastward, and that meant homeward." Perhaps if the postman had a letter to-day it would say he was coming home.

Ah! There was the postman. He was waving

a letter. Now, she was running, running up the stairs with it to mama.

VI.

MAMA had got a new baby. The first and only brother. What a surprise for daddy when he came home! He would come home expecting to find only five girls, and he would find five girls and a boy. Wouldn't he be surprised!

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It was quite dark when Nono was wakened by a knocking on the door.

"Will I open the door, mama?" she asked.

"Who can it be so early in the morning?" wondered mama. "Ask who is there."

Nono made her way to the door.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Open and see."

"Daddy! daddy!" she screamed, hardly able to open the door in her excitement. At last, it was open.

"My wonderful, wonderful daddy," she sobbed as he hugged her close.

"Where's mama?"

"She's in bed. Oh! daddy, she's got a great surprise for you. Come."

But daddy had run to mama's bed and Nono was forgotten.

. . . . . .

Daddy had brought presents for them all. There was a big book about China for Mona, and a History of America for Nono. Indian moccasins, real ones, with beads, for Edie; a ball for Agna, and a doll for Moira, but nothing for the new baby. And lots of other things for everyone. Such excitement! Daddy was back.

* * * * * *

"It's good to have you back again, and to know you were such a success. The paper will keep on now?"

"Yes, Lillie. I did very well. At practically every meeting I received subscriptions for the paper, enough to help keep it going for a while. If we can only keep it going long enough to interest people it should pay."

"Thank God," said mama. "You won't have to go away again."

"There's no place like Dublin," said daddy.

VII.

"WHAT'S wrong?" asked mama, as daddy came in and sat down very quietly. Nono knew that she was worried again.

"Everything," said daddy.

"What do you mean?"

"The money I collected in America for the paper has been spent on other things."

"But, James——"

"What's the use, Lillie?"

"It's shameful. You come home full of hopes and find them shattered by——"

"There, there, Lillie. Words won't cure things. I've found that out. I've used enough."

"What happened to-night?"

"At the meeting to-night I moved that a particular account be paid. I pointed out that if it wasn't paid our printing plant was in danger of being seized by our creditors. The motion was defeated. That means the end of the paper."

"What will you do now?"

"I've done it. I resigned as a protest, and in the hope of proving they were pursuing a suicidal policy."

"But they wouldn't accept it?"

"Wouldn't they? They did. It hurts, Lillie. Those I relied on failed me."

"James. Oh, James!"

"I've been thinking I'd better go back to America."

"And you weren't to go away again."

"I'll get a job there, Lillie, and before long you and the children will come out to me. I hate to do it, Lillie. I want to stay in Dublin, but this has taken the heart out of me."

"If we go, we'll never come back. We won't give them a chance to break your heart again."

"Ah, well, Lillie, that is in the heart of the future."

PART II.—AMERICA.

CHAPTER VII.

NONO felt that there was not enough of her to explore, and see, and try to understand the queer world which the ship presented to her hungry eyes and mind. There were so many strange people, strangely dressed, and speaking strange tongues; and the little children, some of them dressed as she had never seen even picture ones dressed, to whom she could not speak, dearly as she would have liked to, just because they could not understand her. One person, of all on the ship, Nono envied, and that was the man they called the "Interpreter." He seemed to be able to speak to almost everyone, and Nono practically decided that she would be an interpreter when she grew up.

The decks were crowded all day. People and children were lying or sitting about all the time; some never seemed to move, even to go down for their meals.

Wasn't it funny to be sitting beside someone at the table, the same person all the time, and never to say a word to each other? And at night time it was the same; there were only two ladies, in all the double row of top and bottom bunks, to whom mama or any of them could speak.

Mama hated to be downstairs. Early each morn-

ing she would wake them up and help them to get washed and dressed, and hurry them up on deck. "It's terrible," she said to one of the ladies, "not to be able to be alone for even five minutes."

This morning Nono had heard that a baby had died, and that no one, not even the interpreter, could talk to the mother. Unthinkingly, she had told mama, and now she was sorry and frightened. Mama's face had become white and stiff, and her eyes bright and staring again. Nono knew that she was thinking of Mona. Mona was dead. Mama was remembering it all, and making Nono remember it, too.

They were to sail on Friday, and on Thursday Aunt Alice had come to help mama finish all the packing, and because she was expecting some things to come for her, she asked mama to let Mona go to her house and take them in.

Near tea time someone had come with a message, and mama had screamed; then she and Aunt Alice had left in a hurry. Late that night a lady had come and taken Nono and Edie to a big house, and a servant had put them to bed. All the next day they had played in the lovely garden with flowers and trees, and pears growing on the wall. The next day the lady had taken them away again in a cab, and brought them to Aunt Alice's house. There was a crowd in the house, and in the parlour a coffin, and in the coffin was Mona, looking so strange and white, and her lower lip bitten tight with her teeth. Mama stood at the head of the

coffin, and her face was white and stiff, and her eyes bright and staring. Then they went to the graveyard and Mona was buried.

They came home to their own house. The neighbours came in. They spoke to mama, but mama wouldn't answer them. "Mrs. Connolly," said one of them, "how, in God's name, did such a terrible thing happen?" And then, in a terrible, creaking voice, mama told them.

"She thought she would do something to surprise Aunt Alice. She put the kettle on; when it boiled she tried to lift it off. It was hot. She took a corner of her pinafore to it . . . the other corner caught fire. She was frightened and ran out to the garden . . . a man a few houses away saw the flames and heard her screams . . . He took a blanket from the line, jumped over the walls, wrapped her in it, and took her to the hospital . . . He was too late . . . Every bit of her but her face was burned . . . inside, too . . . She was twenty-four hours dying . . . conscious all the time. "James! James!" mama called out, as if daddy could hear her, "we're not on our way to you. We're here still. Mona's gone."

Uncle George and Johnny came in. "Lillie," said Uncle George, "I've been to the shipping office. They changed the tickets, and you are to sail on Wednesday from Liverpool." Mama looked at him. "Do you understand, Lillie? You are leaving here on Tuesday and sailing from Liverpool

on Wednesday. I sent a cable to James." Uncle Johnny was patting mama's shoulder.

"Mr. Reynolds," said Mrs. Brennan, "Mrs. Connolly's not fit to travel. She can't go so soon; it would kill her."

"The doctor said she has got to be roused, and getting her away will do that. He said it would be the wisest thing."

Mama must have been roused, for she was looking better, though white and sad. But now, Nono was afraid again. Instinctively wise, she went to her and said: "Mama, we can't mind Sonnie any more. He won't listen to us. He's all over the ship, and we are afraid he'll get into mischief or hurt himself." Mama shivered, looked at Nono, and said, "Poor mother, poor mother." "But Sonnie, mama. You'll have to come and get him. He won't come for me." Mama rose, and the bright, staring look was gone.

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They had gone on a little ship and now they were in this place called Ellis Island. It was a great, big hall with wooden benches filled with people from the ship with bundles and bags at their feet. A man had come in and looked at their teeth, their eyes, and their vaccination marks. "A family to be proud of," he said to mama.

"When will I see my husband?" mama asked him.

"When he comes for you they will bring you out to him," he said, and went away.

"Will all Irish girls come this way?" called a voice loudly.

"I'm an Irish girl, mama. Will I go?" asked Nono.

"You stay here," said mama, holding her by the wrist.

"There. Did you hear, mama? He said it again."

"It's only for girls who have no mother with them, and no father to come for them."

"I'd like to see where they are going," insisted Nono.

"You stay here," said mama again, and Nono subsided somewhat sulkily.

"Is there a family here called Connolly, from Dublin?" called a man.

"Yes," said mama, rising.

"Come with me," said the man. They followed him into another hall. This one was filled with great big cages. They were all put inside one of them and the man went away. He came back in a few minutes and counted them.

"I'm afraid there's some mistake. He said a wife and six children. There's only five children."

"There should be six," said mama, tearfully. "One died before we sailed. Bring him here and I'll explain."

Daddy came. They were all wild with delight, jumping around him, and hugging him.

"But, Lillie," said daddy. "What has happened? There's only five of them."

"Mona's gone," said mama, tears running down her cheeks. "George sent you a cable. Didn't you get it?"

"No," said daddy. "I got no word. I've been near crazy with anxiety. I met every ship. Tell me what happened."

"Take me away from here," cried mama. "Take me away. I can't tell you here."

The man looked at daddy and mama, and shook hands with them, but didn't say anything. Daddy gathered them all round them, and they went away from Ellis Island.

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Nono could not sort out her impressions of that day. First, there was the big place where they went for dinner, with the deafening sound of people babbling, and dishes and knives and forks; there were the trains running high up in the air with trams running on the ground beneath them; the big shop with the golden fountain in the middle of it; and Agna's unexpected discovery of the moving stairs, and their gleeful determination to share in the thrill of going up and down; and daddy rushing up after them, and mama distractedly grabbing each one of them as they came near. And now they were on another boat which was taking them to Troy, where they were going to live. Nono was very tired out,

but she had enough curiosity to ask, "What is our house in Troy like, daddy?"

"Oh, it has a diningroom, a sittingroom, a kitchen, a bathroom, a bedroom, all together in one room. Won't that be nice and handy?"

"Are you teasing, daddy?"

"Wait till you see it. Then you'll know."

CHAPTER VIII.

I.

"HERE we are," said daddy, as they went up wooden steps to the hall door. They entered, and daddy unlocked another door.

"This is the diningroom," he said. They gazed speechless. "Come in; come in." None of them had advanced one step; they stood clustered round the door. "Come in, come in," he said again, laughing. "It's your own house, you know."

"Oh, James," said mama, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining.

"Look, mama," said Nono. "There is carpet all over the floor. And the big table! Oh, look, look!" running about touching each piece of furniture.

"And this," said daddy, "is the sitting-room—'parlor' they call it here."

"There's carpet all over this floor, too," said Nono in an ecstasy as she roved about.

"Our bedroom is off the diningroom. Here. Do you like it, Lillie?"

"Oh, James, what can I say?"

"This is the kitchen," opening another door. "This is the pantry, and this the bathroom. Come

here, Nono," he said. "This was to be Mona's room and yours." From ecstasy she was fast becoming hysterical. "And this," opening still another door, "is for the younger ones." Mama looked long at daddy, then kissed him and kissed him, and held him tight.

"I've laid in supplies, Lillie. Let's make our first meal in our new home in a new country. I'll make the fire. You'll find everything in there."

"We've a garden," screamed Edie.

"Where?" cried Agna.

"Oh, mama," beseeched Nono, finding her voice at last, "can we go out and see?"

"Off with you all," said daddy.

"Don't leave the garden," said mama. Out they all trooped.

Nono stood on the stoop the better to see all the glories.

"Look," she cried suddenly, pointing to trees growing behind a fence. "Pears growing, apples growing; and look, there's grapes. It must be an orchard." Pressed close against the fence they viewed the wonder.

Nono was limp from excitement. She slumped down on the grass and brooded over all their glories.

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Aunts and uncles and cousins came to see them that day, but Nono's overflowing heart and heated mind could find no room for this sudden wealth of

relatives. She sat by the parlour window and looked out on the avenue of trees that ran up the hill past the house, and down the hill as far as she could see. Her breath was hurting her, and there was a lump in her throat.

"Nono is very quiet," said one of the aunts. "She hasn't a word to say."

"She's not always like that," laughed daddy. "Quite the contrary. I expect she's feeling overpowered."

II.

THE new world was a wonderful one, thought Nono, relishing to the full the change from the poor, slum streets of Dublin. Every street had trees on it. They could gather wild strawberries up the hill. The children were very nice, now. And she remembered how she had been puzzled by them for the first few days. They had gathered round her and looked, and looked, and looked. Once when Edie and Agna were with her they had started dancing round them and shouting "Greenhorn." But the big boy who lived upstairs had chased them away and told them not to dare call that again. "What does it mean?" asked Nono. "Oh, nothing," he said, and went back to his game.

School, however, was a disappointment. The class she was in was not so far advanced as the one she had been in in Dublin. Two years ago she was doing the same sums, grammar—oh, everything but

American geography. She had protested to Mother Joseph, the principal, but it had done no good. "You are too small," she had said, "to go any higher. As it is you are the smallest and youngest in your class." "I can't help it if I am small," said Nono. "Don't be impertinent," said Mother Joseph, walking away.

"Daddy," she asked that evening, "will you write to Mother Joseph and tell her that I really ought to be in a higher class? I'm studying the same things I studied years ago. It's no good going to school if I am not learning anything new. Mother Joseph says I'm too small to go into a higher class, and when I said I couldn't help being small she said I was impertinent. She won't listen to me. If you would write she might pay attention to it."

"Ask her again, Nono," said daddy.

"She won't listen to me any more. I've tried to stop her, but she hurries off."

"There's one lesson you can't learn too early," said daddy, "and that's self-reliance. The earlier you begin to fight your own battles and trust to yourself, the better; if you win them you'll have confidence when the next battle comes along. If you can make your principal put you in a higher class you can say, 'I proved that I was fit for a higher class'; but, if I write and she promotes you, you'll say, 'Daddy made her.' And the next time you have a battle to fight you'll want your daddy to do it, you won't have faith enough in yourself to do it on your own. Do you understand, Nono?

Trust daddy when he tells you that there is more joy in winning for yourself than in having someone win for you. Ask, and keep on asking. Then if you lose you'll be able to say, 'It's not my fault. I kept on asking.' Will you do this, Nono? It's a very important lesson to learn in life."

"Well," said Nono, with a hopeless sigh, "I suppose I'll have to keep on asking. I don't see what my smallness has to do with it."

"You'll begin to grow some day, Nono, and then you'll be my big girl instead of my little girl."

III.

NONO began her campaign of waylaying the principal and requesting promotion. It had heart-burning results at times, which she stubbornly endured in silence. One night as she sat at the table with her school books in front of her, she said, "Daddy, my battle's finished."

"That so, Nono," he said, eagerly. "How did you come out?"

"I think I've won."

"Are you not sure?" and daddy came and sat beside her with his arm round her shoulder.

"I'm to take the same exam. as the girls in the higher class—the Regents Exam. it is called—but I am not to go in the class and study with them. If I pass the Regents Exam. I'll be promoted."

"M'm," said daddy. "And how are you to prepare for it if you do not study with the others?"

Nono was bravely suppressing her tears, but her lips trembled.

"You see, I kept telling Mother Joseph that I was fit for the higher class; and one day she said very impatiently, 'Can you take the Regents Exam.?' and I said I could. Then she said, 'Very well, you can take it with the others.' I was excited and said, 'Am I to go in the other class?' 'No,' she said, and pulled her lips very tight. 'Something must be done to kill your terrible conceit. Since you are so advanced you will need no help.' (I'm not conceited, am I, daddy?) Then I said, 'But, Mother Joseph, I don't know what the exam. is like, nor the subjects. How am I to prepare?' And she said, 'I'll give you a book of old examination papers, and tell Sister Margaret you're to have no home work—the rest you must do yourself.' Did I win, daddy?"

"Partly. Are you going to work for the exam?"

"I must. Oh, I must, daddy."

"Why are you so keen?"

"They call me a greenhorn, and are always waiting for me to make mistakes. I want to show them that I'm not ashamed of being a greenhorn, and that we do learn things in Ireland better than they do. I must do that, daddy; if I don't I'll be ashamed."

"M'm," said daddy. "Children as well as fathers have a struggle. Want me to help you, Nono?"

"Remember what you said about fighting my own battles, daddy."

IV.

EVERY house she went into Nono found someone turning collars, and every afternoon she saw boys and girls pulling small and large wagons filled with the collars tied in bundles. When she spoke of it, daddy told her it was not surprising since the town lived on the collars. "Even my job depends on them," he said. How could insurance depend on collars? Nono wanted to know. She had seen no collars when she had visited daddy's office. There were only chairs, and desks, and papers, and a typewriter. "If the people don't earn money making collars," daddy explained, "and if there were not so many working at the collars, there would not be enough people paying for insurance to pay daddy to have an insurance office. Do you understand, Nono? The people are dependent on the collars for their money, and I am dependent on the workers for mine. So we all live on the collars."

Nono accepted the statement, but knew that daddy would have to explain insurance to her some other time.

Then she saw the inside of a collar factory. Hundreds of girls and women were bent over the machines, their wheels flying, and collars running out under their hands. They were all so busy that none of them looked at her. Mrs. Blundell, who lived upstairs, had asked Nono if she would bring

her collars to the factory when they were finished, and bring others back; she would give Nono fifty cents a week for doing so. Thus Nono had joined the army of boys and girls who trundled wagons of collars through the streets after school hours. Daddy protested strongly; but Nono insisted that she liked doing it, and the fifty cents.

V.

WINTER! "We wanted to show you what a real winter is like," said Uncle Tom one evening, all muffled up and with rubber boots on his feet, and a fur cap with little muffs over his ears. "There hasn't been a blizzard like this for twenty years." The hill in front of the house was now a hill of glass. In the afternoons it was spotted with girls and boys with sleighs and toboggans. Nono thought with a grin of the first afternoon that had happened, and their envious standing by watching them fly down the hill with yells and screams, and how they could no longer bear to passively watch, and had consulted together. Then Agna had the great idea of bringing out the big tin tray and sliding down the hill on it. What fun they had! Oh, there was lots of fun for children in America. After Summer, with its flowers and fruits, came the Fall, and then they gathered the leaves together and made bonfires and roasted potatoes in them; or they went to the woods and gathered nuts; and now here was Winter, just like the winters in the story-

books. Oh, they were right to call it the new country.

VI.

SPRING was here, but Nono's heart was broken. She cuddled the little body of Tiny and sobbed. He was dead. Someone had poisoned him. He had been lost for a day, but he had crept back that morning to die. Mama had cried when she saw him and had put him on a rug near the stove, and heated some milk for him. But he wouldn't take it, not even for Nono. He tried to wag his little tail, and now he was dead. When daddy came home he found her still crying with her arms round the tiny body. He petted Nono a while, and then said: "We must bury him, Nono. Where do you think Tiny would like to lie?" "Tiny loved to play in the field on top of the hill," sobbed Nono. "We'll bury him there then," said daddy. Mama gave her a cloth to wrap Tiny in, and they went up the hill to the field that Tiny loved. Daddy dug a grave and gently put Tiny in it, covered it with grass, and, holding each other's hands tight, they went home.

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Nono ran all the way from school. "Mama," she called. "Where are you, mama? I've passed. Won't daddy be glad? Hurray! I've shown them we can learn things well in Ireland."

Mama hugged and kissed her. "We won't say

a word till after daddy has had his supper and is deep in a book; then you can surprise him."

Nono was so full of the secret she had bottled up in her that she could not eat at supper, and thought everyone else was eating an awful lot. But every now and then she would look at mama, and from her to daddy, and back again, and giggle. When at last they were finished she helped mama to clear the table, giggling all the while. Now daddy was settled down to his book, so she went to him.

"Daddy, I've a great surprise for you," she said; then with a rush, "Daddy, daddy, I've passed. I've passed. Mother Joseph told me to-day and put me in the high class. All the girls are so big I laugh every time I look at them, and they laugh when they look at me."

"And what does Mother Joseph say now?" asked daddy.

"Oh. She said they were very proud of me; that I was the youngest in the class to pass and had as high marks as the oldest."

"You won your battle all alone, Nono. Daddy can't tell you how proud he is of you. Aren't we proud of her, Lillie?"

"It's so funny to see me among all the big girls," said Nono. "Oh, daddy," she cried, "I'm so glad. I'm so glad."

CHAPTER IX.

I.

NONO had made up her mind to look for work, and she adhered to her determination in spite of all her father's pleadings.

"Listen, Nono," he had said. "I had to go to work when I was eleven. It wasn't that I wanted to do so, but I had to go. I'd have preferred to stay at school. There wasn't any alternative, Nono; the few shillings I could get were needed at home. I found work in a bakery. I had to start before six in the morning and stay till late at night. Often I would pray fervently all the way that I would find the place burnt down when I got there. Work is no pleasure for children, Nono. I want to save you the dreary, weary experience a little while longer."

"But, daddy, you were only eleven. I'm thirteen, almost fourteen."

"Stay in school a little longer, Nono. Schooling is very important. I found that out. It's very hard, Nono, when you are older to try to learn the things you should have learnt at school."

"You did it, daddy. I can do it, too, can't I?"

"It's not easy to study by yourself, Nono. It

takes a long time to gain confidence that you are right in things that youngsters have acquired as a matter of course. Why, Nono, even after mama and I were married I used to ask her to go over my articles to see that my grammar and punctuation were correct. Daddy hoped to make life easier for his children, and that they wouldn't have his hard struggle. Stay in school, Nono, for another year; then I'm afraid you'll have to go to work."

Nono was stubborn. She could not say that it was not because she wanted to help, but because she was sure that she would be put in a lower class now that they had come to live in Newark.

Daddy thought she was thinking over what he had said, but her thoughts had gone back to the last few months in Troy and the change that had come owing to a strike in the collar factories. It had not taken long to prove the truth of daddy's words that when people did not earn money at collars they could not pay for insurance. Daddy's money grew less and less. Then daddy had gone away to look for a new job. "No use looking for one here, Lillie; I've become too well known as a Socialist and helper of the strikers." Later he had come back and they had packed up furniture and everything, and now he was working in Singer's in Elizabeth.

Her thoughts swung back to daddy's words. No. She would not go to school again. She would find work.

Nono found work in a millinery store. Her

duties were any and everything. She cleaned the glass cases, dusted the boxes, arranged flowers and feathers in the cases, ran messages, helped in the workroom, and when all the sales ladies were busy stood beside customers and tried to help them. The greatest joy in her new life was that her lunch-hour coincided with daddy's arrival at the station on Saturdays. Always she would meet him; sometimes mama would be there, too, and they would go to a restaurant and have lunch together.

In the Fall daddy held meetings round the city at street corners, and when these were near she would forego supper and rush to hear him. She thrilled to the sound of his voice, and when anyone said, " Hear, hear," Nono felt like thanking the speaker, feeling his commendation a personal thing.

She attended his meetings whenever possible. Daddy was always willing to take her with him, even when the meetings were out of town. Those only happened on Sundays. Once she defined her new status. " You used to take me to meetings as a treat; now you take me because I am a worker."

They went out of town one Sunday, but only a trolley ride away, to a meeting of Italians. On the way daddy said, " I'm going to give them a surprise. The local asked for a speaker. They don't know me at all."

" What is the surprise? " asked Nono.

" You are going to get it, too," he answered, laughing, and no coaxing would make him tell.

When they arrived daddy spoke to some men and

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said he was the speaker. The hall was crowded. Daddy went to the platform and began speaking. That was the surprise! He was speaking in Italian! When they cheered, or clapped, or stamped their feet, Nono had the same proud feeling that part of it was for her. Her cheeks were flushed, her hands clenched tight, her knees shaking, and her heart was singing, "There's not another daddy like him in all the world."

When daddy came down from the platform he was surrounded. They were shaking his hands, holding his arms, patting his back. Nono did not know what they were saying, but daddy was laughing, shaking his head, and every now and then Nono would hear him say "Irlandese." Finally, he pointed to her and said something. Several spoke to her in Italian, but she could only smile and show her bewilderment.

"What are they saying, daddy?"

"They were sure I was an Italian until they spoke to you. Now they know we are Irish."

"That was a great surprise, daddy," she said as they went homeward. "Weren't they delighted?"

II.

THEY went to many meetings in New York; meetings of locals and committee meetings. They were not so interesting nor so thrilling, but Nono learnt from them that her father was outstanding. When she was listening to him arguing, explaining,

and winning the members to his point of view, she would note how easy it was to understand every word; that he never used the queer words that were favourites with other speakers; and that when the voting was taken most of those present agreed with him. Then her pride in him would grow and she would say to herself, "I wonder do they all know I'm his daughter?"

III.

DADDY was always reading or writing when he was at home. All his little ones could play or fight around him, but he would keep on reading or writing. Nono noted that often when mama spoke to him he would not hear her till she put her hand on his shoulder, then he would look up very slowly as if his head was very far away. "Lost again, James," mama would say, laughing. Nono wished she could be like that when she was reading.

Reading must take the place of schooling, daddy had told her, and when he had finished a book he would give it to her, and say, "Read that, Nono; you will find it interesting." Often she did not find it interesting, but any book he gave her was read religiously from cover to cover. Daddy had a habit of suddenly stopping his reading and writing to ask questions about a book he had given her. Then he would explain parts she did not understand, and if it were history, would show her how what had happened years ago affected things which

were happening to-day, and then Nono would find the book more interesting, and be more eager to finish it.

Nono read with a dictionary beside her ever since the time she had asked him the meaning of a word. "If I tell you, Nono," he said, going to the bookshelves, "you'll probably forget it, but if you look up the meaning here you will always remember. Things you find out for yourself remain longer with you than things you are told." Then he had opened the book he had taken from the shelf and showed Nono how to find out the meaning of any word. He liked her to read newspapers, and said, "In books you'll read of history that was made years ago; in the papers you'll read of history as it is being made from day to day."

She read history, and of wars and revolutions. Once she opened a book and after a time put it down and said, "Daddy, this has words, and words, and words. I know the meaning of most of them, but I can't understand what it is all about."

"Don't try to puzzle your brains about that, Nono. You're only at the foundations; this is several storeys above you. When you are as old as I am you'll understand it."

"Were you always reading, daddy, when you were like me?"

"Whenever I got the chance, Nono, but it wasn't so easy for me as it is for you. We were very poor and couldn't afford lights, and I used to lie down on the floor near the fire so that it would shine on

my book. When the fire was going out I couldn't read. I had no pencil to write with, either. I had to char bits of stick in the fire for a pencil, and for paper used whatever scraps I could find. Daddy has made things easier for you, and you must make things easier for the children who will come after you."

IV.

NONO knew that she was grown up. An American baby had arrived, to the great surprise of the others. One evening when mama had been ill daddy had told her why mama was not well. Since then she had felt that she was on an equal footing with daddy and mama, and had referred to the others as "the children." This morning when she was getting ready for work mama had called her and said, "Don't go to work to-day, Nono. Get all the children up and make a lunch and take them out for a picnic. Before you go tell Mrs. MacManus I want her, and then keep the children out till near supper-time."

"Is it?" asked Nono, wide-eyed.

"Yes, Nono," said mama. "Don't go off till you see Mrs. MacManus come."

The children had been wild with excitement at the picnic, but Nono was too heavy with knowledge to enter into their fun. It was another proof that she was grown-up, she thought, when she found she could not share their fun.

Now, they were all scrambling around mama, all

except Sonnie. One glance at the baby, and then he had stalked from the room. "He's jealous," said mama, smiling at Nono. "For six years he's been the baby."

Nono made supper and called them to it, and prepared some tea and toast for mama. As she was carrying the tray to mama she saw Sonnie tip-toeing to the bedroom. She tip-toed after him and stood at the door to see what he would do.

Mama was lying with her eyes closed, but a little smile at the corner of her mouth showed that she was aware that Sonnie had come in and was watching him. He went quietly to the bed, climbed up on a chair beside it, turned down the clothes, looked at the baby, patted her head, and in a confidential tone said, "Baby, does you know that I'm your brudder?"

V.

NONO was very busy these evenings. After she came home from work and had supper the table was cleared, and she sat down and wrote pages and pages. She was copying out a statement of daddy's. Daddy's handwriting was very tiny and difficult to understand unless accustomed to it. Daddy wanted about thirty copies for different people and Nono was pressed into service. It was very long and had many pages to it.

The greater part of it was beyond her understanding, but she knew it was to prove her daddy right and Daniel de Leon wrong. "We differed

on matter of policy," said daddy, "and De Leon has closed his paper to me. I must get my points to members in the different locals." Now and again a phrase or a paragraph would grip her and she would write it with great gusto and enjoyment, and then for a time determinedly and ploddingly until the statement was copied. Then, to the accompaniment of a deep sigh, would take another piece of paper and commence a new copy. Only the thought that she was helping daddy, and his kiss, and "What would I do without you?" when he saw all that she had done, kept her to the work.

VI.

THIS was a great day for Nono. The first really long skirt. Mama combed and brushed her hair, braided it, and pinned it up around her head; then helped her with her new costume. It was shepherd's plaid, and the skirt came down to her ankles and had two rows of black velvet ribbon near the hem; the short coat was trimmed likewise; and then she put on her new hat. She had made it herself from pale pink straw braid, and it had an eagle's feather in it at a dashing angle. Mama exclaimed in delight at her appearance as she drew on elbow length black silk gloves. "Hurry, hurry," said mama. "Go in and let daddy see you."

There was a friend with daddy—Jack Mulrey, Fiona's godfather. He looked at her, his mouth slightly open. "Well," he said. "My word!

James, I say. Did you know she was as grown-up as all that?"

Nono stood at the door, amazed and delighted at his comments. "Do you like me, daddy?" she said.

"Well, I don't know," he said, his head on one side as if considering the question. "The question is, will I like the young lady as well as the girl; and will the young lady like to go out with me as much as the girl?"

"Daddy!" cried Nono, very near to tears, but desperately holding her smile.

"I was only teasing, Nono," said daddy quickly. "Come in and let me see all of you. Turn round. M'm. Any father would be proud of you." Then he got up and bowed to her. "Miss Connolly, will you come with me this afternoon to a meeting in New York?"

CHAPTER X.

I.

THEY were living in New York. "It seems to be our fate, James," said mama when they were packing, "never to spend five years in any one place."

"I couldn't have stayed much longer in Singer's, Lillie. It was making things too difficult for Magnette. I've become so well known in New Jersey as a Socialist agitator, that if he didn't ask me to go the firm would sack him. He is too decent a fellow to ask me to go, and as I didn't want him to lose his job I got out. This organising job won't have complications like that."

"I understand," said mama. "But, it's going to be lonely again."

"You won't be lonely in New York, Lillie. I've got a flat on the same landing as some Scotch friends, another friend lives around the corner, and there are several Irish names on the bells. You'll be all right."

"Oh, I'm not complaining," said Mama. "But it seems as soon as we get settled anywhere we have to break up and go somewhere else. What's the use of building up a home when you know that it's

bound to be broken up again? That play you wrote, 'The Agitator's Wife,' is just our life, isn't it?"

"Yes," said daddy, laughing. "But I made the wife say things you never said, Lillie, though I'm sure you often felt them."

"Oh, well," she said, smiling at him, "let's finish the packing. As long as we are together, James, I've no cause for complaint."

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For a time Nono did not like the change. They were living in the Bronx, and daddy's organising job kept him down town till late nearly every night. They could not go to many meetings together now—only on Sundays. She felt awkward and self-conscious when she entered a hall alone, but with daddy his company was always her justification. But there were quite a few Irish people at the meetings here, and daddy was talking of forming an Irish Socialist group which would hold meetings and appeal directly to the Irish. Nono hoped he would—she would feel more at home with them.

II.

"YOU home, daddy!" said Nono one evening when she came home from work. "How does that happen?"

"Do you think I should never spend an evening in the bosom of my family?" he asked, smiling.

"Will you be home all evening?" she asked, astonished.

"I'll be able to manage an evening now and then," said daddy.

Supper was finished. The children were sitting round the table doing their lessons; daddy was reading; mama mending. It was very quiet.

"Are your lessons nearly finished, children?" asked daddy.

"Nearly. Why? Have you another story?" came the chorus.

"Hurry up, then," said daddy. "I've a story here you'll all like, and when you are finished I'll read it to you."

There was an industrious scribbling, turning over of leaves, and a murmuring for about fifteen minutes. One by one closed her books, strapped them, and then: "We're ready, daddy," as they gazed expectantly at him.

He moved to the end of the table and laid his book on it. "It is a story of the French Revolution and is called 'The Reds of the Midi.' A little boy is taken out every evening to a place where old men meet and talk over the days that are gone. One of the old men is telling of what he saw and did when he joined the men of Marseilles in their march to Paris to help the revolution. Now, I'll begin."

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"Don't stop, daddy; don't stop," they implored.

"We're just like the little boy. Go on. Oh! do go on."

"As the grandfather said to the little boy, it's bedtime now," said daddy. "The rest must come another night."

"Another night!" they wailed. "When will another night come?"

"Thursday," said daddy. "Off to bed."

"Is it a real story?" asked Agna. "Did it really happen?"

"The French Revolution really happened and the men of Marseilles marched to Paris. You've heard the 'Marseillaise,' haven't you? That is the song they sang as they marched. Nono, sing it for us."

"No," came the chorus. "Read some more of the story."

"Not till Thursday night. Off to bed, then."

Reluctantly they accepted his decision. Agna turned at the door. "You'll keep the book safe, daddy. So no one can read ahead of the others. Not even Nono."

III.

"WELL," said daddy one Sunday, "we're having a meeting to form the Irish Socialist Federation. Are you coming along?"

"Of course," said Nono. "Will there be many there?"

"About a dozen."

On their way to the meeting daddy gave her a

copy of the declaration of principles to read. Nono read it carefully as she read everything he gave her, so that when he said, "Well?" she could say something about it that would win his approval. She read to the last paragraph, folded it, and handed it back to him.

"Well?" said daddy.

Nono sighed. "Declarations of principles are never very thrilling. I suppose it's because one tries to say so much in a short space. The last part will be the most important one, won't it, since it makes a direct appeal to the Irish?"

"Yes," said daddy, "and many Socialists will object to it as being definitely nationalistic instead of inter-nationalistic. So many make the mistake of regarding internationalism as anti-nationalism. I maintain that is the reason they have made so little headway among the Irish. They don't understand us, and criticise and deplore our tendency, forgetting how irritated they become when criticised by people who do not understand them.

"It is a mistake, Nono, when trying to convert people, to look for something to differ upon in order to show how smart you are. You should always seek for some point upon which you can agree; then, when that point is established and agreed upon by both, the path to agreement on vital points will become smooth and easy.

"Remember that always, Nono, if you ever try to convert anyone; and finally, once you have agreed upon vital points, avoid all discussion upon

non-essential points as the Devil does Holy Water. Otherwise, you run the risk of wrecking all your good work. Well, here we are, and your Sunday morning lecture is over."

IV.

THE I.S.F. was formed, and during the summer held outdoor meetings. Nono attended them all, though daddy could not always attend. In spite of her feeling of isolation and incompleteness without him, she found it an easier thing to confess a missed Mass than a missed meeting.

She tried to persuade her chum to come with her, but Pauline, after the first attendance, flatly declared there was no fun going to meetings. There was a dance hall near the pitch, and often Nono would be wafted away on the music, and forget for a while that she was supposed to be an earnest worker for Labour. Once, one of the members who had been watching her smiled and said, "You'd rather be over there, wouldn't you, Nono?" Nono started guiltily, blushed with shame at having been caught, and excused herself by thinking—"If the speaker had been daddy I'd have been listening."

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"How is it," said daddy, "that you and Pauline are such friends? She is fond of dances, having good times, and boys. Are you fond of those things, Nono?"

"I like dances and good times, but I can't talk to boys, like Pauline. I don't know what to talk about. Boys my age don't go to meetings; those who go are too old."

"Would you like to be like Pauline, Nono?"

"Well, I would; but I like to go to meetings, too."

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When winter came meetings of the I.S.F. were held in Cooper Square. Nono enjoyed these; daddy was always there. She followed the lectures and the questions eagerly, and on the long trip home with daddy would ask questions and make comments. Sometimes daddy would squeeze her hand and say "Good girl! Why didn't you say that at the meeting?" Then Nono would have a blissful vision of herself addressing a meeting, and daddy being as proud of her as Mr. Flynn must be of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn—only to relinquish it with a sigh, knowing she never could do it. If she was tongue-tied with one or two people, what would she be with a crowd?

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"We are going to start a paper," said daddy.

"Oh, what will it be called?"

"'The Harp,'" said daddy. "What do you think of that?"

Nono thought it over. "M'm," she said. "I know why you chose that name."

"Tell me, then."

"It's because, here, they call us 'harps' in a sort of good-natured ridicule and contempt, and you want us to adopt that term and change it into something to be proud of; isn't that it?"

"Exactly," said daddy, with a quick smile and approving pat on the shoulder.

Early in January daddy brought home the first issue of "The Harp." Nono eagerly grasped it. The first thing she read was the quotation under the title: "In things essential, Unity; in things doubtful, Liberty; in all things, Charity."

Nono was in and out of jobs during this time; some she lost; some she left to get more money, until finally daddy said, "In God's name, Nono, stop this chopping and changing. Not one of the jobs you've been in had any hope of leading anywhere; one was as hopeless as the other. Choose some particular form of work and stick to it. There is no more unhappy working man or woman in the world than the one who has a smattering of many kinds of work, but at the same time hasn't a thorough knowledge of one. Choose one thing, learn it thoroughly, then if you like, branch out and take up something else. There's no happiness in being a jack-of-all-trades unless you know them all."

"I don't know what I want to do," said Nono. "And, besides, there's so little money if you start to learn a trade."

"But you're young, child. You've all your life

before you. In a few years you will be able to say, definitely and cheerfully, 'I know my job.' If you don't you will still be an inexperienced worker making little money. Take the chance while you are young."

So Nono promised.

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Beautiful dresses, of silks, and chiffons, and laces, had always intrigued Nono; so after much thinking she decided that she would learn to make them. She had made her own, she thought, but with a grin of appreciation at the difference, and that should knock a year off her training.

"Well, daddy," she said one evening, "I've taken your advice and decided to learn to make beautiful dresses. I started to-day as an improver."

"Where?"

"It's in a big private house on the West Side. It's run by a mother and two daughters. A queer thing happened when I was taken on. I was interviewed by the old lady. She is about sixty, with a soft, rosy face and beautiful, white, wavy hair. After she was satisfied she brought me into the workroom. There was a tall, dark, fierce, sulky-looking girl there. 'My daughter,' said the old lady. The girl looked up from her sewing, nodded, but didn't say anything. After I had been sewing about half an hour a small, very thin woman about thirty, very sallow and with small, bright eyes, ran in and glared at me and then at the old lady.

'Our new improver,' the old lady explained, waving her hand towards me. The newcomer glared at me again.

"'You fool!' she screamed. 'You damn fool!' I could only stare at her. 'You're young,' she continued screaming. 'You can't be more than sixteen. Get out of this trade before it grips you; before it sucks the marrow from your bones and the blood from your veins. Get out before it makes a slave of you and you are sewing from morning to night, day in and day out, week in and week out, year in and year out. It takes your chance of life from you; it takes your chance of happiness from you. It will make a withered old maid of you, or give you a husband and children that you must support by sewing. You'll sew, sew, sew, to the edge of your grave. Get out of it, I tell you; get out while you've got the chance.' She rushed out of the room. I was staring at the old lady. 'Nerves,' she said calmly; 'she's often like that. She's my other daughter, and a genius at this business.'

"We went on sewing, and about an hour later the other daughter came back. She looked at none of us, but took up some material, went to a figure and began draping it. It was lovely stuff, and I kept glancing up to see what she was doing with it. After a while I saw that she was trying to get a fold to go a certain way, and made a suggestion. It was the first word said since she came into the room. She turned round and looked at me, turned

back to her work, and I could see she was trying out my suggestion. It worked. She came over to my table, and in a calm, businesslike voice said, 'I see my warning was no use. This trade has got you; it's in your blood. Years wouldn't teach you to make that suggestion—that's a thing you've got to feel. God help you! But I'm damn glad to have a worth-while assistant at last!' What do you think of that as an introduction to my new job?"

"Well, I don't know," said daddy doubtfully.

"Oh, I'll stick to it," said Nono. "I'll learn things there, and then I'll go on to a better job."

V.

WITH a smile of pride Nono looked at her title in the latest copy of "The Harp." She was Business Manager, to whom all subscriptions and business communications should be addressed. Then she sighed as she thought how long it would be before daddy could come home. He had gone on a lecture tour to the Pacific Coast and back. Before he left, the printing and publishing of the paper had been transferred to Ireland, and Nono was to see that all new subscriptions were sent on, answer and satisfy any complaints, and see that those who wanted it to sell at meetings received it on time. It wasn't much trouble, and its chief glory was that it kept her in communication with daddy, as she advised him of what was happening and what she

was doing. At first she had forwarded all complaints to him; then she received a letter from him, which began: "My dear Nono. Why am I paying you your huge salary as Business Manager if you cannot deal with these yourself . . ." This put her on her mettle and only important things were forwarded.

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There was great excitement towards the end of April when a letter came giving the date of his arrival. Nono went to meet him at the Grand Central. Two members of the I.S.F. were there also. When he came off the train she hugged and kissed him, but could not find a word to say. In the "El" she looked at him and listened to him talking, and thought he looked tired and shabby, but the twinkle in his eye told her he was in good spirits. She passionately resented the presence of the two men, and thought they might have had enough sense not to come home with him. They should have known we would want him to ourselves the first night.

They were home. He held mama in his arms a long time, and then with smiles mama bustled about to get him something to eat. While daddy and the two men were talking and eating Nono hovered about, and vehemently wished that she could become "Gwendolyn Violet" (a name daddy called her when she mounted her high horse), then

she could inform them that good manners suggested they should leave.

At last they left!

"I thought they would never go," said mama. "After eleven months we want you to ourselves; others have had you long enough."

"Now that we are alone," said daddy, smiling, "I think I had better open my bag."

There was no lack of willing hands to lift the bag to the table. Daddy never forgot anyone when he came back from a trip. One by one the presents were handed out, compared, and exclaimed over. Then, "Where's mama's present? You've forgotten mama."

"Oh, no. I've not," said daddy, and he took a small parcel from his vest pocket and gave it to mama.

"Open it, mama, open it," they cried as they crowded round her.

"Give me time," said mama, laughing, and began unwrapping it.

"Oh, it's a gold watch. A lovely gold watch," cried Agna.

"James," said mama, with tears in her eyes. "Oh, James!"

"You see, Lillie; I didn't forget."

Mama put her head on his shoulder and wept, to the great wonderment of the children.

VI.

"LILLIE," said daddy a few months later, "I am

invited to go to Ireland for a lecture tour during the fall and winter."

"Oh, James," said mama, and Nono knew she was not pleased. "I don't want you to go."

"It's only for a few months, Lillie. Things are beginning to stir once more over there and I'd like to help. I'd like to see Dublin again, Lillie."

"Think of all the misery we had there. How can you want to go back?"

"I love Dublin, Lillie. I'd rather be poor there than a millionaire here."

"I suppose you must go," said mama. "But remember, it's easier to go than to come back. When will you start?"

"September."

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Nono came home from work one evening in November to find mama holding a book lovingly in her hands.

"Look, Nono," she said. "It came to-day."

"Mama! He's had a book published in Ireland. Daddy must be delighted." She turned the book over and over in her hands. "Oh, mama!"

"Do you remember, Nono, when daddy sent me a cheque for one hundred dollars which he got for his pamphlet? Do you remember how pleased and proud we were?"

"Yes, mama."

"Look inside, Nono. See what daddy has written inside. I'd rather have that than all the

cheques for a hundred dollars there are in the world."

Nono opened the book, and inside she read:

"To my dear wife, the partner of all my struggles and the inspirer of my achievements. Dublin, Nov. 8th, 1910."

"Oh, mama," said Nono wistfully, "it must be wonderful to have someone able to write that about you."

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"Nono," said mama, agitatedly, "I've had a letter from daddy. He wants us to go back to Ireland."

"To Ireland!" echoed Nono, amazed.

"And he is only giving me a fortnight to pack up and get ready. Look, Nono. Read the letter yourself." She handed Nono the letter.

Dublin,
Nov. 13/10.

"DEAR LILLIE,

"This is the fatal letter. I want you to come back to Ireland. Now after you have drawn your breath let me tell you the particulars. My engagement is for two pounds a week and most of the money is already in hand. Also, I am sure that I have a more promising future in Ireland than in America, not so often and so long away from home as I would be if we stayed in the U.S. You are not coming back to the misery you left. Do not be afraid of that. By next post I will send you second-class tickets to Londonderry—three full tickets, four half tickets——"

"By next post, mama." Nono felt excited. "Will you go?"

"Of course we'll go," said mama, tartly.

"Heavens!" said Nono. "How will we ever get ready?"

There was a week of wild excitement, getting packing cases, trying to sell furniture, packing whatever household things could be packed, rushing to shipping offices, and then at the beginning of December the Connolly family said "good-bye" to America.

PART III.—IRELAND.

CHAPTER XI.

I.

DADDY met them at Derry and brought them to an hotel where they stayed overnight. Everything seemed strange and small to them, even to Nono, who all the way across had stoutly maintained that she remembered Ireland. When daddy took them for a visit to Derry Walls and told the story, and Nono asked questions, Aideen with glee (which was shared by all the children) shouted, "Thought you remembered Ireland?" she was compelled to defend herself by saying, "Not this part. I've never been here before, have I, daddy?" But she was childish enough to rejoice when people nearby laughed at Agna for calling donkeys "small Irish horses."

She and daddy sat at opposite corners in the train to Dublin and looked out the same window.

"This is December, daddy, and everything is green! Look at the grass and the hedges! See that small white house there. I'm taller than it, amn't I?"

Daddy smiled. "You'd be disappointed if you stood beside it, Nono. It is different from a six-

storey apartment house with thirty families living in it."

There were no strangers in the carriage, but the eight of them nearly filled it. Nono looked around. "Daddy," she chuckled, "do you know what the stewards on the ship called us? 'The millionaire family.' They said they had often taken families to America, but we were the only one they had ever brought back to live in Ireland. They seemed to think you were very rich and had made a lot of money in America. Funny, wasn't it?"

"They'd probably call you the madman's family if they knew the truth," smiled daddy.

When they arrived in Dublin and were being driven home, Nono said, almost tearfully: "Daddy, I don't remember any of these streets. Have I really forgotten Dublin?"

"A child sees and remembers things differently from a grown-up, Nono," daddy comforted her. "You are grown-up now, remember."

The cab stopped at the house. Across the lower half of the bay window an American flag was hung, and above it could be seen the dancing shadows and rosy lights of a fire.

Daddy opened the door and they streamed in. A big, round table was laid for tea, and beyond it was a cozy, glowing fire.

"I know I'm back in Ireland," said mama with a smile. "Fairies have been at work."

"Yes," said daddy, "friendly fairies."

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"We are going to a party to-night," said daddy as he was leaving the next morning. "There is to be a social to welcome the family."

"All of us!" they cried in great astonishment.

"Every one of us," said daddy.

After a day of roaming around they were all dressed and started out for the party.

"All the old friends are to be there, Lillie," Nono heard daddy say, and wondered would she remember them.

The hall in the Antient Concert Rooms was crowded. Nono was bewildered, mama smiling, but near tears, at the warmth of the welcoming, and the children hung back shyly.

"Do you remember me, Nono?" asked a man.

"I do," replied Nono. "I do, but you don't seem as tall as you used to be."

"Do you remember how you always began to beat me," asked another, "when I said I was going to hit your daddy?"

Nono had not thought it possible there could be so many friends gathered together, all remembering things about them when they were small, and all so very glad to have them back in Dublin again. Her heart grew warm and a lump grew in her throat. She must do something to show how she felt; but the only thing she could find to do was to help wash the cups and saucers. And there, too, to her great surprise, she found daddy's friend—the man who was present when she displayed her first long skirt. Nono, as usual, bemoaned her inarticulateness, but

in her heart sang, "I'm home, I'm home, I'm home."

II.

"Is there any way I can help, daddy?" asked Nono the next morning.

"There is an election fight on just now. McManus is the party's candidate. You could canvass for him."

"Canvass?"

"We have a list of all the voters in the ward. Every night the members take different streets and call on the voters and find out for which candidate they are going to vote; point out why they should vote for ours, and try to persuade those who haven't made up their minds."

"I see," said Nono, doubtfully. "Shall I begin to-night?"

"It would be as well. We'll send another canvasser with you to help you find your way, and to help you out should you get into difficulties."

Late that night Nono returned to the Antient Concert Rooms. Daddy was there, listening to the reports of the canvassers. Nono found a chair and sat down. Daddy made notes, took the books and lists and put them into a cupboard, then turned to her.

"You're very white, Nono. Are you tired?"

Nono nodded, wordless.

"We'll go home in a minute," said daddy.

They stopped at the corner to wait for a tram.

"Let's walk, daddy," said Nono urgently. "Let's walk."

They walked. Nono's breath came in gusty gasps.

"What is it, Nono?" asked daddy.

"I can't breathe right, daddy. It's all up near my throat. I wish it was cold and frosty. The air is too soft—I can't feel it."

"Where did you go to-night, Nono? Was it very bad?"

"Townsend Street," curtly. Then, with a wail, "It was awful, awful. How can people bear to live in such places? Why don't they burn them down? Daddy, I went up pitch black stairs, my feet squelching and slipping in the filth on them; some wide, some of them without banisters; some of them with steps missing. And the smell, daddy; the smell! One door I came to showed a white strip at the sill. I thought it was a light showing under, but when it was opened I was afraid to step in. The place was clean; oh, clean! The floor was as white as a kitchen table. I felt I was bringing in all the filth, and dirt, and smell. But the woman insisted I should come in. I looked round helplessly. It was so clean! I looked at her and she looked at me. I couldn't think of any of the things I had learned before I parted with the other canvasser. I looked around and said: 'Where do you find the courage, and how have you the energy to keep your place like this?'

"She wasn't a bit offended, and with such an

understanding smile said: 'It's not so hard for me. I'm a lone woman. The woman in the next room has six children and a husband to care for. Every drop of water used she has to carry up from the yard, and every bucket of dirty water she must carry down herself. None of the children are big enough to help her.'

"'How can they stand it?' I cried. 'I've never seen such dreadful places as I've been in tonight. Why do they stand it?' 'I think we've lost hope,' she said, 'and most of us have learned to accept it, and not look for anything better.' Lost hope, daddy, learned to accept! My God! I would die. I would go crazy. And the people, the people in these awful surroundings! Something must be done. 'I can't stand it—I can't stand it any more.' And then I rushed away. I hadn't asked her any of the questions I should have. I wanted to get away from that awful, miserable, heart-breaking street. Daddy, daddy, that people should have to live in those awful places, and pay for them! Daddy, daddy, I can't stand it—I can't stand it."

Daddy put his arm round her shoulder. "Poor Nono," he said comfortingly. "That is what we are working for, Nono—to change all that."

"It's too slow, daddy; it's too slow."

"When we get the people with us, Nono, things will move quickly. That's our present job—to get them with us."

D 992

CHAPTER XII.

I.

NONO cautiously raised her head from the pillow and fell back with a groan. She had wakened that morning with one of her blinding headaches. They ran a curious course while they lasted, intensely agonising for a time, followed by a dull lull, and usually departing suddenly in the midst of the lull. Nono's cautious lifting of her head was due to the hope that the headache was gone.

To-day daddy was coming to Belfast and Nono wanted to be at the train to meet him, to show him how well she had fared all alone in Belfast; and now, the headache would not go, and he would come to find her in bed unable to talk. Oh! she mustn't think; that was as bad as talking; but she hoped it would leave her before he came—or that he would arrive during a lull. Flat on her back, she tried to keep from thinking, but her ears were strained listening for the sound of daddy's voice.

"Well," said daddy, putting his head round the door, "this is a nice way to find you. What's wrong? Mrs. Grant said you were sick and that you hadn't eaten anything to-day."

"It's one of my horrible headaches, daddy,"

said Nono. "I'm so disappointed. I wanted to meet you. Come up beside me; there's a lull on, so maybe it's going."

Daddy sat on the bed and gently rubbed her hot head with a cool hand. "Don't you think, Nono, these have lasted long enough. Something should be done to get rid of them. You're old enough now, Nono, to see to them."

"They leave so suddenly, daddy, that when they are gone I forget all about them till they come again. I think this one is going now. I'll be able to spend the evening with you if it does."

"I hope it is, Nono. Could you take some tea and toast? If I have to tell mama I found you like this she'll be more upset than ever. She is just as much against you being here alone now as she was when it was first mentioned."

"Don't tell her," said Nono, beginning to lift her head again. "Daddy," she said, her eyes widening, "I believe it's gone."

"Wait," said daddy. "Wait till I bring you the tea."

* * * * * *

"Well," said Mrs. Grant, when Nono came down about an hour later, "no one to look at you would believe you'd spent a day in bed sick."

"It's always like that," said daddy.

"Yes," Nono rejoined, happily. "When it's gone, it's gone."

"What now?" inquired daddy. "Are we to stay in or go out?"

"Let's go out. We'll walk and talk."

"I've several crows to pluck with you," said Nono as they went along the Antrim road. "There's—oh, let me see if I can take them in order. Why didn't you describe Danny McDevitt to me? You merely said he would meet me and would know me by the red label on my suit-case. In the excitement I forgot to ask you. Then in the train I pictured him tall, dark, slow-spoken—oh, a man named Danny McDevitt had to be a blacksmith type of man. What are you chuckling about? Oh, you villain! You are thinking of Danny, smaller than me, mousey coloured, and his tongue rattling away sixty to the dozen."

"I never thought of describing him," said daddy, still chuckling. "He's just Danny."

"Then you never told me I was a 'papish.'"

"I didn't think it was necessary."

"But I never knew anyone or heard anyone called a 'papish' before."

"How did you find out?" asked daddy, looking at her with a twinkle in his eye.

"I got a job making blouses. (Oh! daddy, you can't imagine the difference). I wasn't an hour in the place when a girl came up to me and asked, 'Are you a papish?' I'd never heard the word before, so I said 'No.' 'That's all right,' she said, with a toss of her head, and walked away. Then after I'd spent some time trying to get the hang of

the power machine, another girl came up to me, and putting her head close to mine, asked in a fierce whisper, 'What do you mean by saying you're not a 'papish?' Connolly's a Catholic name.' 'I am a Catholic,' I told her. 'But what's a 'papish'?' 'What's a—God Almighty!' and she looked at me as if I had two heads. 'Where are you from?' 'Dublin,' I said. 'Well, mebbe that accounts for it,' and she walked away shaking her head. Would you believe it, daddy, it wasn't till long after that I connected papish with papist. I never dreamt that term was used nowadays."

"Well," said daddy, "I suppose as far as religious matters are concerned, Belfast is in the middle ages. Wasn't it better to discover that for yourself than to be told about it?"

"Oh, I know you always like me to find things out for myself."

"What else did you find out?"

"I thought I was working in a factory, but it seems I'm not. One girl, in a very friendly manner, asked me how I was getting on. I greatly affronted her when I said, 'fairly well,' but that I thought I would do better when I got used to the way of working in a factory. Gracious! how indignant she was. And she told me I was working in a wareroom; that factory workers were weavers, rope workers, tobacco workers. A wareroom was ever so much higher in the social scale than a factory, and wages were much higher. Isn't it

ridiculous, daddy, the caste system in such a thing?"

"It would be ridiculous, Nono, if it wasn't part of the dangerous system of dividing the workers and making them harder to organise."

"Let's stop talking about me. How long will you be staying?"

"A fortnight, or perhaps a month."

"Good!" giving his arm a squeeze. "It's been a bit lonely, you know."

"I was thinking that it might be best for the family to move up here."

"Oh, daddy, that would be lovely. I could live at home then."

"That's not all, Nono. The rest of the family will soon be growing up and will have to find work. You didn't find that easy in Dublin."

"Easy! You know I couldn't find any. That's why I came to Belfast."

"There seems to be plenty of openings for girls here, Nono. And when the family is composed mostly of girls some thought must be taken for their future."

"That reminds me, daddy. Now don't get angry. Get speechless if you like. I did—till I saw the funny side of it. The other night it was suggested that you should be advised to come here to live—that you had a large family of girls who'd soon all be working. It wouldn't be long till they would be able to keep the house and leave you free and independent——"

"What?" roared daddy.

"Hush," said Nono, looking round. "I said you weren't to get angry."

"Who dared suggest that I would live on my family?"

"Oh, daddy, don't be so angry. It only seems funny to me now. Please don't say anything till you see the funny side of it. Please." But daddy was tramping on, shaking with rage.

"Daddy, listen. They didn't see any insult in it to you. They don't know you very well. They were only thinking of ways and means of keeping you here. There's so much to be done. They were only thinking that that would relieve you——"

"Relieve me of the necessity of earning my own living," began daddy, very bitterly, "by living on my daughters——"

"Oh, daddy, they weren't thinking of you at all. They were just thinking—oh, I'm sorry I told you."

"But, Nono, can't you see——"

"I can see," began Nono, shakily, "that it is funny that anyone should make such a suggestion about you. I can see it is funny," she went on, her lips quivering, "why can't you?"

"We'll say no more about it, Nono," said daddy, and they walked on in silence, Nono bitterly regretting she had ever mentioned it at all.

* * * * * *

Nono was at the station to see daddy off to

Dublin. Since that first night there had been no further talk of the family coming to Belfast, and Nono had carefully avoided mentioning it. The first reference must come from daddy, she felt; but oh, how she wished she had never said anything. Now she stood by the carriage door, feeling lonely and so wistful.

"Don't look so woe-begone, Nono," said daddy, hugging her close. "I'll be back in a fortnight. Keep your eye open for a house for the family, and we'll go house-hunting when I come back."

"Oh, daddy," began Nono, happily, but the train was moving.

Two weeks won't be long, she thought, as she watched him waving to her with his cheery, twinkling smile.

II.

"WHAT do you think of this one?" asked daddy. "It looks nice enough from here, and the tram is very handy; it stops outside the door."

"Look, daddy, you can see the mountains from here."

"We'll go inside and see what the kitchen is like," said daddy, opening the door.

"You're very particular about the kitchen, daddy. I hope this one will satisfy you, for I think I'd like this house."

"This is a nice kitchen," said daddy. "It's bright and roomy and the scullery and pantry are handy. You see, Nono," he explained, very

seriously, "the family is so big that mama will have to spend most of her time in the kitchen. You and I will be at work most of the day, so the kitchen won't matter to us, but it will matter a lot to mama. So as we are picking a house for her to live in, and as she is not here, and if she were here she wouldn't think of herself, we've got to think of her. That's why I'm particular about the kitchen. If the rest of the house is as good as this we'll take it."

III.

NONO found life in Belfast crammed full with interests. There were not nearly enough nights in the week. There were Irish lessons, ceilidhte, concerts, meetings, lectures, and her seven-night week could not cover them all.

Although daddy was living with them they saw very little of him. He was Secretary of the Transport Union, and that occupied almost all his time. He went out early in the morning and came back late at night, and he had two public meetings on Sunday and one in the middle of the week.

Nono grumbled at this, but stimulated by his interest in her activities, soon all her evenings, too, were occupied.

"I wish, Nono," said daddy one morning at breakfast, "that you could spare time to come down to Corporation Street and see if you could give me a hand. The mill girls arrived in a body yesterday when they came out on strike."

"But why? They're not in your Union, are they?"

"No, but most of their menfolk work on the docks. I suppose they think that since I was able to help the men to improve their conditions I can help them. They've great spirit. They are not in the Union; they've no funds. It's going to be difficult."

"I'll finish the batch of work I'm on and then come down, but I don't see what good I'll be, or how I can help."

"You must begin sometime, Nono."

* * * * * *

It was mid-afternoon when Nono arrived at the Union offices. Daddy was listening to some very old women who were sitting crouched near the fire, their heads half hidden in the shadows of their black shawls. Daddy nodded to her, but said nothing to interrupt the speaker.

"Yes," the woman near the fire was saying, her husky voice fierce and bitter, "it's over forty-five years since I started working in the mills. I was just turned eight when I began. When you were eight you were old enough to work. Worked in steam, making your rags all wet, and sometimes up to your ankles in water. The older you got the more work you got. If you got married you kept on working. Your man didn't get enough for a family. You worked till your baby came, and went back as soon as you could; and then, God forgive

you! you counted the years till your child could be a half-timer and started the same hell of a life over again."

Then the other women took up the tale in the same fierce, bitter and husky voice till Nono was numb from the hopelessness and misery.

"Well, Nono?" said daddy enquiringly as they went home that night.

"I never could believe the stories of the women in the French Revolution—I believe them now. Can you do anything for them, daddy?"

"I don't know, Nono. We've put in a demand for increased wages for them, but that is only to give us something to bargain with. It's conditions they are striking against."

"Why do they say they are 'out against the Truck Act'?"

"Under the Truck Act all new rules in a factory must be printed and displayed where the workers can see them. The new rules displayed in the mills forbid talking, laughing, or singing at work, among other things, and the majority think that the Truck Act is responsible. All the mills have come out.

"We have put in a demand for increased wages in the hope that we may be able, as a compromise, to let them go, but secure that should any girl feel happy enough to laugh while at work, or light-hearted enough to sing, she can do so without fear of losing her job. I don't know. They need help and they've no funds. They are starting out with collecting boxes. They are wonderful girls."

* * * * * *

"Is your head better, Nono?" asked mama, busily carving the Sunday dinner.

"Almost."

"Good," said daddy. "Are you coming to the meeting?"

"Of course. What are you going to say?"

"What would you say?" asked daddy with a smile.

"Oh," said Nono, airily, "I'd tell them about that Women Workers' strike in New York, and how they were all different nationalities—some of them not able to understand each other—and yet all understood that conditions were so bad that their only hope of changing them was to hold out till they had won the strike, and that they had done so and won. Then I'd say how much easier it was for them, all coming from the one city, and one nationality, able to speak to each other to arrive at the same understanding, and so on and so forth. You know."

"Good," said daddy. "That will do fine."

All the mill workers in Belfast seemed to be at the Custom House when they arrived.

Daddy was received with cheers and shouts when he stood up to speak. Nono was standing behind the small platform on the steps and could not see the immense crowd, but thrilled to its enthusiasm. Daddy introduced another speaker and bent down to Nono.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Fine," said Nono with a smile, touched to think that in the middle of that big meeting he had remembered her headache and enquired about it. The speaker stepped down, and to her horror and amazement she heard daddy announce her as the next speaker. Daddy had taken her seriously at dinner, and had not been enquiring about her head but her nerve. What should she do? She couldn't disgrace him by refusing, but she might shame him by speaking. Daddy was smiling at her and holding out his hand to help her up. When she saw the sea of faces gazing at her, her tongue refused its office, and her voice was a dry croak. But she must go on. Then the crowd was cheering and she was down behind the platform again, shaking and trembling. Daddy was patting her and whispering, "Good girl, good girl; that was better than my first attempt."

* * * * * *

"Nono made her first speech to-day."

"She did!" exclaimed mama. "How did she get on?"

"Well, I'm not like you at my first speech, so I'm able to tell you she did fairly well. Did I ever tell you about my first speech, Nono?"

"No, daddy, you didn't."

"We weren't very long married, and I wrote it down, prepared it, and felt so proud of it that I asked mama to come along to the meeting to cheer me and support me. We went to the meeting. My

turn came to speak and I left mama and stood on the platform. When I got down I looked for mama to ask her how she liked it and was it good, but she wasn't there. When I came home she told me that when she saw me on the platform she got so frightened and nervous she ran away and never stopped till she got home. What do you think of that, Nono? I was better than mama, wasn't I?"

"Now, James," said mama, laughing.

"Wasn't I, Nono?" insisted daddy, twinkling. "I waited till you finished, anyway."

"Mama," said Nono, joining in the laughter, "you should have been there. The mill girls have made a song about daddy. They marched away singing it. This is how it goes:

"Cheer up, Connolly, your name is everywhere;
You left old Baldy sitting in his chair
Crying for mercy; mercy wasn't there;
Cheer up, Connolly, your name is everywhere."

"So now, mama, your husband is famous in song."

"They're wonderful girls," said daddy. "They've wonderful spirit. And they make up songs about everything on the spur of the minute. That's not the only song they've got. You should hear some of the others."

* * * * * *

"Look, daddy," said Nono, displaying her new tweed costume. "What do you think of the result of our tailoring?"

"M'm," said daddy. "Turn round. Yes, it fits all right now."

"I'd never have got it finished but for your help last night. No one could give me any help till you came in. It's almost impossible to fit your own back properly. I'm quite proud of the finished article. Aren't you?"

"It's fine. Where's the pocket? Oh! There's a bit of silver in it for hansel."

"Oh, daddy, you're a darling! Mr. Man, your proud daughter is just setting off for Mass. Would a proud father accompany her? Do, daddy."

They were early, so sauntered slowly to church, Nono delightfully conscious that she had daddy for company and that she did him credit looking so spruce and smart.

When the priest entered the pulpit to read the epistle and gospel and deliver a sermon he stared at daddy for a moment before he began to read. Nono gave no thought to this till the sermon was begun. It was directed entirely at daddy and against his labour activities. Nono started up in indignation. Daddy put his hand on her knee and pressed her back. As the sermon progressed Nono's indignation grew, and daddy was exerting greater pressure to keep her in her seat. She looked at daddy. His face was stern, but his gaze was fixed on the preacher. Heads were beginning to turn their way as the congregation realised that the sermon was being directed at daddy. Nono was constrained to

follow daddy's example; she controlled her features and fixed her eyes on the pulpit.

When Mass was over and they were outside Nono in a shaking voice demanded: "Why did you hold me back? Why didn't you let me get up? Why did you make me listen while the priest attacked you?"

"If he forgot himself, Nono, why should we?" answered daddy quietly.

"It was shameful," said Nono. "Not one word he said had *any connection* with the epistle or the gospel. If he thought you were all the dreadful things he said he should have welcomed your presence there, not gone out of his way to attack you. I don't blame you if you never go to church again. I wouldn't if I were you. Oh, why don't you say something?" cried Nono furiously.

"You don't give me much chance, Nono," said daddy, smiling. "There is one very important lesson you've learned in church this morning. To keep control of yourself in face of attack. If you have self-control your opponent can never force you to an act which you may regret later. Remember that, Nono; you'll find it very useful during life."

"Oh," cried Nono, exasperated, "forget about me! What about you?"

"Oh, me," answered daddy. "I'm used to attacks."

* * * * * *

"The mill girls are going back in the morning," said daddy.

"And the Union couldn't do anything for them?"

"No," said daddy, "but I've told them how to break the Truck Act, as they persist in calling the new rules."

"How?"

"I've advised them not to go back in ones and twos, but to gather outside the mills and all to go in in a body; to go in singing. If when at work one girl laughs and is reproved, they are all to begin laughing; if one girl sings and is checked, they are all to sing. And if a girl is dismissed for breaking the rules they are all to walk out with her. They have accepted the idea enthusiastically, and before they left me to-night were busy making up a song to sing as they go back. What wonderful, wonderful fighting spirit."

D 992

CHAPTER XIII.

I.

"WOULD you like to come to Wexford with me, Nono?" asked daddy. "You haven't been looking well lately and the change would do you good."

"I'd love to. But what's taking you to Wexford?"

"The men in the foundries there were all locked out for being members of the Transport Union. There have been baton charges and one man has been killed. Things are at a deadlock and the Union wants to try the effect of a new man there. While I am busy at meetings and conferences you can wander around the country. I hope to be able to take some walks with you myself."

Nono had many lonely walks around Wexford. She wandered out in the country along the banks of the lovely Slaney river. She loitered at the harbour, and whimsically thought as she strolled through the very narrow main street that if only her arms were a bit longer she could touch the shops on each side.

When daddy told her one evening that soon they could take walks together she was delighted. The strike, or rather lock-out, was settled; the men were to be members of a new union. It was to be called

the Irish Foundry Workers' Union and was to be affiliated to the Transport Union. In this way the masters saved their faces and the men could get back to work.

Early one evening they started out on a walk. After an hour or two on high road and bye road daddy stood still for a minute, and said softly, "What a great country for fighting in!" Nono caught his thought immediately, and laughingly asked, "Daddy, do you remember that lecture of yours in Belfast on revolutions? Do you remember that woman who at the end came up and said, 'Mr. Connolly, how does it come that you know so much about revolutions?' And do you remember how speechless she was when you answered, 'But, madam, my business IS revolution?'"

As they passed through a street of poor workers' dwellings Nono noticed that one after another heads were propped out over the half-door. Daddy looked at Nono and smiled. Then a woman's voice cried fervently after them, "God bless you, Mr. Connolly, and God bless your lovely daughter, and may she get a husband with a thousand a year."

Daddy laughed outright. "See, Nono," he said. "My reward is to be purely spiritual while you're to have the material one."

II.

IT was Sunday night at the Huts, and the members of the Fianna were discussing the coming procession

on "the Twal'th." The 12th of July was sacred to the Orangemen. All places of business were closed; the streets were given over to the processionists; the big drum and drumming parties were heard all over the city and nearby districts; members of the Loyal Orange Order paraded, decked in their orange sashes and carrying banners, ending up at a big field outside the city, where with their families they ate their lunches and listened to speakers, who in one breath proclaimed their loyalty to the British Crown and hatred of the Pope and "the papishers."

It was felt by the Fianna that something should be done to show that the Nationalists and Catholics were not cowed by this greatest of all Orange demonstrations, but consciousness of their youth and their small number made it difficult to decide what to do. A bright idea struck one of them. "Nono," he asked, "is your father home to-night?"

"He is," answered Nono. "He's writing."

"Let's go up and ask him. He'll be able to suggest something."

The suggestion was acclaimed, and about a dozen started up the road to the house.

"Daddy," said Nono, when they arrived, "we want your advice." They all took turns in explaining their difficulty.

"H'm," said daddy, as he looked from one to the other with twinkling eyes. "Let me see." They all waited expectantly.

"How would this do?" he asked, taking a piece of paper from the table and commencing to write. "Wait a minute. I must get it exact." He took a book from the case. "Here it is." He wrote rapidly for a few minutes and then copied something from the book.

"What I suggest is that we get thousands of leaflets printed with this on them, and on gummed paper. On the night before the procession you send parties out to stick them all along the route; plaster them thickly; every tram and lamp standard should have one; every corner, every hoarding, every shutter. Make such a job of it that it will be too big a job to tear them all down. What do you think of that?"

They all crowded round the table to see what he had written. It told the Orangemen that in celebrating King Billy's victory at the Battle of the Boyne they were celebrating a Popish victory; that King Billy was in league with the Pope and sent word of his victory to the Vatican; and that when the Pope heard the news he ordered a thanksgiving service; that Te Deums were sung, and the whole Vatican lighted up in celebration. Most of it was a quotation from a Protestant historian.

There was great glee when it was read.

"Is that true, Mr. Connolly?" one boy asked, with dancing eyes. "Think of King Billy and the Pope houl'in' han's!"

Gurgles of laughter greeted this. "We'll do it,"

they cried. There won't be a lamp standard empty on the 'Twal'th.'"

"I'll help pay for the printing," said daddy.

"Man, dear, we wouldn't doubt you," and back to the Huts they tramped triumphantly.

* * * * * *

It was the night before the twelfth and the Fianna boys and girls were mobilised. It was a triumphant, gleeful party that waited to be assigned districts and receive the leaflets.

"Man, dear!" said one, when he had read it. "Do you know what? I'd love to go to the field to-morrow when all the Orangemen are gathered round waiting for the speeches. I'd like to have a big voice you could hear for half a mile. I'd like to go on the platform, and in a big roar say: 'Orangemen of Belfast and surrounding districts. In the name of the down-trodden papishes of Belfast, I want to thank you for the wonderful way in which you have celebrated this great victory of the Pope.'" He broke off to say, with a world of longing in his voice, "I'd only last a minute, but, man dear, it would be worth it."

Amid cheers and laughter the leaflets were gathered up and the parties departed.

III.

A SHARP ring and a postman's knock resounded through the house. Mama went towards the door.

Down the stairs tumbled Moira, crying: "Don't open it, mama; don't open it. I dreamt a telegram came for daddy, and he went to Dublin, and was arrested. Don't open the door, mama."

"Silly girl," said mama. "It was only a dream."

She opened the door and received a telegram. It called daddy to Dublin.

IV.

ALL the members of the Transport Union in Dublin were locked out. The employers had demanded that the workers should sign a pledge agreeing to leave the Transport Union if members, or not to join nor support it in any way. The workers had refused to give such a pledge and were locked out. Other unions had gone on strike against this deliberate attack on the worker's right to choose his own trade union. Over thirty unions were concerned; over twenty thousand Union members were locked out.

Nono had been busy attending meetings, explaining the true story of the lock-out; trying to refute the lying propaganda against the Dublin workers; and collecting money for their assistance. It was an uphill, thankless task. The church, the clergy, the press, the Hibernian organisation were all against them. Nono during these days found a deeper understanding of the difficulties daddy had had to fight against all his life, and almost

worshipped his great-souled love of the people. Her soul was too small not to allow the pettiness, the thanklessness of the people to weigh down her spirit. Time and time again she had to repeat as an incantation against the bitterness taking possession of her: "Their faults are the result of their slavery. When they are freed there will be no occasion for such faults."

Daddy had excused the people in this fashion when Nono had given voice to her bitterness. Now, he was in Dublin, in the midst of the fight.

V.

"I'M very worried," said mama one Sunday morning. "I've had no letter from daddy. No matter how busy he is he always finds time to write me a letter."

"There may be a letter in the post office," said Nono. "I'll go down and enquire."

Letters were delivered within a certain area on Sunday morning, but their house was just outside the boundary. This was the first time that Nono had availed herself of the privilege of calling at the post office on Sunday for letters. She looked around to see if there was anyone among the crowd she knew who would tell her the procedure. She spied Danny McDevitt talking away at a great rate to a young man, and started towards him. Danny saw her at the same moment and bounded forward in her direction.

"I'm just back from Dublin," he said. "I was in the court yesterday when your father was sentenced. Man, he made a great speech. The best Republican speech since Robert Emmet left the dock. The proclamation had nothing to do with it. They gave him three months for the speech. Man dear, you could almost see their hair standing on end."

"What proclamation——?" began Nono.

"The proclamation of the meeting."

"What meeting?"

"They were going to have a mass meeting on Sunday and it was proclaimed. They held a meeting on Friday night and burned the proclamation. Your father was speaking at the meeting, and on Saturday morning he was arrested and rushed over to the court. He was charged with the usual charge of inciting to riot and disorderly conduct. Then your father made his speech. He told them that they were depriving the people of their rights. That if they deprived the people of peaceable means of settling their difficulties they would drive them to revolutionary methods, and that the people would adopt revolutionary methods. They hadn't told the people to come to O'Connell Street; they had only said they would be there. When it came to a choice between what was legal and what was right, they would choose what was right. He said the Crown had no right in Ireland, and never would have any right in Ireland, and that he refused to recognise the Crown; and that he refused to recognise the

King's proclamation when it was used against the Irish people. They gave him three months for that speech."

"No wonder mama didn't get a letter. I came down to see if there was one here for her. How will I find out?"

Nono anxiously watched Danny push his way towards the counter. He came back with a letter.

"It's from himself," he said, giving it to her.

Muttering some words of thanks, and afire to get home with the news and the letter, Nono hurried from the building.

"I've got it, mama," said Nono, as she rushed into the house. "Daddy's in Mountjoy Prison. He got three months. Here, read it and tell us what he says and then I'll give you the news."

But it had evidently been written before he was arrested, and only contained news about the strike and the strikers.

VI.

Daddy had gone on hunger strike against his three months' sentence. Mama and Nono knew that he didn't mean to be confined while the fight and the struggle went on outside. He would get out or die in the attempt. Mama was distracted. Then a letter came from him. Mama read it, and cried while reading it, then gave it to Nono, saying, "Read it, Nono, and read it to the children."

Nono read:

MOUNTJOY PRISON,
DUBLIN, *Sept.* 3/13.

DEAR LILLIE:

I trust that you and the children are not too much upset over this trouble. It was not entirely unexpected, and it is not so bad as it might be. At least while I am here there is not much chance of getting my head broken as many poor fellows are getting outside.

I suppose little Fi cannot understand where her papa is. Kiss her for me, and tell her that I miss her morning visit. For the other children—well, I suppose they understand, and need not fret. Roddy, and Agna and Nono should know that many more than I (perhaps thousands) will have to go to prison, and perhaps, the scaffold, before our freedom will be won. Nothing worth while can be won without suffering. I can now clasp hands in spirit, across the sea, with poor Quinlan. Skeffington and Herr Koettgen, the correspondent of a German paper, were in to see me yesterday, and Keir Hardie is coming to-day.

Aideen and Moira must now begin to read so that they will understand what their father is working for, and not think of him as an ordinary criminal. Give my respects also to Maggie Fitzpatrick and all the girls and boys.

I trust Nono and Agna are not suffering at their work because of what has happened.

All letters sent in or out of prison have to be opened and read, so I cannot put in this any communication of a private or domestic nature. But please, when writing again, do not be so curt and brief in your letter. Let the girls and yourself send me a real long letter.

With love and greetings to all.

I am, Yours lovingly,
JAMES CONNOLLY.

"Were you able to read what they scribbled out, mama?" asked Nono. "I could make it out. Look, after 'many more than I (perhaps thousands) will have to go to prison,' he wrote, 'and perhaps to the scaffold.' That's the bit they scribbled out—'and perhaps to the scaffold.'"

"I must go to Dublin," cried mama. "I can't stay here. I must go to Dublin."

"Hush, mama," soothed Nono. "Of course you'll go to Dublin. But you mightn't be able to see him."

"I've got to go. I've got to go. I might be able to do something. I can't stay here. He might die."

"Hush, dear. He won't die. He doesn't mean to die. He only means to go hungry till they let him out for fear he will die. You start for Dublin to-night. Take Agna with you for company. You'll find plenty of friends in Dublin who will help you. Now, now, you've no time for crying. Agna, you and mama get ready. I'll pack some things for you."

As they were leaving the house mama seemed to remember something. "The house—the children," she said.

"Don't worry about the house and the children," said Nono. "I'll look after them. You are going to Dublin to cheer and help daddy. Buck up! Hurry, or you'll be late."

VII.

NONO was on her way to the station to meet daddy. He had been released and was coming home for a rest. Mama's letter said he was all right but a little weak.

There was a great crowd—thousands of men and women—around the station. Nono began to elbow her way in. When she had reached the steps she stopped and asked a man, "What's all the crowd doing here?"

"We're waiting for General Connolly," he replied loudly.

Nono's heart gave a great thump and she turned and went into the station, breathless and dizzy. The station was thronged and the gates to the platform were closed.

"Please," begged Nono of the guard at the gate. "Please let me in. My father and mother are coming on that train. If I'm not on the platform I'll miss them. I'll never see them out here in all that crowd. Please."

"I dunno," said the guard, looking at her.

"Please," begged Nono again.

"Oh, well," said the guard, and opened the gate just wide enough for her to slip through.

Some of the Transport Union officials were on the platform. "So you managed to get through," one of them greeted her.

"Do you know the street is packed?" asked Nono. "And that they are waiting for daddy? I

asked one man who they were waiting for and he said for 'General Connolly.' How did they know that daddy was coming on this train?"

"I don't know. We got word at the office and decided to come to meet him. The news seems to spread. There was a crowd after us by the time we reached here."

"Wait till you see the crowd there is by now," laughed Nono. "Oh, there's the train!"

There was daddy, looking not too bad, but a little white and thinner; there was mama, all smiles; and there was Agna, red with excitement.

"Oh, daddy, daddy," she cried in intervals of hugging and being hugged. "I'm so glad to see you again. And, daddy," half laughing, half crying, "there's half of Belfast outside waiting to see you."

"What!" exclaimed daddy.

"Oh, they're not hostile. They've come to welcome you. You won't be able to walk. You'll have to take a car."

When he appeared outside there was a welcoming roar. The crowd cheered and cheered. A car wormed its way to his side. There was no room for Agna and Nono on the car, so they became part of the crowd. Way was made for the car; the people fell in after it and formed a triumphal, cheering, singing procession in its wake. Past the City Hall, up Donegall Place, down High Street, to the Custom House steps. Here they blocked the car and demanded a speech. Daddy stood up in the car

and was received with tumultuous cheers; spoke for a few minutes, and then the car went on again, the crowd following, till the Union offices were reached. Once more they demanded a speech. Daddy tried to speak, but his voice was not strong enough. One of the officials stood up and said if they wanted a speech from James Connolly they would have to wait a little till he got his strength back again. Then daddy and the other officials went into the office to wait till the crowd dissolved sufficiently to allow him to go home.

CHAPTER XIV.

I.

NONO was tingling. She had come to Dublin and was at the centre of the fight. But that was due to daddy. He took her here, there, and everywhere. Liberty Hall was the starting point. It was the home of the Transport Union, and the halls, the corridors, the staircase, and all around about it were thronged with the locked-out workers. The sense of struggle, the grim determination of the workers, the cheerful acceptance of hardships endured enveloped Nono, and their deep regard and respect for daddy won her heart. "Yours fighting and hoping," daddy had written on his photograph, and here, Nono knew how right had been the man in Belfast who had called him "General Connolly." A fighting general he was, fighting every inch of the way, hoping and inspiring hope in this vast army of fighting trade unionists.

"We'll visit the commissariat first," said daddy, and the military term seemed an echo of her thoughts. Down they went to the vast kitchens. An unexpected find in a trade union headquarters, but Liberty Hall in the early part of the nineteenth century had been a chop house, and it was well

equipped for its present work. There were big tubs on the floor; around these were girls peeling potatoes and preparing vegetables; more were busy cutting up meat; others were tending the boilers; all under the supervision of Madame Markievicz. She was in charge of the kitchens, and from early morning till late at night was to be found there. Never sparing herself—her only thought that the hungry should be fed.

"Come in here," she said, and led Nono to another kitchen where more dainty and delicate food was being prepared for the nursing and expectant mothers. She told Nono to be sure to look in at the hall upstairs, called the "Mothers' diningroom." Nono looked surprised. "You see," Madame explained, "at first the mothers used to come and take away their dinners—then we found they were not eating it all themselves, but were sharing it among the families. So we made them come here to eat so that we could be sure that they were getting something nourishing." With a nod she went away. Nono had a peep into the hall. It was filled with long tables and chairs, and there were a number of the locked-out women and girls there ready to act as waitresses.

Daddy took her next to what was called the "Clothing Shop." Some people thought it a good idea to send warm clothing for the wives and children. So much had come that one of the large rooms had been given over to it. There was also an alteration room, where women and girls worked

D 992

from morning to night altering the clothes to fit the applicants. One of the busy girls said to Nono with a smile: "We were astonished at first at the size of the families. Then we found that in most cases a child or two had been adopted for the purpose of getting it clothed. But we didn't mind. As long as we kept the youngsters warm, what does that matter?"

Then they went to the docks to see the food stored in the sheds. The trade unionists of Scotland and England had subscribed and were sending food ships over to Dublin. Nono looked at the innumerable cases of food stacked from the floor to the roof, and turned to daddy: "Wonderful expression of sympathy, isn't it?"

"A little less food and more sympathetic action would be of greater help," he answered.

"What do you mean?"

"This is a fight for trade unionism and the right of workers to choose their own trade union. The employers of the world are watching the outcome of this fight. If the trade unionists of England would strike in sympathy, and dislocate industry across the Channel, the employers over there would bring pressure to bear on the employers over here, and the lock-out would come to a speedy end. As it is we are left to fight alone, to bear the hardships of a fight which affects them every bit as much as it affects us. They send us food and messages of sympathy, and cheer us on to the fight, but they won't fight along with us."

"That's the English tradition, isn't it, daddy? To have all the fighting done away from England, even though—or perhaps in the expectation that—they'll benefit by the suffering in other countries."

"You're learning your lesson, Nono," said daddy with a smile.

Croydon Park was the next place visited. This was an immense place outside the city. It was used by the members of the Union as a sports ground. But now, instead of the fields being ringed round with people watching a hurling or a football game, they were watching the new Irish Citizen Army at drill.

Captain White had suggested that the locked-out workers would be in a better position to meet the bludgeoning tactics of the police if they were a drilled and disciplined body—and out of that suggestion the Irish Citizen Army was born. And here were its members, marching now to the right, now to the left, at the command of Captain White. He was tireless in the work of drilling them, and the men responded as tirelessly. Right and left they marched, round the field at the double, into columns and out of them. Once he stopped beside daddy and he was in a rage. Some command he had given was misinterpreted. His hands were clenched and he was fairly gnashing his teeth.

"Easy now, Captain," warned daddy. "Easy now. Remember they're volunteers."

"And aren't they great?" said Captain White, forgetting his rage in his admiration of the men.

Another order, and the men marched past, and at a given place received broom handles to practise rifle drill.

Daddy and Nono watched it all. Every now and then they would glance at each other and share an understanding smile at an unspoken thought.

At last came the line up for the march back. They waited till the last row filed past, and fell in and marched back to the city with the Citizen Army. Nono was thrilled and exhilarated. She never felt the ground beneath her feet as they kept time to the tunes which the men and boys were whistling. Into Beresford Place they swung and lined up in front of Liberty Hall. Jim Larkin and daddy spoke to them through the windows. One man called out, "We'll stick by you to the end," and was loudly and heartily cheered. Captain White dismissed them; they broke ranks but did not move away.

"When they are not drilling, or eating, or sleeping," said daddy, "they are thronged round Liberty Hall."

"Where the heart lieth——" began Nono, with a smile.

II.

"HERE, Nono," said daddy, stopping in front of a small, dark, wiry man who stood just inside the doors of Liberty Hall. "You wanted to hear all about Bloody Sunday. Bob will tell you all about it. I'll be up in No. 7 when you want me."

Nono stood and smiled at Bob, but neither of them knew how to begin. Then, recognising each other's shyness and embarrassment, they grinned.

"I wanted to hear of the terrible baton charge in O'Connell Street," said Nono, "from someone who had been in it—not from someone who had been watching and writing about it. Tell me what you thought about it."

"I was too busy," said Bob, grimly, "dodging batons to be thinking about it."

"It must have been terrible," said Nono, feelingly.

"Terrible isn't the word for it. You see, the meeting was proclaimed. But Jim Larkin said he'd be there. You see, O'Connell Street was thronged. Not only by fellows like me who were going to be there, and by others who came to see if anything would happen, but by people who never gave a thought to Jim or us and were going home from twelve o'clock Mass in Marlborough Street. And then there was a long line of peelers stretched from the Pillar to O'Connell Monument. Everywhere you looked your eye fell on a peeler. There was no platform, you see, or anything, so we just hung round, and called to each other, and put up a cheer now and then to pass the time. Suddenly a window in Murphy's Hotel opened, and a long fellow in a frock coat, and a beard, and a tall hat, stepped out on the balcony and began to talk. I couldn't hear what he said and was wondering who the old josser was, when the crowd began to yell, 'It's Larkin!'

And then a roar of cheering went up, and we rushed towards the hotel. At the same time about twenty peelers tore into the hotel. They came out in a few minutes with Larkin. The crowd gathered in and began to cheer Larkin and booh and jeer the police. A lad beside me yelled, 'Hey! the peelers have drawn their batons.' The next thing I knew the peelers were upon us. I tried to get out of the crowd, but it was too thick. All you could hear was the thud, thump, crack of the batons as they fell on the heads of the crowd. There were screams and groans and yelps. There was no way to escape from the batons—the peelers came steadily on like mowing machines, and behind them the street was like a battlefield dotted with bodies. Some of them were lying still, some twisting in pain. And the groaning! My God! Some of us tried to dodge round the peelers and get out of O'Connell Street down Princes Street. We raced for it. We weren't halfway down it when we met another bunch of peelers, and they came at us with their batons. We were in a trap. There was nothing but thuds, and cracks, and groans. I turned, thinking that I'd better chance O'Connell Street, and I don't remember anything after that. It was a massacre. The hospitals were full that night."

"My God! What a terrible picture!" said Nono, looking round at the crowd which had gathered while Bob was telling the story. Bob began to point out different men in the crowd. "He got his head cracked. So did he. He was in

hospital for a week. He was able to crawl home." Nono looked at them with widened eyes—they looked back at her and grinned and shrugged their shoulders as if to say it was all in the day's work. "Here," he said, pointing to a woman on the edge of the group. "She lives in Corporation Buildings, and had her home smashed up by the drunken peelers."

"She had?" asked Nono, going over to the woman. "Was it as bad as the reports?"

"Worse," said the woman. "I'm not likely to forget it. There was a fight on between the strikers and the police, in Earl Street and around there. They had it hot and heavy. That was the night poor Jim Nolan—God have mercy on his soul—was killed by the peelers; and poor John Byrne was batoned the same night and died in a few days. God rest him! The peelers were getting the worst of it and that must have driven them mad. They were being forced down the side streets, and the children were cheering the strikers from the windows. Suddenly some of the peelers darted in the buildings, up the stairs, and into every room. 'Smash him,' they were yelling, and smashing everything they could lay their hands on. They came into my place and smashed every bit of delph, every picture on the wall. I was scared stiff and tried to keep out of their way. A great, big, country policeman jumping round the room, smashing everything his baton could touch, yelling and roaring all the time. I thought my end had come—

then he ran out and I stood there, kind a silly-like, looking at the destruction. I could hear smashing, and yells and screams from the other places. I'll never forget it. And poor Mrs. Murphy had her little altar all broken up and her Sacred Heart of Jesus smashed to smithereens."

As she spoke she made Nono live through it all, and at the end she was as shaken and as numb as the woman said she had been. She tried to smile, failed, and turning from them went up the stairs to join daddy in No. 7.

III.

NONO was back in Belfast and had to depend on letters and papers for news of the lock-out. She felt out of things. Since her visit to Dublin, and her brief mingling at the heart of the fighting, going to work and coming home, attending meetings of the scouts or language classes, seemed incredibly dull. A few hours away men and women, girls and boys, were actively fighting, and suffering hunger and hardship in defence of their rights, and here there was only the ordinary, every-day round of life. Still, one must work if one must live, she thought. Here, she could earn her living—in Dublin she could be of no use. If she had only become one of the wonderful dreams she had dreamt, she could be in Dublin now helping daddy and the workers—as it was she had only her sympathies and her anxieties.

She read A.E.'s open letter to the Dublin employers, and was thrilled that one so well known in the world of letters should so openly espouse the cause of the workers, and wondered what effect his denunciation would have on the employers. She followed the course of Jim Larkin's meetings in England and bought the cross-Channel papers to read the report of the meeting in Albert Hall—the meeting at which daddy spoke in company with Bernard Shaw and A.E., and felt a warm glow of gratitude to A.E. when in his speech he gave words and form to her inarticulate feelings by saying:

> "I have long despaired over Dublin, which John Mitchel called a city of genteel dastards and bellowing slaves, but a man has arisen who has lifted the curtain which veiled from us the real manhood in the City of Dublin. Nearly all the manhood is found among those obscure myriads who are paid from five to twenty-five shillings a week.
>
> "The men who will sacrifice anything for a principle get rarer and rarer above that limit of wealth. I am a literary man, a lover of ideas, but I have found few people in my life who would sacrifice anything for a principle. Yet in Dublin, when the masters issued that humiliating document, asking men—on penalty of dismissal—to swear never to join a trades union, thousands of men who had no connection with the Irish Transport Workers—many among them personally hostile to that organisation—refused to obey. They would not sign away their freedom, their right to choose their own heroes and their own ideas. Most of these

men had no strike funds to fall back on. They had wives and children depending on them. Quietly and grimly they took through hunger the path to the Heavenly City. They stand silently about the streets. God alone knows what is passing in the hearts of these men. Nobody in the Press in Dublin has said a word about it. Nobody has praised them, no one has put a crown about their brows. Yet these men are the true heroes in Ireland to-day, they are the descendants of Oscar, Cuchulain, the heroes of our ancient stories. For all their tattered garments I recognise in these obscure men a majesty of spirit. It is in these workers in the towns and in the men in the cabins in the country that the hope of Ireland lies. The poor have always helped each other, and it is they who listen eagerly to the preachers of a social order based on brotherhood and co-operation."

Yes, thought Nono, it is true. They have learnt to suffer together, to stand together, to fight together, and that was a lesson the value of which could never be lost.

IV.

NONO found that she was not the only one affected by the spirit of the struggle in Dublin. The older members of the Fianna would meet and talk and talk, and the main current of the talk was the fear that the opposition of the Ulster Volunteers to the promised Home Rule Bill would cause people to forget that there were groups of people in Ireland to whom Home Rule was not the ultimate aim: that

there was a distinct Republican movement in Ireland: that they must do something to show that Home Rule did not mean complete independence, but was merely a device on the part of England by which she could more easily govern Ireland. Out of the many talks grew the idea of forming a Republican organisation which would appeal to the boys and girls and keep them from being carried away. They founded the Young Republican Party. Cathal O'Shannon wrote their manifesto which outlined the aims and objects, and summoned the youth of Ireland to take part in the great adventure. Nono designed and made the banner. It combined the Republican colours—a rising sun on a green banner, with the name of the Party in white letters. They sent copies of the manifesto to the Nationalist and Republican papers and to the "Irish Worker," and announced a public meeting to launch the party. They were thrilled when Padraic Pearse, in "An Claidheamh Soluis," welcomed and gave his benediction to the new party, and hoped that the example of the Belfast youth would be followed all over Ireland.

V.

"AGNA," said Nono one morning early in November, "I've a letter from Eamonn. He says they are going to start National Volunteers in Dublin. There's been a meeting with representatives from most of the nationalist organisations in

Dublin, and they are going to hold a public meeting soon to launch them and enrol members. What do you think of that for good news?"

"Oh," cried Agna, her eyes flashing, "if we only could be there. That's the proper answer to the Ulster Volunteers, with their threats of wading knee deep in papish blood and marching from Antrim to Kerry if the Home Rule Bill is passed. Isn't it awful to have to stick up for Home Rule, though?"

"We're a puzzle to the girls at the works," laughed Nono. "Aren't we? The Unionist ones know that we are opposed to them and the Ulster Volunteers and are nationalists and papishes; and the Catholics know that we don't look upon Redmond as our leader and that we have no love for the Hibs. Look at the time! Hurry up, we can talk of our good news on our way to work. Say, Agna, I wonder what Redmond will have to say to the National Volunteers?"

* * * * * *

The meeting to launch the Volunteers was a great success; the Rotunda was packed. Four thousand men had enrolled the first night. Nono was excited and expectant. She had been wondering how long the enemies of an independent Ireland were to be allowed to organise, drill openly, to threaten the Nationalists in the North, and be met only by the slumbering resentment of the Northerners and words by the Southerners. This was the answer.

The Ulster Volunteers dared and defied England

to grant any form of self-government to Ireland; the Nationalists now had responded by a body whose object was "to train and equip a volunteer force for the defence of Ireland and the advancement and preservation of Irish rights and the maintenance of Irish National self-government."

Now we would see, thought Nono, which body England thought the greater danger; and whether she will allow the National Volunteers the same privileges as the Ulster Volunteers. Would the National Volunteers go the whole road? Would they arm? Would she be able to see armed Irishmen fighting for Irish Freedom?

Why had daddy to be away at such a time? Letters were so hopeless. A dozen times a day she had cause to say, "I wonder what daddy would think of that?" If he could only come home what a lot they would have to talk about!

VI.

"CAN we not do something against this demand for Partition?" asked Nono of a group of "Young Republicans" who were gathered in the Freedom Club discussing the political situation. "It's awful to feel so helpless and so useless. The Ulster Volunteers have a fearful weapon in that demand. No true Nationalist can submit to it, and Johnny Redmond's so in love with his Home Rule Bill I'm afraid he'll agree to it rather than lose Home Rule. Think, apart from everything else, what it will

mean! The Catholics and Nationalists in the North-East corner will be absolutely at the mercy of the Orangemen."

"Think what it'll mean," repeated one of the boys. "We don't have to think. We know. You have no idea what it'll mean. You haven't lived here long enough. I'll tell you some of the things it has meant without partition."

And Nono heard tales they had heard from their mothers, their fathers, uncles and brothers; of unmerciful beatings; of battles with cobblestones; of men driven from work in fear of their lives merely because they were Papish; and on the Island, at the shipyards, where there were never more than three thousand Catholics and always more than twenty thousand Orangemen, and where Catholics, even though they were working, worked in danger of their lives; tales of weights falling, and pails of paint and red hot rivets dropped on Papishes. . . .

"Aw, what's the use of talkin'? You've got to live through it to understand."

Then Nono remembered one day on Royal Avenue as she came from a shop when she had seen a young boy in dungarees race past, his breath coming in painful gusts, his face a ghastly mask of terror; straight ahead he ran, looking neither right nor left; his eyes wide in an unblinking stare as if he neither saw nor knew where he was going and his muscles were merely obeying the only message they received from his brain—"Run—run—run." Not far behind him ran about fifty men, dressed like

him in dungarees. They did not call or shout. Just ran after the boy.

Beside Nono stood an elderly man, who looked after them with a calm, curiously disinterested gaze.

"What is it?" Nono asked him.

"Islandmen chasin' a Papish."

"Oh!" cried Nono, aghast. "What will they do when they catch him?"

"Whut'll the' do?" He turned and looked at Nono with that look of bewildered exasperation which she had found so often on the faces of these Belfast folk when she asked a question.

"Whut'll the' do?" he repeated. And Nono felt she was indeed a fool to have asked.

Nono shook her head to chase away that picture. "It's awful," she said, "to feel that all one can do is to hold meetings practically preaching to the converted. Will we hold open-air anti-Partition meetings?"

Then they went into the question of pitches and preachers.

VII.

ONCE more there was talk of a settlement of the lock-out in Dublin. There was to be a conference of workers and employers. Arthur Henderson, an English Labour M.P., sponsored the main clause in the proposed terms:

> "That the employers undertake that there will be no victimization, and that employment will be found for all workers within a period of one month."

Archbishop Walsh had issued a public statement endorsing the workers' proposal.

And now they were all waiting to hear the result. If there was a settlement daddy would be in Dublin over Christmas; if there was no settlement he would be home.

Nono felt that daddy had not much hope of a settlement, for in the "Irish Worker," the week before Christmas, he wrote:

> "Whoever signs this document (if any is ever signed), and whoever is acclaimed as the great one of the treaty of peace (if there ever is a treaty of peace), the real heroes and conquerors are to be found in the slums, and in the prisons where men, women, and girls have agonised, and are agonising, in order that their class may not lose one step it has gained in its upward fight towards freedom."

* * * * * *

There had been no settlement and daddy was home.

VIII.

"YOU don't think there will be a settlement, daddy?"

"No, Nono; I don't."

"I was so hopeful when I saw that the Archbishop had given his blessing to the workers' demands."

"I was hoping against hope," said daddy. "But I knew it was hopeless when the employers

refused our 'no victimization' clause and would only propose to take on as many of their former workers as they could find room for. That meant victimization, and that all the good men who had taken part in the fight would be singled out and refused work. Those who had worked hardest and borne the brunt were to be left in their hunger and suffering. Of course we couldn't agree to that, and the conference broke down."

"Is there no hope of a further conference?"

"No. I don't see even the possibility of a hope."

"What can be done? It will be dreadful to have to tell them that they are defeated; that after all the grim struggle, the hungry months, the broken homes, the death of their comrades, there is nothing but submission for them. Daddy, daddy, can't anything be done?"

"We'll have to find some way for the men to go back—to arrange the going back in such a manner as will enable them to retain their fighting spirit; some way to lessen the sense of defeat. Some way. Some way. So that they may not be shamed nor mocked; so that they will be able to feel, 'Well, we're knocked out in this round. Let's get ready for the next.'"

"You're downhearted, daddy."

"Yes," said daddy, with a sigh. "It's a sorry ending to a long, bitter, and well-fought struggle. The other members of the Strike Committee feel the same way. It's neither right nor merciful to allow

the workers to continue in suffering and misery since the fight is lost. All that can be done now is to find a way that will be acceptable. And we're all agreed that must be done at once."

"Poor Dublin," said Nono.

CHAPTER XV.

I.

THE Young Republican Party continued its meetings against Partition, and at each meeting expounded Republican doctrines. Cathal O'Shannon, Archie Heron, David Boyd and Nono were among the speakers. Occasionally they invited Joe Connolly, Denis McCullough, and other members of the older Republican group to speak at their meetings. One of their indoor meetings was announced to take place in the Freedom Club early in the New Year. Just before the meeting began, to their surprise, there was an influx of prominent Republicans from Dublin, among whom were Sean MacDermott, Ernest Blythe, Sean Lester, Padraic Ryan and Bulmer Hobson. "Quite a hosting of Republicans," said Nono to the chairman. "Call on every one of them to take part in the discussion."

It was a full and satisfying meeting. But one of the Dublin speakers propounded the doctrine that from generation to generation the torch of struggle for liberty had been handed down and that theirs was the task to continue that tradition.

" That is not our task," cried Nono indignantly. " Our task is to see that Freedom is achieved in our

generation and make it no longer necessary to hand on the torch."

The Young Republicans applauded her with youthful exuberance, feeling that they had put the older Republicans in their place.

. . . . . .

"Wasn't that right, daddy?" asked Nono when she got home and had told her story of the meeting.

"M'm," said daddy. "It depends."

"On what?" cried Nono.

"On whether you really meant and believed it, or whether you just said it because it sounded well and would win applause."

"Daddy!"

"A politician knows by instinct what the crowd would like to hear, and says it irrespective of whether he believes it or not; a sincere propagandist says what he believes is right, and is prepared to justify what he says."

"But, daddy, I couldn't be a politician. You know I can't speak easily, and only say something at meetings when I am indignant at something that has been said or that something has not been said."

"Well," said daddy, meaning to look severe, but the twinkle in his eye giving him away, "can you justify your statement? Wait. Suppose someone had got up in the meeting and challenged you, could you answer? Be quick. Thirty seconds between question and answer at a meeting is terribly long. Now."

"If," began Nono, slowly, "we are really sincere in our belief in an Irish Republic, and that we must struggle, work, and fight for it, it is better to carry on the struggle, and work with the possibility of success in the forefront of our minds rather than the certainty of defeat."

"You can justify yourself," said daddy, twinkling at her; "and now you don't need the approval of older people, not even mine."

"Oh," cried Nono, happily, "I'll always want your approval."

II.

NONO was pleased that daddy was at home these days. There was so much that needed explaining, expanding, and analysing. More than ever she was glad that he never just gave answers, but helped her puzzle her way out; and showed his disappointment if she ever accepted a statement without a torrent of "whys" and "buts" and "ifs."

One Sunday morning in April she came back from Mass bubbling with excitement.

"Daddy," she cried, bursting into the sitting-room, "everybody is talking about gun-running. The Ulster Volunteers ran in guns at Bangor and Larne last night."

"What!" exclaimed daddy, and she saw he shared her excitement.

"Thousands upon thousands of rifles," she said, "and millions of ammunition. They say the coast-

guards never interfered; that motors and dispatches were rushing through Ulster all last night and the police and military never tried to stop them."

Daddy was striding about the room.

"Is it true, do you think?" he asked.

"Oh, it must be. Everybody says that it is only because it is Sunday there isn't any 'extras' out. We've no Sunday papers, you know. Daddy, how will it affect us?"

"Aha! You arrived at that very quickly."

"It's bound to have an effect, isn't it? The National Volunteers are spreading all through the country. They are pledged to 'train and equip.' Now that the Ulster Volunteers have got arms they'll have to get busy to carry out that part of their programme. Can they do it? Where will they get the money? How will they do it? And will the police and military be as blind when the National Volunteers are running in guns as they were when the Ulster Volunteers did? And if they're not, what will it mean?"

"Poof! Nono. I'm not a prophet. There's a ready answer to all your questions except the last one, and that one will want thinking out."

"Daddy, how about Redmond?"

"Redmond? What do you mean?"

"Daddy, he has never opposed them, but he has never given them his official benediction. If I think right, this gun-running will give an immense fillip to the National Volunteers. Will Redmond be willing to see an immense nationalist organisation,

over which he has no control, grow up in Ireland? Will this move make him tell all his followers to join or to leave?"

"Which is more likely, Nono?"

"Surely, he wouldn't tell his followers not to join, or to leave the National Volunteers. That would be a very unpopular move, wouldn't it? Especially just now. And he wouldn't tell his followers to join an organisation over which he has no control. That would weaken his position as 'leader of the Irish people.' He'd be in a funny position with the English. Wouldn't he?"

"Exactly. And then, Nono?"

"I don't know. Will he try to make an agreement with the Executive of the Volunteers? He'll tell his followers to join and in return have representatives on the Executive. Would that be it?"

"Seems likely, doesn't it?" said daddy in a considering tone.

"But—daddy. Oh—I don't know."

"What's the trouble?"

"Redmond only wants Home Rule. Most of the Executive want complete independence."

"Does that matter?"

"Daddy! You're not helping me! Do you think that if Redmond makes an offer like that it would be accepted?"

"I do. Don't you?"

"I don't know. You see, if he does the National Volunteers will be an immense big organisation. I can see that. But then—if part of them are out for

complete independence, and part out for Home Rule, won't that make the organisation ever so much weaker?"

"Go to the top of the class, Nono. You got there without any help."

"But, daddy." Nono still was troubled. "Won't the Executive of the National Volunteers see that as well as me?"

"Of course they will."

"And yet, you think they'll agree?"

"I do."

"But why?"

"We've got a national fetish, Nono, called 'Unity,' and a lot of incurable optimists who think we can achieve it. And we'll go to almost any length to persuade ourselves that we can have it. We constantly blind ourselves to the fact that it is merely our reaction to the ancient taunt of our conquerors that we can't unite."

"But, daddy, what unity can there be between those who believe in complete independence and those who are content with a measure of self-government? There can't be."

"Not with honesty."

"Aha! I've got there. Remember what you wrote some time ago? Wait; see if I've got it right. 'Unity is a good thing, but honesty is better, and if we can only have unity at the expense of honesty, then unity is not worth the price we are asked to pay for it.' Isn't that it?"

"Practically," said daddy, twinkling at her.

"But, daddy," said Nono, troubled again, "in spite of all that you still think that Redmond will make that offer and that it will be accepted?"

"I do, Nono."

"But why, daddy. Why?"

"Because it will be considered 'good politics.'"

"'Good politics!'" cried Nono exasperatedly. "I'll never understand politics."

"Perhaps not," said daddy, laughing at her. "But if you keep on you're in a fair way to understand politicians."

III.

"WELL, daddy," said Nono some weeks later, "you were right about 'good politics.' Redmond has blessed the Volunteers and has his representatives on the Council."

"I've expected that," said daddy.

"I'm worried and upset, daddy. It doesn't make it any better that he was accepted by a small majority; that there were only a few who preferred unity to honesty."

"Still, Nono, it is consoling that some preferred honesty to unity."

"But a break is bound to come, isn't it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then what's the sense of joining up now?"

"Good politics dictate it and a belief that the organisation will spread better without unnecessary opposition."

"But, those who go in at the command of Redmond will come out at his command. That's a danger, isn't it?"

"A grave danger."

"And there's danger that the break will come over personal matters instead of matters of principle."

"No doubt the Council have taken that into consideration, and there is also the possibility that all those who join at Redmond's behest won't leave at his command. That must be taken into consideration."

"There's nothing to be very cheerful about, is there?"

"Oh yes, there is."

"What?"

"A Defence Fund is launched to equip the Volunteers. More people with money are behind Redmond than the Volunteers; that means that there is more money likely to be raised now. The Volunteers will want to make sure that the arms purchased get into the right hands."

"I see," said Nono. "Maybe that was part of the 'good politics.'"

"Maybe."

IV.

"AGNA and I have been elected delegates from Betsy Gray Sluagh to the Fianna Convention in Dublin. It will be held during 'Twelfth' week,

and as that is a holiday, a crowd of us, besides the delegates, are going along. We'll camp up in the Dublin Mountains."

"You must be millionaires," laughed daddy.

"No. But listen—we've found out that there's a boat sails from Belfast to Dublin every other day; it takes passengers; the fare is only five shillings return, and the ticket lasts six months. Don't you see how cheap that makes it? We only need the five shillings and enough to buy food. The Dublin Fianna promises us tents."

"How many of you are going?"

"There's no telling. Every other day someone finds that it can be managed. If as many go as say they will there'll be a sluagh from Belfast instead of a delegation. We'll fill the boat. Isn't it a change, daddy? I'll be in Dublin while you're in Belfast. It's usually the other way about."

As Nono had predicted, they nearly filled the boat. They were a gay and happy party. All the girls and most of the boys were in Fianna uniform; a number of the boys wore kilts. They sang and danced the whole night through and arrived in Dublin in the early hours of the morning.

* * * * * *

"Madame," as all the Scouts called Countess Markievicz, their President, had a cottage on Three Rock Mountain, and in a field opposite it was the camping ground. The weather had been glorious, but to-night, the first Sunday after the

Convention, it was pouring. Only a small group was left and all were crowded into the cottage, dismally wondering if they had been wise in staying on the mountains instead of going into Dublin while it was fine.

"I suppose it's pouring in Dublin, too," remarked Agna, "and that's why we have no visitors to-night."

"They may come yet," said Madame. "The Dublin Fianna are not afraid of rain."

"It's a bit late," said Nono, "and it is a long walk from the station. Wet tents aren't much of an inducement to come out here. I don't think they will come to-night. It's not far off ten—when it is ten we'll gather up our bedding and march out to bed."

"That's a good idea," said Madame.

Ten o'clock came and the girls reluctantly gathered their bedding together, and donned raincoats for their dash through the rain to the tents. They were standing near the door, deferring the evil moment, when suddenly there was a "Hallo" from outside. The bedding was dropped, the door opened, and about half a dozen Fianna boys came in. They were wildly excited—the tramp through the rain hadn't damped their spirits—and they gleefully waved long, thick clubs.

"Guess what we've been doing to-day, Madame," said one, while the others grinned, defying them to guess.

"It's too much trouble to guess," said Madame.

"Tell us all about it and we'll know all the quicker."

"We've been helping to run in thousands of rifles."

"Rifles!" Everyone was excited now. "Where? Quick! Tell us all about it. Quick! Quick!" cried Madame.

"At Howth. But did you hear nothing about it?"

"Nothing. Quick!"

"Did you know nothing, Nono?" asked one of the boys.

"No," said Nono. "Not a word."

"But you were reading our cups this morning and told us all you saw rifles. We were saying as we came along that you were very cute to pretend you saw them when you knew we were going to get them."

"I knew nothing," said Nono.

"Did you hear nothing at all up here? Didn't you hear that we had a brush with the police and soldiers? That they tried to take the rifles from us, and that some were killed and some hurt?"

"No—no," said Madame. "Begin at the beginning and tell us the whole story."

"Well, during the week some of the Fianna were told to report at a certain place to-day—that there was important work to be done. This morning we met as we were told, and were given these clubs. We piled them in our trek cart, and then were ordered to march with the Volunteers to Howth.

Somehow or other we got the idea that we were going to get guns, but none of us knew for a fact how we were going to get them. Only the Volunteer officers, besides ourselves, knew what was in the trek cart, and as we marched all sorts of guesses were made by the Volunteers as to what was in it, while we were guessing how the guns were going to come."

"When we came near Howth," another boy took up the story, "two chaps came running towards us and told us to come on at the double. The Volunteers were a bit fagged, but when they heard the word 'rifles,' they simply raced. When we got to the harbour we saw the rifles being unloaded from a yacht. You ought to have heard the cheers when we first saw them! It was then the clubs were given out to a picked number of men and they were formed across the entrance to the pier. They were to use them if the police attempted to interfere. The rifles were handed out to the men, but there were more rifles than men, so the rest were sent into the city in motor cars. Most of the ammunition was sent in the same way, but our trek cart was loaded with it. None of it was served out to the men."

"That was a nice thing to do," said the first boy, "to give out rifles and no ammunition. When we were attacked we couldn't shoot back."

"Where were you attacked?" asked Madame.

"At two or three places. But when we came near Clontarf we were met by both soldiers and police.

They tried to take the guns from the Volunteers and the trek cart from us. We had only the clubs to defend it, but we beat them off. We fought our way through Amiens Street and Talbot Street, and the people were following us, cheering us on. When we came near Bachelor's Walk a new body of soldiers met us, and they knelt down in the street and fired into the crowd. We couldn't wait to see if anyone were killed. We had to stow the guns and ammunition away safely. Some were killed, others were wounded. Some say five were killed, some say more; and some of them were women."

"But the rifles are safe?" asked Madame.

"The whole city is excited. The soldiers must be confined to barracks. The people are walking up and down the streets; they don't seem to think that they have any homes to go to."

The girls were wildly excited. Nono shared their desire to go into Dublin, but Madame vetoed that suggestion and ordered them off to bed. Agna and Nono had so much to talk about they never noticed the sogging wet tent.

* * * * * *

The next morning was bright and shining. Nono and the girls made breakfast and busied themselves tidying up the camp. Madame and the boys had cleared off to Dublin and they were determined to follow them. Work around the camp was not quite finished when Nono saw a taxi stopping at the gate which was the entrance to the field. She called the

girls and ran towards it, wondering what brought it there. Before they reached it one of the Fianna captains, Joe Robinson, jumped out and came to meet them.

"I've about twenty rifles in the car," he said, "and I want to get them to Madame's cottage. Give us a hand."

Glad of the opportunity, Nono and the girls jumped the hedge into the next field, where there were no houses, and the rifles were given to them. Joe stood by the car as look-out and handed out the rifles. Two at a time they were carried down the field to the back of Madame's cottage. When they were all there Nono sent two of the girls inside to open the window and stow them away. What pride and delight they all took in handling the rifles! There was no more talk of going to Dublin. Joe had gone and they must remain to guard the rifles.

But one of the neighbours came and told Nono it was wrong to have the rifles there. "There's a retired police sergeant lives up the road a bit and he wouldn't be above telling about them."

This frightened Nono. If the police came to take the rifles, what could she or the girls do? She decided to go in to Dublin to the Volunteer office.

Liam Mellowes, a Fianna captain who had been lent to the Volunteers, was in charge of the office when she went in.

"Liam," said Nono, "Joe Robinson came to Madame's cottage this morning with twenty rifles. After he was gone a woman told me it was

dangerous to have them there—that an ex-police sergeant lived up the road and he'd tell about them. If he does, and they come for them, we'd lose the rifles. There's only a few girls out there. Something will have to be done. We'd break our hearts if they were taken from us."

"We'll fix that," said Liam. He called two men and gave them instructions to go to the camp and get the rifles. Nono went back with them in a taxi. The rifles were carried out again. Then Nono suggested that no suspicion would be attached to it if it carried a load of girls. The girls piled in, the discomfort forgotten in the thought that the rifles were safe. When the rifles reached their destination the girls separated. "Agna," whispered Nono, "we'll go to the Volunteer office and ask Liam does he want us to sit on any more rifles." Agna and Nono spent the rest of the day sitting on rifles, and a rifle each was their reward when the day's work was done.

* * * * * *

The Belfast contingent went home that night, but Nono and Agna decided to wait for the funeral of the men and women who had been killed.

Madame's house in Leinster Road was crowded when they arrived. "What have you been doing all day?" Madame asked when she saw them.

"Sitting on rifles," laughed Agna, "and we've two of them in a safe place to take home with us."

"How will you get them to Belfast?" she asked with surprise.

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"We'll find a way," said Nono.

"Even if we sit on them again," laughed Agna.

"That's an idea," said Broderick. "Listen. I've got an old car. You pay for the petrol and I'll drive you down." Agna and he went into a corner to talk it over, and Nono joined the others to listen to the talk.

The bodies of those killed were to lie in state in the Cathedral and there was to be a public funeral. Arrangements were already made to do honour to the victims of the British soldiery in Ireland. All the Volunteers were to march, the Irish Citizen Army, the Fianna, the Cumann na mBan, all the local trades union bodies, and as many of the public as wished. The Fintan Lalor Pipes Band (belonging to the Irish Transport Union) was to play the Dead March. There was to be a firing party of the Volunteers, who were to use the rifles—so soon a cause of bloodshed.

While Nono was listening to all this she heard the 'phone ring and Madame in animated conversation over it. And then she called out, "Nono, your father is speaking from Belfast."

Nono ran to the 'phone. "Oh, daddy," she cried into it, "what do you think of the news?"

"It has answered some of the questions which were bothering you, hasn't it? When are you coming home?"

"I'm waiting for the funeral to-morrow; then we'll go home."

"Have you seen the new walking sticks?"

"All day long," laughed Nono, quickly grasping what he meant.

"Any chance of bringing some home with you?"

"Agna and I are thinking of bringing two with us to see if you like them."

"Don't lose them on the way."

"No fear. Bye-bye for a day or two."

"Agna," she said, when she was back in the room, "I've told daddy that we are bringing them back with us. Now we've got to fix it."

"Can't disappoint daddy," said Agna. And so it was arranged.

All next day Nono was busy making funeral wreaths. The funeral was to be in the evening so that everyone who wished to attend could do so. The Fianna boys went to the many florists in the city asking for flowers to make wreaths to place on the graves. Every florist gave bunches of their best flowers, and these the boys brought to the house where Madame and Nono and several other girls were busy turning them into wreaths.

Just before six Madame and Nono and Agna carried the wreaths with them into a motor car. Fianna boys in uniform stood on the running board carrying wreaths. They drove to Beresford Place to take the places assigned to them.

The five coffins were carried from the Cathedral and placed in the hearses. Behind each one walked the chief mourners. Close to one, weeping openly, marched a young man in English uniform, mourning his defenceless mother killed by English soldiers.

Dublin was deeply stirred and profoundly moved as the funeral cortège passed through the streets of the city. Thousands upon thousands marched behind the five hearses, and tens of thousands lined the streets. The firing party, as they marched after the hearses with rifles reversed, were the subject of much comment.

Nono, as she marched, thought Ireland had reached the turning point. Everyone would contrast the treatment accorded the Nationalists when they armed themselves with the Government's attitude towards the Ulster gun-running. They would realise that England still ruled by the rifle and the bullet, and the five hearses in front would bring home to them once more that England would destroy and kill rather than permit Nationalists to have in their possession the means to protect their lives, or fight for their liberty.

Yes, thought Nono, as she gazed upon grim faces, determined mouths, and proudly-lifted heads, they have realised we are still held by force and England is our enemy.

The Government authorities, too, knew the feeling that had been aroused. All soldiers were confined to barracks, and that evening in Dublin (one of the most heavily garrisoned cities in the world) not a soldier was to be seen in the street. But, in spite of that, feeling against the King's Own Scottish Borderers (the regiment which was responsible for the killing) was so great that the entire regiment was sent secretly away from the city.

CHAPTER XVI.

I.

ENGLAND had declared war. Nono hurried home to Belfast. Here was something urgent and vital that must be discussed with daddy. What must we do now? What action would Redmond take? Would we be rushed before we were prepared? Would the people be ready to take action? Would it take concentrated work to get them to realise that "England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity"? What would this war mean to us? What would—oh, dear, but this train was so slow—and she knew so little what was in the people's minds. She knew so well what was in the minds of the Republican groups, but the others—the others outside those groups? Could they be won to the same point of view? Would they have time? How long would the war last? Would England pass the Home Rule Bill to satisfy the minds of the Nationalists of Ireland; if she did, what would the Ulster Volunteers do? Would their loyalty to the Empire stand that blow? Would they in that event refuse to assist England in the war? Would the Republicans be forced into the extraordinary position of supporting and joining forces with the

Ulster Volunteers in their hostility to England? Why, oh why couldn't she know the answers to all those questions? She must have a long talk with daddy. This was an Irish crisis as well as an English one. And daddy would probably be going to Dublin, perhaps staying there. Letters were not much help.

II.

"DADDY, do you think we'll be able to make a fight this time?"

"We must, Nono. This generation has let one opportunity pass by. There was no attempt in Ireland during the Boer war. Fate has been kind in giving us this second opportunity. If we don't take advantage of it we will be eternally disgraced. It's not likely there'll be another chance."

"We're not ready."

"We must make ready."

"Will we have time?"

"This won't be a short war, Nono. This will last. The war against the Boers lasted years. They were only a small nation. Now all the great nations in Europe, with all their resources, are arrayed against each other. It will last. Aye, long enough for us to get ready."

"How are we to get ready? How are we to get the people to see the necessity and to be willing?"

"There are many ways, Nono, and we'll find as many ways as there are workers. At first we

can call for a Nationalist Movement to prevent food from leaving the country. The Irish working class must be fed before the English Army. We can disassociate ourselves from England in this war. We must do our utmost to prevent recruiting; state always and ever that we have no foreign enemy but England. We must grasp every opening that England gives to us, and she will give many, to show the people where their loyalty lies. We'll meet with abuse and enmity, but if our work is intensive and concentrated enough we're bound to make headway."

"Then we have no time to lose. How will we begin?"

"I've already begun."

"How?"

"I've written an article for the 'Irish Worker' calling for the formation of a National Committee to refuse to allow foodstuffs to leave Ireland until provision has been made to feed the Irish working class."

"Have you got it? Let me read it."

"Here's a copy," said daddy, smiling at her.

Nono took the copy and began to read, silently at first, then with exclamations, and finally glancing up, cried out:

"Oh, good! good! daddy. I'm glad you didn't forget that part."

"What is it that wins such fervent approval?" asked daddy, twinkling and smiling at her earnestness.

"This. Listen:

> "Let us not shrink from the consequences. It is the immediately feasible policy of the working class democracy, the answer to all the weaklings who, in this crisis of our country's history, stand helpless and bewildered crying for guidance, when they are not hastening to betray her.
>
> "Starting thus, Ireland may yet set the torch to a European conflagration that will not burn out until the last throne, and the last capitalist bond and debenture, will be shrivelled on the funeral pyre of the last War Lord.
>
> "The time is now ripe; nay, the imperious necessities of the hour call loudly for, demand, the formation of a committee of all the earnest elements outside as well as inside the Volunteers to consider the means to take and hold Ireland, and the food of Ireland, for the people of Ireland."

"That's fine, daddy. Within a week of England declaring war you have outlined a plan for immediate work; you've cut us out of England's war plans; you've appealed to all the best elements, and you've raised the cry—Ireland for the Irish people."

"Well, I hope it meets with the same enthusiastic approval elsewhere," said daddy. "At least, it states our attitude in this crisis; the real Nationalists will support it or issue a statement on similar lines, and in the end we'll have revolutionary Labour and Nationalists working together for the real freedom

of Ireland. Make no mistake, Nono, it will require unbounded faith and strenuous work to withstand all the onslaughts which will be hurled against us. It will not be easy. It will be a steady, continuous, heart-breaking and heart-burning work from now on, and at the end—at the end . . ."

"We'll have done our task," interrupted Nono, straightening her shoulders.

"Who knows?" whispered daddy. "Who knows?"

III.

"ENGLAND has passed the Home Rule Bill," Nono began, disdainfully, "and has pleased the Nationalists and displeased the Orangemen; but she has suspended its operation till the end of the war, and has pleased the Orangemen and displeased the Nationalists."

"Careful," said daddy in a warning tone. "You'll become a phrase maker."

"And there will be people taken in by this facing-both-ways Government."

"Tut-tut! Tut-tut!"

"And Redmond in return for this magnanimous Act has had the cheek to pledge the National Volunteres to the service of England; and we have the disgrace of a British Cabinet Minister stating that Ireland is the 'one bright spot.' What right had Redmond to do such a thing?"

"None," said daddy, cheerfully. "Can he redeem his pledge?"

"What is there for you to be so cheerful about?"

"Redmond is helping us sift the wheat from the chaff. Those who are not with him will be against him, and those who will be against him will probably be with us."

"What will he do next?" cried Nono.

"In order to redeem his pledge he will have to begin recruiting, and when he becomes a recruiting sergeant for the British Army it will be the beginning of the end of his political career. We'll have to intensify our anti-war and anti-recruiting work. We'll be able to make it clear that those who stand for Redmond stand for England and her domination in Ireland, and that we stand for Ireland and Ireland's freedom."

"You find *something* cheerful in *everything*, daddy."

"If something happens to make the issue more clear and more definite, it's right to be cheerful. It saves us a lot of unnecessary labour, doesn't it?"

"Daddy. Talking about anti-war—why did you say on Sunday, at Library Street, that your anti-war speeches were your own opinions and not the opinions of the Labour Party. You seemed to go out of your way to make it clear that they were your own personal opinions and did not bind the I.L.P."

"Some of the Party approve and some of them disapprove. Those who disapprove seem to have a curious idea of what constitutes a working class propaganda; they don't seem to think that I ought

to express an opinion on the greatest crisis that has faced the working class in our generation—they would prefer that I should ignore the war in my speeches than make anti-war speeches."

"Oh," said Nono. "I noticed that some of the prominent men were absent from the meeting, and had a mean notion that the rivets thrown by the Orangemen were the cause."

"No," said daddy. "They believe that loyalist Belfast is not the place for anti-war propaganda, and the Branch will be wiped out if I continue. So I went out of my way last Sunday to make it clear that I was expressing my own opinions and my own attitude, and that they did not have the whole-hearted support of the Party."

"Will you do the same next Sunday?"

"No."

"But why?"

"The Branch has decided to abandon the out-door meetings."

"Oh——" began Nono, but daddy shook his head, and, picking up a book, turned away from her.

IV.

"THERE'S only one more left," said Sean, holding up a leaflet. "Belfast's well placarded the night."

"What'll we do with it?" asked Agna.

"Look," said Nono. "We'll paste it up there where the lamplight is shining on the hoarding. When we've got it up we can read it. If a police-

man comes along he can't say anything to us for reading it. I've only read bits and scraps as they were put up. What do you say? Do you want to read it, too?"

There was a chorus of assent, and hastily they made their way to the spot. Sean pasted it up while the rest kept watch for a policeman.

"It's done," said Sean. "I've pocketed the brush and thrown the paste pot over the hoarding."

By the light of the street lamp they began to read:

WAR!!
WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU.

"You are asked to stop and consider what this war will mean to the working class of this city and country.

"It already means that increased prices will be charged for all food and household necessities. In every bite of food you eat you will be compelled to pay for the war, and if you are already poor and have at the best of times a struggle to live, the war will mean hunger and misery; to thousands less food on their tables, less coal on their fires, less boots and shoes on their children's feet and their own."

"Agna, did your father write this?" asked Tommy.

"I don't know. Do you think he did, Nono?"

"Can't say," replied Nono.

"Can't or won't say?"

"Can't."

"It sounds like your father. Read on."

"Some people tell you that it will be over in a fortnight. They said the same about the Boer War, but it lasted three years. And the Boer War was a mere picnic to what this war will be.

"Remember that Lord Kitchener tells all joining now that they must be prepared to serve three years.

"And he knows.

"We have no foreign enemy except the treacherous Government of England—a Government that even while it is calling on us to die for it, refuses to give a straight answer to the demand for Home Rule.

"Volunteers! Has the iron of slavery so far entered into your souls that you will sing the songs, carry the flag, and fight the battles of the power that, even in its extremity, refuses to allow your nation to take its place among the nations of the earth?

"Women of Belfast! Will you send your husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, sweethearts, to be slaughtered in defence of an Empire that has stood quietly by and allowed the Orangemen to arm against you and against the freedom of Ireland, but sent its soldiers to shoot down unarmed people in Dublin when they attempted to arm in defence of Irish Nationality?

. . . . . .

"Britain guarantees the independence of Belgium. Yes, as she guaranteed the independence of Egypt, and then swallowed it up and slaughtered or imprisoned its patriot sons and daughters. Britain guarantees the indepen-

dence of Belgium. Yes, as she guaranteed the independence of Persia, and then encouraged her Russian ally to invade it and drown its freedom in a sea of blood.

"Britain guarantees the independence of Belgium. But who will guarantee the independence of Ireland? Will the Volunteers?

. . . . . .

"Youth of Ireland, stand prepared.
Revolution's red abyss
Stands beneath us all but bared.

. . . . . .

"For all the woes the meek have dreed,
For all the risks the brave have dared,
As for suffering, so for deed,
Stand prepared."

A heavy sigh of satisfaction came simultaneously from four throats.

"That tells England she'll not have it all her own way here," said Tommy.

"What will Redmond say to that?" asked Agna.

"It's pointing the way we must go," said Sean.

"And warning us to get ready," cried Nono.

* * * * * *

"It's no longer a secret who wrote that poster."

"Who wrote it?" asked Agna.

"Daddy," replied Nono. "It's here in the 'Irish Worker,' under his name. I hope he is not going to stay in Dublin," she went on. "We'll have to watch the papers to get his opinions on the

things which are happening. He's always too busy to write long letters."

"I wish we were all in Dublin these days," said Agna.

"So do I. Things seem to be happening there all the time."

V.

"AGNA," cried Nono, excitedly, looking up from her letter. "Listen. This is from Eamon Martin, and he tells me all about the break-away of the Volunteers from Redmond. You remember last week Redmond made a speech at Woodenbridge and promised the Irish National Volunteers to England."

"Daddy mentions that meeting in my letter," said mama. "He says that in spite of its being in his own district, he was greeted with a lot of boohing and hissing and very few joined up."

"Eamon says that after that speech a meeting was called in the City Hall, and someone made reference to the 'Irish Freedom' placard—'Judas Redmond'—and a free fight started. Willie Redmond was there, and Joe Devlin and J. D. Nugent and Stephen Hand. Someone struck Pearse. Then after Redmond's and Asquith's recruiting meeting in the Mansion House——"

"Daddy writes about that, too," broke in mama. "He says it was supposed to be a public meeting, but no one could get in unless he had a card of admission and was subjected to a close scrutiny by

detectives, and there were cordons across the top and bottom of Dawson Street. But, he says, the Citizen Army had a great demonstration. They decided to show Asquith there was no willingness or anxiety on the part of Dublin Nationalists to join the British Army. It was a Monster Demonstration, he said. They gathered in Beresford Place and the lorry for the speakers was guarded by Citizen Army men with rifles and bayonets. They marched through the city, up O'Connell Street, up Grafton Street, and halted by the Traitors' Arch; that was as near as they could get to the Mansion House. He says feeling surged higher and higher as each speaker in turn denounced Redmond and Asquith and recruiting. And when daddy at the end of his speech asked them to declare for an Irish Republic, there was a roar of cheering and a forest of hands rose up from the people. He says they heard afterwards that Asquith had to stop his recruiting speech till the anti-recruiters had stopped cheering for an Irish Republic."

"Oh!" cried Nono and Agna together, "if we had only been there. We'll never see anything like that in Belfast."

"Eamon says," went on Nono, referring to her letter, "that after that meeting the original members of the Executive Council decided that they could no longer be associated with Redmond nor have his nominees on the Council, and publicly announced their dissociation by forming the Irish Volunteers, and asking all Volunteers, whose ideal

was to serve Ireland, to remain with them. They were so determined to keep Redmond's gang out that they had an armed guard on their offices night and day. He and Liam Mellowes did all night duty."

"Oh!" cried Agna, in a longing voice, "they have stirring times in Dublin."

"I must write to Liam and Eamon to congratulate them."

"I wonder, Nono, what will happen on the Falls Road if Redmond comes to Belfast with Union Jacks and makes recruiting speeches?"

"Dear knows. Wasn't it last week there was a riot in Celtic Park because someone waved a Union Jack?"

"It was," replied Agna. "Well?"

"Just . . . well?"

VI.

ONE Saturday night, a few weeks later, Nono walked home along the Falls Road with a burning rage and resentment in her heart. John Redmond was coming to Belfast to-morrow on his recruiting mission, and the road was being decorated to welcome him. It was a foggy night, but the fog did not hide the Union Jacks and Allied Flags among the many coloured pennants and decorations. As she thought of the Celtic Park football field where he was to speak, she sent up a heartfelt prayer: "Dear God! Let it rain to-morrow. Let

it rain to-morrow. Oh, God! Make the fog turn to rain. God! Union Jacks on the Falls Road. Please make it rain to-morrow."

It was raining when she woke up in the morning, and almost light-heartedly she hurried through the rain to Mass, though she winced many times at a sharp stab of pain whenever a rain-sodden Union Jack caught her eye.

"I must tell daddy about this," she said, as she hurried home to begin a letter.

SUNDAY,
Oct. 25th, 1914.

DEAR DADDIE (she wrote),

It's a good thing you were down in Dublin these two days. You would not believe you were living on the Falls Road; you'd think some magician had taken your house and set it down on the Shankhill Road. Never were there so many Union Jacks hung out to honour Sir Edward Carson as there were hung out last night and to-day in honour of J. E. On Friday night I thought it was the limit when I saw the Union Jack on the Catholic Boys' Hall along with Belgian flags; great big flags they were, and at the bottom two small threepenny green flags. I was all worked up about it, but imagine my feelings when I got a little past Dunville Park on Saturday night to see a monster Union Jack, and alongside it a green banner with the inscription, "Who fears to speak of '98?" Such unspeakable insolence! Is there any word that would express to the smallest extent the colossal impudence and depth of degradation of the people who were responsible for that display? Never in all my life did I see such flags. Where did they get them from? I would like to know.

One A.O.H. Division had a large Union Jack and a large green flag with a small Union Jack in the corner; underneath a banner running the entire length of the house, with the inscription: "We welcome the leader of the National Volunteers to Belfast." And so it was with every A.O.H. Division.

Everywhere along the road was England's flag, but, thank God! no Irish flag was hung out. If it had, I'm sure it would have blushed with shame and so been like its company. And all the way from King Street to Grosvenor Road was hung with decorations. I meant to tell you about Celtic Park. It was let for the Reception and Review, and on Saturday it flew the Union Jack. Do you remember when that same flag was the cause of a riot there?

It was terribly foggy last night—you could not see the light of a tram its own length away. I said, "I pray God it turns to rain, and rains all night and to-morrow and spoils their meeting." And, do you know, it rained and blew all night. In the morning their decorations, at least a good few of them, were swirling in the mud and were black with dirt. I thought of the song—"And England's flag down in the dust be seen." Only it was mud. It rained and poured all morning.

I asked a friend I met at Mass if he thought it would keep on raining and spoil John E.'s meeting. He said, "Now, Nono, leave Redmond to God, and He'll play the devil with him." And He did! It never stopped raining all day.

The best of it all was that they had made no other arrangements, and had to send out word that the meeting was cancelled. There was still the Clonard picture house, where the women and girls were to present Mrs. Redmond with some table linen. Poor woman, I'm sure she needs it! I do not know if any men got in there, but I heard the

girls from the mills were there, so there would hardly be room for them.

I've been using a very bad pen and can't bear to use it any longer, but I may tell you it was very bad tactics to put out those flags, as a whole lot of the men and women are cursing and swearing at Redmond for a twister and a traitor. Only they lack the moral courage to stand firm and come out openly against him, as the Hibs. are none too gentle.

Your loving daughter,

NONO.

VII.

"AGNA, look here. See the new heading daddy has put on the 'Irish Worker.' Look! 'We serve neither King nor Kaiser, but Ireland.'"

"Hurray!" cried Agna, "that's the stuff to give them."

Nono was eagerly scanning the pages. A letter headed Belfast caught her eye. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "Agna, daddy has printed the letter I wrote to him about John E.'s meeting. Just as I wrote it. He's only taken off the 'Dear Daddy,' and 'Your loving daughter.' He must have thought it a good letter," she finished proudly.

CHAPTER XVII.

I.

"WELL, Nono," said daddy, "give an account of yourself. What have you been doing while I've been away?"

"What have I been doing? I've been awfully busy. I've got the Cumann na mBan started since you were here. Listen. Monday and Friday nights for Irish, and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, too. Sunday morning and night for the Fianna; then the nights for the Cumann na mBan and the Young Republican Party. Wouldn't it be lovely, daddy, if we could tack on a couple of extra nights to the week? I need them badly."

"Extra nights——" began daddy.

"No, Mr. Connolly. Stop twinkling. I don't want extra working days. I want extra free nights."

"I don't see how we can manage that for you," said daddy. "What do you do at the Cumann na mBan?"

"We have occasional lectures, and first aid classes and rifle drill."

"Who teaches you rifle drill, and where do you practise?"

"Cathal McDowell, of the Volunteers, teaches us, and we practise in the Fianna Hut. What a use these huts are being put to these days!" Nono said smilingly. "Built to house English soldiers during Belfast riots, and then passing into the hands of the Fianna, where boys and girls are taught and pledged to fight for the independence of Ireland. And now, lent by them to the Volunteers and Cumann na mBan, who are learning to fight for an Irish Republic. What a change!"

"A change, indeed," said daddy. "Are you taking drill?"

"Yes, but I'm not much good. We had a test last week and I only scored thirty-seven out of fifty marks."

"That's not too bad."

"Miss Carney scored forty-nine out of fifty."

"M'm," said daddy. "And who teaches First Aid?"

"I do. I took private lessons and then taught the others. We're pretty good."

Daddy chuckled. "You're learning to puncture and then to mend the puncture."

"Daddy, it must be nice to be in Dublin these days," said Nono wistfully.

"Why do you say that?"

"We have such a hard time of it up here. We are surrounded by hostility. Hibernians and Orangemen equally antagonistic and equally ready to jump on us. There's no colour or brightness here like you have in Dublin."

"No colour? Exactly what do you mean?"

"Well. In Dublin you can have demonstrations anywhere in the city which will be attended by thousands, whose cheers and sympathy will put life and enthusiasm into the active workers, and give them hope to carry on, and brighten their work. Here we've nothing like that to colour our work. We must keep to our own district, and even then meet hostility. There—you don't know the number of sympathisers; here—we know the exact number of our workers, and have no expectation of sympathy. It is dogged, determined work, in an atmosphere of hostility which we are never allowed to forget for a moment."

"I know, Nono. It is hard and difficult work here."

"Do you know, daddy, sometimes when I am going along the street I suddenly become conscious of a pain in my jaw, and then realise that I've been clenching my teeth so hard that I'm hurting myself."

Daddy nodded understandingly.

"Daddy," she went on in a lighter tone, "if this lasts much longer I'll develop an awful hard jaw, and my fatal beauty will be ruined."

"But you know, Nono, that I appreciate all this, and understand."

"Oh yes. Daddy! I've learned what it is to 'go on the batter.'"

"What!"

"Some Saturday afternoons I go to my room

and count out my money. Then I only leave enough to pay for my car fare during the week, and sally forth. 'Going on a jamboree,' I call it. I usually take one of the girls with me. And it's a curious thing—they seem to know when the fit is on me, and neither Agna, Aideen, nor Moira ever has anything to do that day. We start walking down town, and every ice-cream shop, sweet shop, and fruit shop on the way is visited. We finish up at the pictures, and arrive home after eleven o'clock, full, broke, and happy. I'm usually sorry on Sunday mornings. Isn't that 'going on a batter'?"

Daddy was lying back in his chair, laughing heartily.

"Oh well, Nono," he said, wiping his eyes, "I suppose the young shoulders get tired of carrying the old head now and then."

"Daddy, are you going to a meeting after tea?"

"No, Nono. I'm staying home to-night."

"Come down to the Fianna Hut with me. We are having a Seanchas."

"They wouldn't want an old fogey like me to come there and spoil their fun."

"They don't think you are an old fogey. They'd be awfully proud and backed up that you thought it worth while to come."

"Youngsters prefer not to have an old person present when they are enjoying themselves. Besides, I don't want to leave mama alone to-night after being away so long."

"You needn't stay long. Come for a little while. Just to show you what they think of you, one of the girls said to me the other day, 'Nono, your father has such a twinkle in his eye. It seems to say you and I have a joke no one else knows anything about. He's a lovely father to have.' There!"

"I know when I'm beaten," said daddy. "I'll come."

"Oh," cried Nono, hugging him. "You are a lovely father to have."

They were just starting out to the Seanchas when Nono darted up the stairs, crying as she ran, "Wait, daddy, wait." When she came back she pinned a small bow on the lapel of his coat.

"Are they wearing Republican colours like that in Dublin?" she asked.

"I haven't seen any," answered daddy. "They are very neat. Where did you get them?"

"When you get back to Liberty Hall show it to the girls and start them to make some like it. I am glad to hear that in one thing Republican Belfast is ahead of Republican Dublin. Do you know, daddy," she went on, "I got so tired and angry at seeing Union Jacks, and Belgian colours, and Allied flags being worn on nearly every coat I met, that it didn't seem sufficient to not wear them. I felt I must wear our own colours. So I bought green, white, and orange ribbons and made these bows. Agna and I wore them one night to something and we were surrounded. They all wanted to

know where we got them. I gave away what I had left over, and showed the others how to make them. And now you'll hardly find a Republican in Belfast who isn't wearing one. It's such a joy when you are going along a street and suddenly, after seeing nothing but Allied flags, to see a Republican badge come towards you. It makes my heart jump."

II.

NONO had received a telegram from daddy. "Come to Dublin immediately," it said. There was much speculation and envy among the girls. Everyone wanted to go to Dublin these days, and Nono was packing and getting ready to leave by the afternoon train. "Won't it be awful," she cried, as a horrible thought struck her, "if I have to come back by the night train."

Daddy met her at the station, but would give no indication of his reason for summoning her. "All in good time," he would say, as they walked towards Liberty Hall.

Madame Markievicz was in daddy's office there when they arrived. "Well, Nono," she greeted her, "what do you think of your job?"

"She knows nothing about it," replied daddy. "I waited till I got here."

"I'll run along then," said Madame. "You are staying with me, Nono, so we'll meet later."

Daddy sat down at his desk. "Sit down here, Nono," he said, pulling a chair very close to his

own. "Now. It is a very secret and serious job you are being asked to undertake. We want you to go to America and carry a message. It is a very dangerous message. Five people are in danger of being hanged—will surely be hanged—if it is discovered. One of the five will be yourself if you come back to Ireland. It is so dangerous that we are not putting one word of it on paper. You can't even have notes of it. We are trusting to your very good memory. Are you willing to do it?"

"Am I the best person?"

"We think so."

"How can it ever be found out if I have no written message?"

"There are many ways. For instance, you may be watched and followed when you arrive in New York."

"Who are the five people who will be in danger if it is found out?"

"Tom Clarke, Sean McDermott, Madame, myself, and yourself."

"Daddy!"

"Well?"

"I don't see how it could be found out. I don't look like a person who would be carrying an important or dangerous message."

"Then you are willing?"

"Yes, daddy."

"Good girl."

"I think it will be all right, daddy, don't you? I'll be so like the thousands of Irish girls who go

to America every year that no one will give me a second look."

"That's what we thought. Now, I'll give you some advice. Don't tell anyone—*anyone*, mind—what you are going to do till you have it done. After you have done it, trust your own discretion in the matter; but, if no one knows but yourself you'll be easier in your mind. Let as few people as possible know you are over there till your message is delivered—afterwards it won't matter who knows. Another thing, and a very important thing, don't attempt to come home until I write and tell you to come home. No matter who suggests your returning, nor what reasons are given for suggesting it, don't stir till I tell you. You see, Nono," he said very earnestly, "over here we will know if anything is found out. We will know—and you will be safe over there. Don't come home till you receive a letter from me explicitly telling you to come home. I don't need to tell you to be guarded in your letters to me, as you know all my letters are opened."

"When I do what you want me to do will I write and tell you it's finished, or should I cable?"

"Let me see. When you have delivered the message you could send me a cable saying, 'Arrived safely'; if, for some reason or another, you were unable to deliver the message, just cable, 'Arrived.' You'll remember?"

"If I succeed I send 'Arrived safely'; if not, 'Arrived.'"

"Now," said daddy, "I'll write down the message and the name of the person to whom it must be delivered. You must give it to no other person. You understand?"

Nono nodded, and watched the message as it was being written. "Commit it to memory," said daddy when it was finished. Daddy sat quite still while Nono was studying the message.

"See if I have it right, daddy." she asked as she handed it back to him.

"Yes. That's correct," said daddy, "Now, there is a chance you may be asked questions bearing on the message. Let us see if we can think of them."

The better part of an hour was spent in going over likely questions and answers until daddy was satisfied. "Now," he said, "give me the words of the message."

Nono did so. Daddy smiled as he burned the paper on which the message was written. Nono tried to smile, but found she could not. She felt too solemn, and rather frightened. Then daddy looked at her with such pride in his glance that her own pride kindled. At last she laughed delightedly.

"Daddy! I'm going to do the same thing that other girls have done when their country was preparing for a revolution."

"Exactly."

"Oh, daddy!"

"Don't think of what you are doing, Nono, or you will make other people wonder what you *are*

doing. Put it at the back of your mind till it is needed."

* * * * * *

Daddy crossed with her to Liverpool, where she was to catch the boat to New York.

"Daddy," she said as they walked along the dock to the gangway, "I really feel all weepy like an emigrant girl. I'm going so very, very far away."

"But you are better off than most emigrants. You are not going to a strange country, and you are only going to be there for a few weeks."

"I know, daddy. But somehow—oh, well, it is a good thing I do feel this way. If anyone is watching us I'll be looking—well—natural."

"That's a good girl," said daddy, smiling and squeezing her arm.

"Daddy."

"Yes, dear."

"I'll be away for Christmas."

"That's my big trouble."

"Why?"

"I won't tell mama anything till you cable. I'll have a bad half-hour when she knows."

"Daddy! Listen! I'll have to go now. Oh, daddy. Good-bye—good-bye!" Nono's tears started to flow.

Daddy's eyes were moist. He hugged her hard and close as he whispered: "Be brave, little girl. Remember it is only for a little while."

Nono stumbled up the gangway. Daddy stood on the dock waving to her as the boat moved away. Nono watched him through a mist of tears.

"It is hard to say good-bye, isn't it?" said an elderly woman, patting Nono's shoulder.

"Daddy! Oh, my daddy!" sobbed Nono.

III.

"WAKE up, young man," cried Nono, shaking her father by the shoulder. "It isn't often that you have a young and beautiful lady from America waking you with a kiss."

"Nono, you young rascal. Why didn't you tell me you were coming home?"

"You kept me so long waiting to be told to come home that I decided that I would not tell you when I was arriving. Oh, it's good to be back! Hurry up and get dressed. I'm bursting—I've so much to tell you."

"Now, young lady," said daddy, as they sat at breakfast. "Tell me all your news."

"Did I tell you, daddy, that I sent a wireless to John Brennan asking her to meet me at the boat? I was afraid she wouldn't know who Nono was, so I signed it Connolly. Judge of my surprise when I got off the boat to find Jim Larkin there with her."

"Oh, did he meet you?"

"Yes," said Nono, with a laugh. "But he was disappointed when he saw *me*. He said that he was expecting you—that he thought you were coming there to avoid arrest."

"M'm," said daddy.

"Well, all that day and the next I was busy about the message——"

"Don't tell me anything about that till later. You can tell me everything else."

"I told you in my letters that I was staying with Padraic and Mrs. Colum, but I couldn't tell you how very, very kind they were to me. I met so many interesting people and heard so many interesting things. I went to see the Flynns several times. Mr. and Mrs. Flynn are the same as ever; Elizabeth Gurley is still busy with the I.W.W., and she's grown very stout; Kathy has finished training as a teacher, and Bina has grown tall and thin."

"Did you go to any I.W.W. meetings?"

"Oh, yes. And I was at one when Jim Larkin was the principal speaker."

"What do you think of Jim over there?"

"Well—I got the impression that he was disappointed, and that the people there were disappointed in him."

"How?"

"Oh, I don't know—as if he were too Labour for the Nationalist crowd and too National for the Labour crowd. You know."

"M'm. I do."

"Daddy, I didn't tell Larkin what brought me over. You know you told me that I needn't tell anyone. He was very annoyed at me, and he got my back up. He rang up the Columns several times and told them that they should send me home. The

Colums were very indignant. Then he came to see me one day, and harangued me, and in the course of it he said he didn't know what brought me over there; of course, he didn't want to know. So I took him at his word, and told him that since he didn't want to know I wouldn't tell him. I told him I was under instructions not to go home till I got word telling me to come home, and that I'd have to wait for that."

"You were a very obedient girl," said daddy, with a twinkle.

"I thought you were never going to tell me to come home," said Nono, indignantly. "Your letters were very interesting, but the one thing I was most interested in was left out. But, I must admit that in the end you worked up to it very cutely. 'Your mother is very unhappy at your being away.' 'Your mother says that however bad things are they are not bad enough to have you separated from the family.' And then the glorious, 'Mama will not be reconciled to the separation, so you had better make arrangements to come home as soon as possible.' That was a heavenly letter! But before I got it John Devoy sent for me and asked me——"

"I said to let that wait——"

"No-no. This was something different. He wanted to know when I was going home. I explained I was waiting for word, and asked him why. He said that he had some letters from Casement in Germany that he wanted brought back to Ireland, and there was also some money to be

D 992

brought over, and if I was going home soon would I take them. If I would they would pay my expenses back, and that in that way we'd both save. There would be only one fare for you and them. I agreed to take them if he could wait till I got word. He understood, and said they could wait a few days longer. The word came the next day. I went down and told him that I had got word; he gave me the letters and the money, and I booked my passage on the next boat. It was the *Lusitania*. It was a dull trip till we came near Ireland, and then there was great excitement when the Union Jack was hauled down and the Stars and Stripes flown on it instead. Everyone on board was wondering why—but nothing happened."

"You had a great holiday," laughed daddy, rising from the table. "We'll hurry down to Liberty Hall now. I sent word for someone to meet us there."

"But, daddy," asked Nono, when they were in the tram, "why don't you want me to talk about the business which took me there?"

"All in good time, Nono. You can tell me all about it when we get to Liberty Hall."

When they arrived, Madame Markievicz, Tom Clarke and Sean McDermott were waiting in daddy's office.

"The wanderer has returned," said daddy, as she greeted them. "Now, Nono, you can make your report."

"Oh, I see," cried Nono. "You didn't want me

to say anything till you were all together." And she plunged into her report.

After it had been discussed and the others had left, daddy asked when she would be going back to Belfast.

"Don't you dare send word that I'm back. I want to surprise mama as I did you. I'll go as soon as I have delivered Casement's letters."

IV.

IT was late when Nono returned to Liberty Hall. As she passed the Guard Room of the Citizen Army she heard daddy's voice and stepped inside the door. Boxes of cartridges were strewn on the floor, smoking coals and blazing bits of wood were scattered near the fireplace. A number of Citizen Army men were gathered round, some waving their hands in the air, some had them clasped tight under their arms, some were blowing on their fingers, cursing affectionately. The Adjutant was talking to daddy.

"You see, Commandant," he was saying, "Magowan wanted to put the five thousand rounds of Howth ammunition in a safe place. This fireplace was never used, so he took out the bricks and built in the ammunition behind it. No one knew that but himself and me. To-night it was cold and wet, and the boys thought it would be a good thing to light a fire here whilst they cleaned their rifles and sharpened their bayonets. They got some

boxes and started one. I came in, and never thought of the ammunition when I saw the fire till I smelled burning cardboard. Then I remembered the ammunition and let a roar out of me. It would have blown the side of the place out if it had gone off. The lads jumped to the fire and pulled it out with their hands, pulled down the bricks, and scattered the cartridges around the room to let them cool off. We were just in time. Some of the boxes are scorched. But we saved it all."

The men were now standing still, watching daddy's face.

"Is it all saved?" he asked, looking round with a serious face.

"All saved, Commandant."

"Well, it was a good thing it was caught in time," and he looked at the men and smiled, "or some of the members would be late for parade in the morning."

There was a burst of laughter from the men as once more they began waving their hands and blowing on their fingers.

V.

"I'VE delivered my letters, daddy. Casement's sister lives in the North and I've one for her. So I'll go home to-morrow."

"You've been missed in Belfast," said daddy with a smile.

"What do you mean?"

"Well—a policeman sent you his love."

"Is that a joke?" asked Nono, indignant.

"No, Nono," said daddy, twinkling. "He really did. Evidently you were missed and enquiries were made as to your whereabouts. One policeman had a bright idea," he chuckled, "and stopped Fiona on her way home from school to ask where you were. He thought he'd cover up his enquiries by sending you that message——"

"Oh, isn't that disgusting," cried Nono, "trying to get information from a six-year-old child?"

"Well, it didn't work. Fiona arrived home and said to mama: 'Imagine a policeman sending his love to our Nono.' Of course mama questioned her. She said he asked her where Nono was, and she said 'at home.' When he asked her would she see you when she got home, she said she would. I suppose he saw it was no use asking any further questions, for then he said: 'When you see her, give her my love.' So she arrived home in a temper at a policeman daring to send his love to you, and we learned all about it."

"Wasn't she smart," said Nono, admiringly. "And we had never thought of telling her not to speak to a policeman. Daddy, do you know, I've decided to come to Dublin very often."

"Have you come into a fortune?"

"No. But, seriously—I'm going to save every penny I can, and every time there is an excursion

to Dublin—no matter who runs it—you'll find me on it."

"Well, I suppose it's as good a way as any of spending your money if you get much pleasure out of it."

"If I get much pleasure!" quoted Nono. "How would you like to be living in Belfast these times?"

"I must admit," said daddy, laughing, "I prefer to be here."

CHAPTER XVIII.

I.

DADDY was home for the week-end. Now that the excitement had subsided, and tea over, they had settled down for a talk. Mama was sitting in front of the fire, daddy in a big chair near her, Nono and Agna on the sofa, and the others grouped closely on the hearth-rug. All were looking towards him, listening eagerly, as if he were a traveller from far-off lands telling strange tales.

"Do you know, girls," said daddy, looking over at Agna and Nono, "I've met a *real* man this week."

"Who?" cried Agna.

"He's only a youngster. About your age, Nono, but he has a wonderfully mature mind. We had a long talk. He is astonishing for one so young. He compels respect."

"Who is he?" demanded Nono.

"Liam Mellowes is his name," said daddy.

"Why, we know him for years," said Agna. "He's a captain in the Fianna. He and Nono write to each other."

"He is a great man, nevertheless," said daddy, twinkling.

"I've discovered a great military man, too. I hope my daughters won't be able to claim that they were before me in that."

"Maybe we are. Who is he?" asked Nono, laughing.

"Michael Mallin."

"No," said Agna. "I don't think we can. I don't know him; do you, Nono?"

"He is a Citizen Army man, isn't he, daddy? I think I know who you mean. He's not very tall, slight, rather pale, and has a sweet, gentle smile under a brown moustache. Is that the man?"

"Yes," said daddy. "Your description of his smile, Nono, shows you know him. We were out on manœuvres. The way he handled his men was splendid. His instructions to them showed that he had a great grip on military matters. We've had many talks since then. He is the Army's Chief of Staff now. He certainly knows his business."

"He is such a gentle person, it's hard to think of him as a great soldier," said Nono.

"How about me?" cried daddy, pretending to be indignant.

"Well—yes. You are gentle enough at times, but at other times you are—well—well—volcanic," stammered Nono.

Daddy laughed, throwing his head back till Nono could see the gleam of teeth beneath his dark moustache.

"You are right, though," he said after a while. "He is very gentle and the men have a great affec-

tion for him. He returns it, too. He plays the flute very well and always carries it with him. The last long march we had, on the way home the men's feet began to drag, and their shoulders to slump. Mallin noticed this. He hung his cane over his left arm, felt in his pocket, brought out the two parts of the flute, screwed them together, and in a few minutes the men were swinging along to a gay marching tune, shoulders straight and every foot striking the ground smartly. There was a pleased, proud look in Mallin's eyes as he gaily played the flute, helping the men finish their march in good style."

II.

"I TOLD you I'd come," said Nono, breaking into No. 7. "The Y.M.C.A. had an excursion for four and ninepence. So here I am."

"Cheap enough," agreed daddy. "What are you going to do with yourself now that you are here? When does the train go back?"

"The train leaves at 7.30, but I'm not going back on it."

"It won't be so cheap after all," smiled daddy.

"Won't it?" cried Nono, triumphantly. "I met Liam Mellowes and some of the boys on the way here. Liam knows some official at Amiens Street, and is going to get him to initial my ticket so that I can stay over till to-morrow. I'm going to see everything there is to be seen."

"Then I won't see much of you," smiled daddy.

"Oh, but you will. There's more to be seen here than anywhere else."

A Citizen Army man carrying a rifle entered the office. He saluted daddy and presented the rifle to him.

"Is that satisfactory, Commandant?" he asked.

Daddy took the rifle, held it to his shoulder, looked along the sights, removed the bayonet and clipped it back into position.

"Perfect," he said. "How did you manage it?"

"They are the French bayonets we got in a raid last week."

"I thought they didn't fit."

"They didn't, Commandant. But, you see, we loosened that there, tightened this, and they clipped on all right. Then they were too long and interfered with the sights, so we took about six inches off, and brought this along for examination."

"A German rifle and a French bayonet. We're a wonderful body of men," said daddy. "We've beaten all the diplomats of Europe, and effected a union of German and French arms to be used for the one purpose."

The Citizen Army man smiled as he received back the rifle.

"Then we can go ahead and fix the rest up in the same way, Commandant?"

"You can," replied daddy. The man saluted and left the room.

"I suppose they'll spend all their time now

screwing and unscrewing, and cutting down the bayonets and sharpening them?"

"They will. They are great lads."

"They are," agreed Nono, with a grin. "They are marvels."

"Exactly. There's none like them. A more loyal or true body of men never existed. They are full of determination, courage, reckless daring, pride——"

"In short, marvels," laughed Nono.

"Just so. No man could ask for better. Nono, don't be too light-hearted about all this. It is a serious matter, you know. The responsibility is heavy at times, Nono."

"I know, daddy; I know. I'm not forgetting. But oh, let me be light-hearted down here. There's a gaiety, a cheerfulness in Dublin that's a joy to the soul. I'm serious enough in Belfast. I can't forget there."

"I only wanted to be sure you realised what it all might mean," smiled daddy.

Just then the adjutant—a slight, dark, brisk, keen-faced man—came in.

"Commandant," he said, "I've come to report that I'll be absent for some time. I'm on the track of a couple of walking-sticks." *

"Good luck," said daddy; then, as the adjutant reached the door, cried, "Don't take any wooden ones."

* Rifles.

The adjutant looked back with a grimace and slipped quickly out.

"What's the joke?" asked Nono.

Daddy chuckled. "Have you seen any of the new Home Defence Corps?" he asked.

"They're those elderly men in greyish khaki who wear armlets with the initials, 'G.R.'?"

"'Gorgeous Wrecks,' the lads have dubbed them."

"Oh, lovely!"

"Well, they have been parading about town carrying rifles. Every time the lads saw them they were almost consumed with envy. They decided that those rifles should belong to them. Some of them followed the Gorgeous Wrecks in the hope of finding out where they were stored. They made several raids on different places, only to find no rifles. At last it was discovered, definitely and positively, where the rifles were stored. A spokesman came to the Army Council and asked for permission to raid them. After a discussion the raid was agreed to, but it was to be an official raid, and was not to be attempted without orders. One Saturday night the Army was mobilised, divided in two parts, and sent out under sealed orders. That is, the officers were given instructions to bring their men to a certain spot and then open their orders. Finglas was the spot they were aiming for, so the first instructions meant that all North County Dublin was cut off. When they reached their first halt the orders were read, and they learned they

were to raid the G.R. rifles. Everything went off without a hitch. It was a cold, starry night and the lads were in great fettle. They surrounded the club, took the caretaker a prisoner, broke into the room where the rifles were stacked. There was a shout and a rush to the rifles. Then I'm told that 'Blackguard' Daly surpassed all his previous efforts in lurid language. The rifles were perfect, fitted with bolts and bayonets, but they were wooden! A marvellous piece of deception. Until you handled them you'd have no doubt. They gathered up an armful and brought them out. You can imagine what the men felt when they learnt the result of the raid! Just say 'wooden' to a group of Citizen Army men and see all their faces twist as if tied to one string!"

"What a shame," said Nono, laughing, "and what a sell!"

Daddy was smiling. "But, Nono, wouldn't it be interesting if we could find out how many of the British Army in Ireland are armed in the same fashion."

"I never thought of that," said Nono, soberly.

"It's worth giving some thought to such a possibility."

III.

"DADDY, what are you going to do about the paper? You are not going to sit down under this suppression, I know. But what can you do?"

"I've been making some plans."

"I was sure of that."

"You see, Nono, it is not fair to go on asking the printers to print a paper that is bound to be suppressed. West is quite willing to go on, but now that the military have smashed his press several times, not only when they suppressed my paper but when they suppressed the Nationalist ones, I don't think it is fair to allow him to be forced out of business that way."

"That's so," nodded Nono.

"So I am arranging to buy a printing press and have it set up in Liberty Hall, and to keep an armed guard on it night and day. The military will think twice about coming to raid or smash our press when they know it will mean a clash."

"Good!" cried Nono. "Then there will be no blank columns in your paper because the British military do not like what has been written."

"That will be an added advantage," said daddy with a smile.

"When will it come out?"

"In a few weeks, I expect."

"I'll be watching for it."

IV.

NONO could never bear to leave Liberty Hall without a peep into the guard-room. She liked it best at night time. Then the long, dimly-lit room was filled with men. Stacked around the walls were the rifles, bandoliers and haversacks, and the men sat

in groups busily cleaning and polishing parts of the guns, or sharpening the bayonets, while the ruddy gleams of the fire glinted around them.

It made Nono think of all the historical and revolutionary romances she had read, and wonder if those beruffled heroes had displayed the same cheerful determination, and gay acceptance of the thought of death, as these men whose faces looked so unnaturally clean above their toil-grimed clothes.

This evening she slipped inside and took up her usual stand inside the door. With a shy nod and smile to the men, who responded just as shyly, she stood gazing her fill, but turned her head sharply whenever a man's footsteps neared the door.

Michael Mallin came in, and with a smile invited her to come further into the room.

"Oh no," breathed Nono, "I love it here. I can see them all. I'm so thrilled—my heart just thumps."

"What do you think they would say if they heard you?" laughed Mallin.

"I'd never be able to look at them again," said Nono. "There seems more here than usual this evening. Is there something special on?"

"We've a midnight mobilisation for an attack on Dublin Castle."

"What!" exclaimed Nono. "Will they let you go through with it?"

"Of course," laughed Mallin. "That's part of your father's plan. They never know what to expect from us, and they never know when to take

us seriously. They will probably detail half a dozen detectives and policemen to attend and report our movements. They did that the last time."

"The last time! Have you had many midnight mobilisations?"

"Many of them. They are a feature of our work. They were decided on as a means to test the genuineness of the men's determination and reliability. Besides, they serve a double purpose. They get the men used to active service at night and accustom them to respond to mobilisation at all hours. They get great fun out of them, too. When the men begin hurrying to the Hall in the middle of the night, the policeman on watch sends in a hurry report, and a detail is ordered out to keep watch on us. The lads are geniuses in devising ways of keeping the police on tenterhooks as to whether we are going on a night march or a real job."

"I can imagine them," laughed Nono, "let remarks drop in their hearing and then try to cover them up, and keep the peelers wondering whether they should send back for support, and what would happen to them if they did."

"The men still talk about what they call the Canal attack."

"What was that?" asked Nono. "I miss so much, not living in Dublin."

"It was a midnight mobilisation, too," replied Mallin. "When they arrived at the Hall they were divided into two parties—the attacking and defend-

ing. The men marched off, followed by the usual squad of police and detectives. They marched to the North side of the city till they came to the Canal. Then they separated. One body—the attacking party—went across the Canal; the other remained to prevent the entrance of the attackers. It was a bitter cold night, but the sight of the miserable, cold police seemed to key the men up. The battle lasted over two hours, but that didn't satisfy them. When they were formed up after their evolutions there were begging pleas that they be allowed to 'take the peelers for a walk.' So off they started. They marched all around the city, and finished up at Emmet Hall on the South side. There they got refreshments. It wasn't possible to prevent the men from going to the windows and waving their mugs of steaming hot tea at the police outside. Then they decided to have a bit of a song and dance. It was six in the morning before they lined up and marched back to Liberty Hall. The lads hug themselves still when they think of that long, cold night and the miserable, frozen police."

"No wonder," laughed Nono, "that the police never know what to make of you."

"That's our object in all this. 'Wolf-wolf,' you know."

"Do the men always carry full equipment on these expeditions?"

"Not always. Sometimes they do, and sometimes not."

"It's not all stored in the one place, is it?"

"Of course not. That would be foolish. How could we be sure that it wouldn't all be seized at one time? Every man in the Army is responsible for his own rifle and equipment."

"Every man."

"Every man, and each man is prepared to defend it with his life. There will be no easy way of confiscating the arms of the Citizen Army."

"They are great lads," quoted Nono, and smiled round the room before she slipped away.

V.

DADDY had written that the new paper, "The Workers' Republic," would be on sale to-day, and Nono was waiting for Agna to bring one in. What note would daddy strike in his new paper? In the old paper before it was suppressed he had linked up Labour's struggle and Ireland's. What affected the people of Ireland affected Ireland, and to him the people of Ireland was Ireland. "Ireland as distinct from her people is nothing to me," he had written. Nono finished the quotation, and smiled as she thought how it summed up all his teaching: Rebel against all wrongs and prove that rebellion was worth while by striving to end those wrongs. How often he had said, "Blessed be discontent," and urged that hatred of injustice and discontent were the "manifestations of Divine impulses towards better things, the working of the leaven

that shall transform the soulless slave into the perfect free man."

In his old paper he was teaching the rebel to rebel, and giving him words of courageous defiance of his enemies. She remembered the day when in Liberty Hall she had been looking through the files of the "Irish Worker," to see the copies she had missed while away, and her annoyance that she had no way of knowing what had been written in those blank columns which showed that the press censor had been at work. Daddy had smiled at her grumblings.

"And that last copy of all, daddy," she had said. "The copy which made them so angry that they were not content to censor, but suppressed it. I'll never know what you said nor what was so objectionable."

"Don't jump to conclusions so quickly, Nono," daddy had warned. "That was one time we beat the censor."

"How?"

"Well, like this. The British Government wasn't satisfied that the ordinary courts would be severe enough towards those engaged in anti-recruiting and what they were pleased to call treasonable activities. A new Bill was being rushed through Parliament which would supersede civil courts, and gave the trials into the hands of the military, with power to impose the death sentence. The editorial dealt with that fact, and warned the authorities to go slow; that if they abandoned the pretence of civil

liberty in Ireland, then the first result would be a resurrection of revolutionary spirit. That editorial was the cause of the suppression. But in forty-eight hours we had published a single sheet newspaper containing the suppressed editorial, and sold it on the streets of Dublin."

"Have you any of them left? Let me read it."

Then daddy had delved among some papers and gave her one, saying, "Keep it for a souvenir."

Nono wanted to read it again before she saw the new paper. She searched for and found her copy. In it she sensed daddy's anger as he wrote, and when his anger changed to defiance she was compelled to read aloud:

> "On that day we will see all the best and brightest in Ireland definitely arraying itself on the side of revolution, fully realising that Freedom and the British Empire cannot co-exist in this country.
>
> "The constitutional mask, the simulacrum of civil liberty still paralyses the activities and holds the hands of many a true Irish patriot, as the boasted Freedom of Contract of the Wage System still hides from many a worker the reality of his slavery. But once let the Government drop that mask, or abandon the pretence of civil liberty, and then the result will see a resurrection of Irish Revolutionary Spirit such as has not been seen in this generation.
>
> "A Resurrection! Aye, out of the grave of the first Irishman or woman murdered for protesting against Ireland's participation in this

thrice accursed war will arise a new Spirit of Irish Revolution.

"The graves of those murdered for freedom
bear seed of freedom
Which the winds carry afar and re-sow.

"Yes, my lords and gentlemen! Our cards are on the table. If you leave us our liberty we will kill your recruiting, save our boys from the slaughter-house, and blast your hopes of Empire. If you strike at, imprison, or kill us, we will still evoke a spirit that will thwart you, and mayhap, raise a force that will destroy you.

"We defy you! Do your worst!"

No wonder, thought Nono, no wonder that had been suppressed. None of the other papers was so outspoken; none preached revolt so openly; nor so defiantly dared the enemy. What would the new paper say? Here was Agna.

"Have you got it?" she asked as she opened the door.

"Here."

Nono stood in the hall looking it over. It had the heading of the old "Workers' Republic." NOTES ON THE FRONT filled the front page; Citizen Army notes, the back; Trade Union and other matters of interest to workers filled the intervening pages, and the editorial was on page four. The editorial! That was what she wanted, so that was what she began to read first.

"It's the same, the same," she said, as she came to the concluding paragraph:

> "In the long run the Freedom of a nation is measured by the Freedom of its lowest class; every upward step of that class to the possibility of possessing higher things raises the standard of the nation in the scale of civilisation; every time that class is beaten back into the mire the whole moral tone of the nation suffers. Contemned and despised though he be, yet, the rebellious docker is the sign and symbol to all that an imperfect civilisation cannot last, for slavery cannot survive the awakened intelligence of the slave.
>
> "To increase the intelligence of the slave, to sow broadcast the seeds of that intelligence that they may take root and ripen into revolt, to be the interpreter of that revolt, and finally to help in guiding it to victory, is the mission we set before ourselves in the columns of the 'Workers' Republic.'"

"Oh," thought Nono, joyfully, "they can't suppress that—the men and arms of the Citizen Army will prevent them."

CHAPTER XIX.

I.

IT was Wolfe Tone's Anniversary, and the Belfast Fianna were celebrating it by a march to MacArt's Fort on Cave Hill. There was to be an address and a picnic afterwards, and a Seanchas in the evening at the Huts.

On their way they passed the street where Henry Joy McCracken was hanged in '98, and other streets and houses which had some particular association with the United Irishmen in the days when Belfast was the stronghold of Republicanism. Cave Hill itself was associated with those days, for it was there that Wolfe Tone had sworn in Henry Joy McCracken to the United Irishmen; and it was in its caves that some of those men had hidden after the revolt of '98. And it was up its steep hills that Mary McCracken, Henry's sister, had courageously brought food and news to the hunted men.

Ernest Blythe delivered the address. As the Fianna stood on MacArt's Fort he reminded them of all those associations; he told them of the aims of the United Irishmen; of the struggle they were facing to-day because they held the same aims and ideals; that to-day all over Ireland similar celebra-

tions were being held to demonstrate our loyalty and adhesion to the principles of Wolfe Tone; and at the end, asked them to hold up their right hands and here on this spot of sacred association to pledge themselves to fight for the independence of Ireland, and never to cease from their efforts till Ireland was free.

The Fianna raised their hands and repeated after him the words of the pledge.

II.

THREE North of Ireland men were in prison for anti-recruiting activities. Denis McCullough, Herbert Pim, and Ernest Blythe had been ordered by the military authoriites to leave the district where they had been engaged on this treasonable work. They had refused, and had been arrested and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The prisons in other parts of Ireland had similar prisoners—Liam Mellowes was in Dundalk Jail, and Sean MacDermott in Mountjoy. Nono had to content herself with letters to the other prisons, but she could visit the prisoners in Belfast.

To-day she was going to visit Ernest Blythe, and as she waited for entrance outside the great, heavily iron-studded gate, wondered if she could ever bear to be inside one.

"What do you want?" asked a guard, putting his head through the little wicket.

"I am a visitor for Ernest Blythe," answered Nono.

"Come inside," said the guard.

Nono entered, and the loud clang of the gate and the rattle of heavy keys on a ring made her a little breathless.

"In there," said the guard, pointing to a little room.

He followed Nono in and stood at a desk.

"Who did you want to see?" he asked, taking up a form and dipping a pen in ink.

"Ernest Blythe."

"What's your name and address?" Nono told him, and he laboriously wrote them down.

"Relative?"

"No. Just a friend."

He rang through on the 'phone and announced a visitor, then stood at the desk, looking from Nono to the form, and then back to Nono again. The wait seemed unconscionably long. Footsteps approached. The guard went to meet them, carrying the form. He came back in a few minutes, whistling briskly:

> "Let Erin remember the days of old
> Ere her faithless sons betrayed her."

Nono's mouth twisted. Surely that was a treasonable air for a prison guard to whistle while he held as prisoners those who refused to betray her, she thought, and wondered would he show surprise if she pointed out that fact to him.

A warder came to the door. "Visitor for Ernest Blythe?" The guard nodded to Nono. "Go on,"

he said. Nono was escorted by the warder through the prison grounds. He stopped at a row of doors and opened one. "Wait here," he said, "and he'll come to you." Nono found herself in a space no larger than a confessional; a window of close meshed wire faced the door. She peered through it and then saw a narrow laneway with similar windows on the other side. Ernest came into the box opposite her, and a warder began walking up and down the laneway. They began talking, but the presence of the warder walking up and down between them, though ostensibly paying no heed, was no aid to conversation. The current news and gossip, and questions as to prison life had been finished, when Ernest said, "I hear we've got Arthur True here on the same charge."

"Don't be evenin' yourself to the likes of him," said the warder, showing for the first time that he had been paying attention to their talk. Ernest grinned.

"It must have been a shock to him to be arrested for doing what he has been doing for so many years," laughed Nono.

Arthur True was a virulent anti-Catholic who, every Sunday, held big and popular meetings on the Custom House steps, at which he made venomous and obscene attacks on the Catholic religion. His tour de force was, at the height of excitement, to produce scapulars, rosaries, and statues of the Virgin Mary, and by his blasphemies

and obscenities win the laughing applause of the crowd.

One of the chief British recruiting posters carried the legend, "Remember Catholic Belgium." Very suitable, the authorities thought, for Catholic Ireland, and gave the order that they be splashed all over the country. But they forgot all about the loyal Orangemen in the North-East corner and their hatred to Catholics. The sight of them all around Belfast brought Arthur True frothing to tell the loyal Orangemen not to enlist to save the Catholics in Belgium. And the recruiting authorities, with the same impartiality they had displayed in bestowing their posters, gave him three months in prison for hindering recruiting.

The warder listened glumly while they laughed in recounting this story, and showed quite plainly that whatever he thought about the justice of Ernest's sentence, it was not hard enough or long enough for True.

"For God's sake," he said again, turning away, "don't be evenin' yourself to the likes of him."

On that note the visit ended.

III.

DADDY and Nono were in Liberty Hall watching from the window the Citizen Army mobilising to take part in the funeral procession of O'Donovan Rossa.

"I love to see them in uniform, daddy. I prefer

the dark green of their cloth to the Volunteer green. And their slouch hats turned up at the side! Oh, they were just made for them! Ordinary military caps would have been wrong. Don't you think so?" she asked, turning to him.

"Well," said daddy, smiling, "I had some say in their choice."

"Don't they look grand?" she cried. "From the biggest or oldest to the youngest or smallest they have an easy at-homeness that makes you forget they are in uniform. And there's just a suggestion of swagger swashbuckling in each of them. You don't find that among the Volunteers."

"Partisan," teased daddy. "Not that I don't agree with you. The oldest are so young and the youngest are so old that they are all at the do or die age."

"Daddy, why aren't you in uniform?"

"I haven't one."

"But why haven't you? You'd look well in uniform. Your back is so straight and your shoulders are so broad you'd set one off nicely."

"Thank you, my daughter."

"But, daddy, you should have one. A navy blue suit, a black felt hat are all right in their place, but hardly suitable to wear as the Officer Commanding the Citizen Army in the procession."

"Suitable or unsuitable, they'll have to suit."

"You'll get one 'all in good time,' I suppose."

"Exactly. Are you marching in the procession, Nono?"

"No. I'm being selfish. I'd rather see the procession than be part of it. I want to see all the marching men from all over the country. A fair share of Ireland's Army, daddy. I'll go early and take up my stand near the post office. Look, daddy! They are nearly all lined up."

"I'm going to say a few words to them before we move off."

"I'll wait to hear you; then I'll go."

The men sprang to attention as daddy appeared on the steps. Daddy began to speak. He told them that in honouring O'Donovan Rossa they were doing more than merely paying homage to an unconquerable fighter; they were signifying their adhesion to the principle of which O'Donovan Rossa was the living embodiment, the principle that the freedom of a people rests in the hands of that people—that there is no outside force capable of enforcing slavery on a people really resolved to be free and valuing that freedom more than life. He emphasised the special mission of the Citizen Army, in that they were training themselves to fight not only against foreign oppression but against social oppression as well. He finished by saying that by that training they bore testimony to their belief in the separate destiny of their country, and of their faith in the ability of the Irish Working Class to achieve that destiny.

Their commands were rapped out, and the Citizen Army marched away.

Nono hurried along the quay to take up her position.

Nono, as she watched, could not help comparing this funeral procession with the funeral procession which had passed through these streets a year ago. That had been a purely Dublin procession—a sorrowing, defiant procession; but this was a procession of Ireland's trained men, marching proudly behind the old hero who had kept the faith: declaring by their presence that they were of the same faith, and hoped, like him, to keep it to the death.

The spectators were different, too. No longer was Ireland's Army, nor a firing party armed with rifles, a cause for wonderment. They were accepted things. And their comments as the officers passed—"That's Thomas MacDonagh, he's a Commandant"; "there's Ned Daly, he's a Commandant, too"; "and look there. Do you see? That's The O'Rahilly"—showed that the officers as well as the men were household names. A tremendous change in one year!

When the procession had passed Nono returned to Liberty Hall and sat on the deserted steps waiting for the return of the Army. She tried to remember clearly all that daddy had said there a few hours ago, and failed. The disconnected phrases were so pale and cold in comparison with the glowing, burning words which had thrilled his listeners.

Idly she turned the pages of the O'Donovan Rossa souvenir till she came to an article headed:

"Why the Citizen Army Honours O'Donovan Rossa," and on the next page saw it had been written by daddy. She began to read, and once more was captured by his thrilling words.

"This part you must learn by heart," she commanded herself, and set about it:

> "For slavery is a thing of the soul before it embodies itself in the material things of this world. I assert that before a nation can be reduced to slavery its soul must have been cowed, intimidated, or corrupted by the oppressor. Only when so cowed, intimidated, or corrupted does the soul of a nation cease to urge forward its body to resist the imposition of the shackles of slavery; only when the soul so surrenders does any part of the body consent to make truce with the foe of its National existence.
>
> "When the soul is conquered the articulate expression of the voice of the nation loses its defiant accent, and taking on the colour of whining compromise, begins to plead for the body. The unconquered soul asserts itself, and declares its sanctity to be more important than the interests of the body; the conquered soul ever pleads first that the body may be saved even in the soul is damned.
>
> "For generations this conflict between the sanctity of the soul and the interests of the body has been waged in Ireland. The soul of Ireland preached revolution, declared that no blood-letting could be as disastrous as a cowardly acceptance of the rule of the conqueror; nay, that the rule of the conqueror would necessarily entail more blood-letting than revolt against the rule. In fitful moments of

exaltation Ireland accepted that idea, and such men as O'Donovan Rossa becoming possessed of it became henceforth the living embodiment of that idea."

Lost in her task, she was startled to hear daddy say: "Daydreaming, Nono? What part of the world were you in then?"

"Oh, daddy!" She sprang to her feet and held out the souvenir. "It's your article, daddy; it's lovely."

Daddy laughed. "I'll never want an admirer when you are around." And with his arm around her shoulders they entered the hall.

IV.

It was winter when Nono made her next visit to Liberty Hall. She ran up the central staircase and hurried up the short flight to the corridor in which was daddy's office. She only gave half a glance at the man who stood in its entry, and only when he put out his arm barring her way, noticed that he had a revolver at his hip.

"Your business?" he said, very curtly.

Nono raised her head and looked at him. "I am going to see my father."

"Beg pardon, Miss. I didn't recognise you. Orders are to let no one pass——"

"But why——?" began Nono, only to break off with a smile. "I can't wait now. I'll ask that later."

She knocked at the door of No. 7 and poked her head inside.

"Miss Bad Penny to see you, sir."

"Who is running the excursion this time?" asked daddy, leaning back in his chair and smiling.

"No one," said Nono, pleading with a look to be forgiven for her extravagance. "I took a few days off. Isn't it all right?"

"I thought you weren't to come till St. Patrick's Day?"

"I couldn't wait. And I can come down on St. Patrick's Day, anyway."

"Well, it's your own money, I suppose," said daddy, resignedly.

"Oh, daddy, aren't you glad to see me? Will I be in the way?"

Before daddy could reply there was a knock on the door, and a Citizen Army man escorting another man came in.

"Union business," he said, saluting.

"What is it?" daddy asked the stranger. Nono moved away from the desk as the man began to explain his business.

"It's all right," said daddy, nodding to the Citizen Army man, who saluted and left. Nono took up a paper and hid herself behind it till the man had gone.

"Quite a military air," she remarked. "That's a new departure, isn't it?"

A knock on the door, the same procedure, and Nono with wonder buried herself in the paper.

"Tell me what it means?" she demanded when they were alone.

"Orders of the Army Council."

"As if that explained everything," she scoffed. "Why did they make such an order?"

"Well," daddy explained, reluctantly, "it is a measure they are taking to ensure my safety. I'll not be arrested if the Army can help it."

"I see," said Nono. Another visitor entering prevented her saying more, but as she subsided behind the paper again she was wondering if that curious disappearance of daddy's for a few days had anything to do with it. She remembered how dreadfully worried she had been when Percy Reynolds had come to Belfast as a messenger from the Citizen Army to know if she had any information as to his disappearance or his whereabouts. She did not know what had happened then. Daddy in his usual letter had made no mention of it, save a casual reference that he was back. Somehow or other she had arrived at the understanding that she was not to ask questions about it, nor even make any reference to it.

"You are an awfully busy man, daddy," she said when they were alone once more. "How do you do it?"

"Not so very busy."

"Oh, no," scoffed Nono. "Not so very. You are carrying on the business of the Union. Every other week or so there are reports of wages disputes or increases won. You are editing the paper and

writing all on the front page, the editorial, and Citizen Army notes for it as well. Pick up any of the papers and under the announcements of lectures you'll read So-and-so will lecture on such-and-such a night, and underneath, 'James Connolly will also speak.' And I understand you give some time to lectures and training the Citizen Army. And I've seen it somewhere you are a delegate to the Trades Council. How do you fit it all in?"

"It does sound quite busy the way you put it," agreed daddy, laughing.

"Oh, and I forgot the articles you write for the English and Scotch papers."

"Pile it on."

"No; but seriously, daddy, how do you get time for sleeping or eating?"

"I manage to do those all right."

"I don't see how you have a minute to yourself. I suppose instead of your heart swelling with joy at the sight of me, you are thinking what a confounded nuisance I am."

"Well, hardly that, Nono."

"Don't protest so much. I'll take myself off. Others will be glad to see me. But I'll be back," she warned, and spoiled her threat by giggling and running over to kiss him before she left the office.

"Tell me," said Nono to the sentry in the corridor, "when did this guard duty begin?"

"A few weeks ago, Miss."

"Daddy tells me it's to prevent his arrest."

"Yes, Miss."

"But was there anything leading up to it?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Well, what? Oh, it's like drawing a tooth to get information out of you."

"What information are you trying to get?" hissed a voice in her ear, and Nono turned with a start to see the Adjutant grinning at her.

"I want to find out what made the Army Council decide to set a guard on daddy's office," she explained.

"And you expect to get such information from a Citizen Army man?"

"No, sir," said Nono, grinning as she saluted him. "I expect to worm it out of an officer. Come on." As she linked her arm in his and began to lead him away, she heard an appreciative snigger from the sentry behind her.

"The guard didn't recognise me at first and stopped me. Then when I was in with daddy he escorted every visitor. So I asked what was the meaning of the new departure. Daddy said it was to prevent his arrest, but I've a curious feeling there is more behind it. I didn't ask him any more questions, but I made up my mind to find out. There is more behind it, isn't there?"

All the laughter had left the Adjutant's face. He nodded almost solemnly.

"You see," he said, "we got a warning from a 'friendly' source that the authorities had decided to get the Commandant, and to get him when he was alone, so that there would be no fight."

"Do you mean arrest him?"

"That's what we thought at first. We put up a great fight with the Commandant to permit an armed guard to go around with him. He didn't want it; said it would be an awful responsibility to put on any of the lads, as, of course, we knew he would not go quietly. You know there isn't one of the lads who wouldn't fight for that responsibility. But it was no go. Then we tried to persuade him to carry a special whistle on him and promise to use it if he suspected an attempt was to be made to arrest him; that the sound of it would bring the boys on the run. He laughed at us then, and said that that would mean he'd have an armed guard anyway. But we pointed out that he would have the responsibility of bringing them into action. He wouldn't agree till we persuaded him that the Army would go wild mad and do something desperate to hide their shame if they had allowed their Commandant to be arrested after being warned. He took the whistle then."

"But you can't imagine they would try to arrest him here?"

"No. But the same 'friendly' source sent us the wire to make sure that no one got near enough to do him in."

"My God! You don't think——"

"Don't worry. No assassin will get near him."

But Nono was silent and worried.

"You've no need to worry, I tell you," repeated the Adjutant. "There's some of us here all the

time. Why, some of the lads come here direct from their work. They stay all night and only see their homes in the middle of the day."

"Queer doings for a trade union office," said Nono, merely for the sake of saying something.

"There was trouble about that, too," said the Adjutant, and it was only afterwards she realised that he had told her the story to divert her thoughts.

"What trouble?" she asked.

"I don't know who was responsible, but the Commandant was asked to clear the Army out of Liberty Hall, that a trade union office was no place for a military body like ours."

"What!"

"Oh, yes. But the Commandant wasn't having any, and told them as long as he was in charge of Liberty Hall the Army would remain."

"What happened then?"

"They weren't satisfied, but decided to bring forward a resolution at a general meeting removing him from office as Acting General Secretary. You see, they thought that if they succeeded in that, then the Commandant would be no longer in charge, and both he and the Army would go."

"Oh!" gasped Nono.

"But they didn't succeed. The Army got word and we mobilized with full equipment. When the Hall was filled, and just as the meeting was about to begin, we, with our rifles and bayonets, marched into the Hall. We didn't say a word, and no one said a word to us. We just took up positions with

our backs against the wall and our rifles and bayonets in front of us."

"What happened?"

"Nothing. Nobody moved the resolution, and when the meeting was over we filed out. No one has made any objection to us since."

"What a shocking display of militarism!" laughed Nono.

V.

"DADDY, there is no objection to me being present at your lecture to the Army to-night, is there?"

"No; I don't think so," he said, his eyes twinkling. "It's a business lecture, you know. Street fighting."

"Oh!"

"Oh!" he mimicked. "Come along. Maybe you'll pick up some useful information."

Nono went with him to the Hall and sat down beside a man with whom she was on chatting terms.

"There seems more than usual here to-night," she said. "Quite a few strange faces. And look, that man seems to have on a Volunteer uniform under his raincoat."

The lecture had not begun, so he felt free to answer her.

"It's been like that since that time the Commandant was away. My pals in the Volunteers tell me that their drill has been changed since that time. Those strangers are Volunteer officers who come here

to get their instruction from the Commandant at the same time as we do."

"I see," said Nono.

The lecture began. Intently she followed its course, from the taking up of positions to the breaking through the wall, the correct way to break through, the correct angle for the break through, the necessary precautions against fires, the necessity for water for the wounded, the way of retreat. She never raised her eyes from the blackboard on which daddy drew diagrams in further explanation of his instruction until he said: "Now I am open to receive questions."

Nono slumped back in her chair. As she listened to the questions she felt once more the warm glow of pride that not one alluded to the possibility of death, but all were only concerned in finding out the most efficient manner in carrying out the job.

"The Citizen Army men will remain," announced Michael Mallin when the questions had ceased. Nono wondered should she go, and as she caught daddy's eye signalled him the question. He smiled back permission to remain. Some order was given and the men began to clear back the seats. Nono moved hers to the side of the platform. More orders, and the men stood to attention in rows.

For a few moments daddy silently stood in front of them. The atmosphere suddenly became tense and solemn. Then he began to speak.

"We've been playing at soldiers a long time," he said. "Now the sands have almost run out,

and the time has come for us to be soldiers in real earnest. We will shortly be fighting for our freedom. If there is any man here who for any reason, mystic or otherwise, does not wish to go the whole road with us, now is the time for him to step out and hand in his gun. It will be more honourable for him to step out now, and he will be more worthy of respect if he does so than if he stayed in and allowed us to rely upon him, only to fail us at the moment when most needed. Step out now those of you who wish to do so, and there will be no hard feelings and no hard words."

Nono had risen from her seat, breathless at the meaning of his first few words. The men had reacted in the same manner. With shining eyes, lifted heads, squared shoulders, they stood steady in their ranks. Not a man moved. Daddy stood and watched them. In a tense silence he started walking along every line, looking into each man's face as he passed. Back to his place in front he came, his hands clasped tight behind his back.

"Boys," he said, in a voice thrilling in pride and affection, "I never doubted you. Boys, I'm proud of you."

VI.

"DADDY," said Nono, grasping his hand, "it's definite then?"

"Yes, Nono."

"Oh, daddy!" No more words would come. She could only hold tight to him and look at him.

"Will you be with me then, Nono?"

"Will it be all over Ireland?"

"All over Ireland."

"Oh, daddy, it's hard. I can't be with you."

"Why not, Nono?"

"I'll have to go with the men in the North. I've worked with them, and I've trained the girls. I'll have to stay with them during the fighting. Shouldn't I, daddy?" She looked at him pleadingly.

"Should you?"

"I must. Oh, daddy, I must. I'd rather be with you. I can't leave them in the lurch. All the time I'll be thinking of you and wondering what is happening to you. I can't be with you, daddy. I'm right. Amn't I, daddy? I must be with the men in the North, mustn't I?"

"You must do what you think is right, Nono. Personal feelings must go by the board."

"I wish you didn't agree with me," said Nono, desolately.

"That's my good girl."

CHAPTER XX.

I.

"DADDY, what's going to happen to-day?"

"Happen? What do you mean?"

"Haven't you noticed that every time I come here lately something important or interesting has occurred? Maybe some kind fairy tells me when to come."

"Well," said daddy, "your kind fairy would be more useful if she would be a little more explicit and tell you what to expect."

"Fairies don't like you to ask too much," began Nono, when the door was burst open and a printer rushed in.

"You're wanted downstairs, Mr. Connolly," he said.

Daddy went out with him and came back almost immediately. He took up a carbine, loaded it, and put cartridges in his pocket.

"What is it, daddy? What is it? Can I do anything?"

"Stay here; I'll maybe need you."

Nono sat there wondering what was going on, and felt a tingling excitement. Footsteps raced

along the corridor. Madame Markievicz burst into the room.

"Where's Mr. Connolly?" she demanded. "Where is he? They're raiding the 'Gaelic Press'—the place is surrounded with soldiers."

"Something is going on downstairs," answered Nono. "He went out a few minutes ago, and took his carbine with him. He told me to remain here—that he might need me."

She ran out. In a few minutes Nono heard her and daddy coming along the corridor; she was talking excitedly, he was laughing.

"There's your kind fairy for you, Nono," chaffed daddy. "It looks as if we were in for it and as if they were going to force our hands." He took a sheaf of forms and began signing them. "Fill these up as I sign them—immediately—full equipment—I want two hundred and fifty."

Nono took the Citizen Army mobilization forms and began to write in the different spaces: "Liberty Hall," "Immediately," "Full Equipment." Madame Markievicz began to help—suddenly she looked up and cried: "But, Mr. Connolly, I haven't my pistol on me."

"Never mind, Madame," said daddy, laughing, "we'll give you one."

"Give it to me now," she insisted. "Then my mind will be easy."

Daddy took a large Mauser pistol from a drawer and gave it to her. She examined it and laid it beside her on the desk, and started to write again.

A man came in, saluted, and said, "They've just left the barracks, sir."

"How does he know?" asked Nono.

"We ran out a line of pickets from here to the police barracks to report back any movement."

"Oh," said Nono, and her mind's eye saw that line of Citizen Army men, the signal being passed along, and the information reaching the Hall as soon as a move was made.

"Now, Madame," said daddy, as he signed the last of the forms, "come along so we'll be ready for them. Hurry up with these, Nono, and bring them down to me in the shop as soon as you've finished them."

Nono made record time in filling up the forms, and carried them round to the shop. The shop was a co-operative one run by the Union. She could have reached it through the Hall and printing shop, but did not know what arrangements had been made there and did not want to risk disturbing them. When she entered, daddy was standing behind the counter holding the carbine in his two hands, with his back to the door leading to the printing press; Madame was standing near him with her Mauser in her hand; Miss Molony was outside the counter taking the safety catch off her automatic. There were three Citizen Army men apparently lounging in the entrance. When she gave daddy the mobilization orders he called one of the men and said: "Get these around immediately." The man saluted and departed at the run. A picket came in

and reported: "They'll be here in a minute, sir. They've just crossed the bridge."

"Very good," said daddy, and the man saluted and left the shop.

"What has happened?" Nono asked Miss Molony.

"A policeman came in and said he had come to search for papers. I sent word to Mr. Connolly by one of the men in the printing shop, and then did what I could to prevent the search. Just then your father came in, he saw the policeman with a batch of papers in his hands, and drew his pistol, went up to him, and said: 'Drop them or I'll drop you.' He dropped them. Then your father asked him what he wanted. The peeler said he had to confiscate any copies of 'The Gael,' 'The Gaelic Athlete,' 'Honesty,' or 'The Spark,' that were on the premises. Your father then asked him for his warrant."

Nono smiled, knowing this was a bluff, as under the D.O.R.A. any house or place could be searched on suspicion.

"It worked," said Miss Molony, sharing her smile. "For the policeman said he had none. Then Mr. Connolly told him to get one before he could search here. So he went."

That, said Nono to herself, was when daddy came back and began to sign the mobilization orders.

An inspector, four plain clothes men, and two

policemen in uniform came in. The inspector stepped forward.

"I am Inspector Bannon," he said.

"What do you want?" asked daddy.

"We have come to search for and confiscate any of the suppressed papers we may find here."

"Where's your warrant?" asked daddy.

"Here," said the Inspector, showing him a paper.

"Read it."

The Inspector read it.

"Well," said daddy, "here is the shop up to this door," pointing to the door at his back. "Beyond this door is Liberty Hall, and through this you will not go. Go ahead and search."

"We have no desire to enter Liberty Hall," said the Inspector.

"I don't doubt you," retorted daddy, grimly.

The Inspector gave an order, and one of the police began to search the counters where the newspapers were kept. As he passed daddy standing in the doorway he stopped and looked at him. Was he going to rush him? Nono held her breath. She could almost see his thought—if he tried to capture Connolly and lived, promotion was sure. But the Inspector muttered an order and he went on with his search. Nono gasped in relief.

"There's nothing here," he said, and the police left.

"We knew there wasn't," said Miss Molony to Nono. "When the first policeman left we wanted

to see what was in 'The Gael' to cause its suppression, but found we hadn't a copy."

Madame Markievicz and daddy returned to the Hall through the printing shop, but Nono went out on the street and around the corner to the Hall. From all directions, rushing at breakneck speed, bandoliers over their shoulders, rifles in their hands, the Citizen Army came in answer to the mobilization. Their faces black with coal dust, some powdered with cement and grain, up from the ships, out from the dockyards, the machine shops, the factories, down from the buildings they were erecting, deserting carts and lorries and vans, they came racing, panting, eagerly responding to the call. What an inspiring sight, thought Nono, and what a shocking sight for the loyalists! It must have turned their hearts over and given them thoughts of revolution and lamp-posts.

"Am I in time?" gasped a young lad as he passed her.

"Looks like it," laughed Nono.

Still they poured in. In less than an hour one hundred and fifty men had answered.

A guard was set at the great front door, another at the top of the wide staircase. Nono passed through and went to the guard-room. She was caught up in the joyful excitement, as she went from group to group, listening to them telling of how they had received and answered the call. One told of how they were working a concrete column and had just got to the point where they must not

stop, when the mobilizer appeared. Away they had dashed, and only now remembered it and wondered what would happen. Others told of the curses and pleadings of the foremen or bosses as they grabbed their coats and ran; another, that he was driving a bread-van when he saw a pal rush towards him with his rifle, and yelled, "Hey, what's up?" "Immediate mobilization—full equipment," was all he heard as his pal ran past. He drew his van to the side, jumped to the street, ran home for his equipment, and on to the Hall.

There was a shout, and Nono turned to see a group arrive in wet clothing and with beaming faces. There was thumping of shoulders and shouts of laughter as they told their story. They'd been working in a yard overlooking the canal. The mobilizer appeared at the door and whistled. "Come on at once; we're needed," one shouted, and dropped his tools and got out. The others were about to follow him when the foreman, thinking it was a strike, shut the gates, in the hope of reasoning with the rest. But they had swarmed the walls, swum the canal, and here they were, wet and happy. And still they arrived!

Nono was restless and excited. She wandered about the Hall. She saw the officials going about the usual trade union work, apparently calm and undisturbed.

How can they do it? she wondered.

"Business as usual," said one of them when he passed, as if anwering her thought.

The day wore on. Crowds began to gather outside Liberty Hall, Volunteers came for information. Then the Women's Ambulance Corps arrived. A burst of singing from the guard-room drew Nono there. Rifles, bandoliers and haversacks were once more stacked against the wall. The men were sitting, standing, or tramping about as they sang:

"We've got guns and ammunition, we know how
to use them well;
And when we meet the Saxon we'll drive them
all to Hell;
We've got to free our country, and avenge all
those who fell;
And our cause goes marching on.

Glory, glory to old Ireland,
Glory, glory to our sireland,
Glory to the memory of those who fought
and fell,
And we still keep marching on."

This is what sniffing a battle means, thought Nono, as she sensed the joyous anticipation of these men. Daddy is right—they are great lads.

"You are wanted in No. 7, Miss," said a Citizen Army man, and Nono answered the summons.

"Nono," said daddy, looking up from his desk, "I've a carbine up in Surrey House and a bandolier. It's in my room. Now, I want you to go there and get them. Ask one of the Fianna boys—there are sure to be some there—to put on the bandolier and my heavy frieze overcoat over it, swing the gun over his shoulder, and come here with

it as if he were mobilizing. Don't delay. We're staying in the Hall to-night."

Nono met a Fianna boy as she was walking along Leinster Road to Madame's house and told him her errand. "I'll bring them down," he said, and went back with her.

"That you, Nono?" called Madame, as they came down the stairs from daddy's room.

"Yes, Madame."

"Are you going back to the Hall?"

"Yes, Madame. I only came for some things daddy wanted."

"Come and have some tea. We're having a stand-up snack in the kitchen. I'll be down with you."

Nono and Harry went into the kitchen. It was crowded with Fianna boys. Madame was standing by the table with her cup of tea in one hand and a piece of bread in the other.

"Help yourself," she invited. Nono helped herself to some bread while a boy poured tea.

"What do you think is going to happen?" asked Madame.

"Daddy seems to think that anything may happen at any time. He told me not to delay in getting these things down."

"We'll go immediately," said Madame, "I'm going to take my turn at standing guard. By the way," and she stepped back from the table, "what do you think of my rig-out?" She wore a dark-green woollen blouse with brass buttons, dark-green

tweed knee-breeches, black stockings, and huge heavy boots. Around her waist was a cartridge belt; from it on one side hung an automatic pistol, from the other a convertible Mauser rifle; a bandolier and haversack crossed on her shoulders. She stood tall and straight, a fine military figure.

"You look a real soldier, Madame," said Nono, admiringly, and Madame beamed as if she had received a tremendous compliment.

"What's your rig like, Nono?"

"Something similar. Only I have puttees, and my shoes have plenty of nails in the soles. I was thinking of wearing my Fianna hat, but maybe a tam would be better."

"This will be my hat," said Madame, putting on her best hat—a black velour with a heavy plume of coque feathers.

"You look like a field-marshal with that," laughed Nono.

"What arms have you got?" asked Madame.

"A revolver and a Howth rifle."

"Ammunition?"

"Some. Somehow I don't think I'll be using them—mine will be field ambulance work."

"Oh," said Madame, comprehending that Nono had decided not to be with her father. Nono did not want to think of that, so turned to Harry and said, "We'd better go now and get these down to the Hall."

Before they reached the hall-door there was a heavy rat-tat-tat on it. "Stay there," said Nono

to Harry, and went forward and opened it. Two detectives were standing outside.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Countess Markievicz."

"Wait," said Nono, closing the door. She ran back to the kitchen. "Madame, there are two detectives outside—they want you."

Several of the boys looked to their revolvers. "Are there only two?" asked Madame.

"That was all, as far as I could see," answered Nono.

Madame, as she went through the hall, reduced the light to a mere glimmer. Nono opened the door. The two detectives entered, but stood just inside.

"What do you want with me?" asked Madame.

"We've come to serve an order on you."

"What's it about?"

"It's an order under the Defence of the Realm Regulations prohibiting you from entering that part of Ireland called Kerry."

"Oh! Is that to prevent me from speaking to-morrow night in Tralee?"

"I don't know, Madame," said one of them.

"What will happen," asked Madame, her fingers caressing the butt of her Mauser pistol, "if I refuse to obey the order and go to Kerry? Would I be shot?"

"Ah now, Madame; who'd want to shoot you? You wouldn't want to shoot one of us. Now, would you, Madame?"

"But I would," cried Madame, gaily. "I'm quite prepared to shoot and be shot at."

"Ah now, Madame, you don't mean that. None of us want to die yet; we all want to live a little longer."

"If you want to live a little longer," said a voice from the dark hall, "you'd better not be coming here. None of us are fond of you, and you make grand, big targets."

"We'll be going now," said the detective who had been doing all the talking. "You'll not be thinking of going to Kerry, Madame, will you?"

"Good-bye," cried Madame, cordially, as she closed the door. "Remember I am quite prepared to shoot and be shot at."

Then she turned to Nono and said: "What am I going to do now? Where's my coat? I want to go to Kerry and defy them, but I'm under orders. I'll have to see what Mr. Connolly says. Come on. We'll all go down together."

"Madame," cried Nono on the way to the Hall, "I've a great idea. Write your speech out—you can make it as seditious and treasonable as you like. Send someone down to deliver it. That way it will be delivered and you can't be arrested for defying the order."

"I was wondering if I could do something like that, and who I could send. I'll have a talk with Mr. Connolly. He'll decide."

They met daddy on the top of the staircase in Liberty Hall.

"What do you think, Mr. Connolly, we've just had a visit from two detectives. They served an order on me prohibiting me from going to Kerry. What am I to do about it? Shall I go, or shall I obey the order?"

"Nono, did you bring the carbine and bandolier?" asked daddy.

"Yes, daddy. Here; Harry has them." Harry handed the carbine to daddy, and began to take off the coat and bandolier.

"No, Madame," said daddy, turning back to her. "You cannot go down to Kerry. If you make the attempt you'll probably be arrested at some small station on the way and get six months in jail. We can't afford that," shaking his head. "You are too valuable to be a prisoner just now. I have need of you. If the authorities follow up their action of to-day, we may be in the middle of things to-night or to-morrow. Who knows? No—you must stay here. You are more important than a meeting."

"Should I write my speech and send someone down to deliver it?"

"That's for you to decide, but I think it would be a good idea."

"But who'll I send?"

"Someone who can't be victimized, in case our hands are not forced; someone who has already lost her job because of her activities. Why not ask Maire Perolz?"

"The very girl!" cried Madame. "You can always pick out the right person."

"You'd better get hold of her then," said daddy. "Tell her what you want her to do, and write your speech. You are relieved of guard duty to-night."

"But——"

"Oh, never fear," laughed daddy, "I promise to get word to you in time if things begin to look lively." Madame left the Hall.

"There's no need for you to stay either, Nono. The message to Madame will cover you, too."

"Do I have to go now?" asked Nono, dismayed.

"I'm not ordering you out," smiled daddy.

"Daddy, I heard someone say as we were coming into the Hall that the Volunteers are standing by to-night."

"M'm. Is that so?" And his eyes twinkled at her.

"Oh, I'll go. I won't stay long. I just want to wander around and have another look at them all. Then I'll go."

"Good girl," said daddy, and patted her shoulder before he turned away.

II.

MADAME was sitting in front of the fire writing her speech when Nono returned to the house.

"I saw Perolz," said Madame, "and she agreed. She's going by an early train."

"I'd love to be there watching it all," laughed Nono, "particularly if the police try to stop her. That nimble tongue of hers would be a treat to listen to in such a situation."

"Perolz is never at a loss," agreed Madame.

When she had finished the speech she put it aside and took up her drawing board. Nono left her seat on the fender and sat beside Madame, watching her interestedly as she plotted and planned and compared; fascinated, as blocks of buildings, side streets and lanes grew on the large scale map of a section of the city.

"This is the last one," said Madame.

"Did you ever have to explain what you were doing?" asked Nono.

"Only once. An unexpected visitor who has nothing at all to do with the movement walked in one day and caught me at one. I had to think of an explanation on the spur of the moment."

"What did you say?"

"I said it was a housing scheme I was interested in."

"That wasn't too bad. Was it accepted?"

"Oh, yes."

"That's the advantage of being known as a woman of many interests," laughed Nono.

III.

NOTHING further had happened, and Nono was going home. She had come to Liberty Hall to

spend some time with daddy before her train was due to leave. They did not seem able to talk to each other. It was as if both were trying not to think of something which could not be driven away. Nono's throat was tight, and it required great effort to keep her chin from trembling. At last it could be denied no longer.

"Daddy," she cried, desperately, "I'm going to Belfast. I'll maybe not see you again."

"Maybe not, Nono."

Daddy did not lift his head from where it was resting on his hand.

"Daddy." She caught her lip between her teeth.

"Nono, I'll make arrangements for mama and the children to come here, and send word when they are to come."

"Yes, daddy . . . Daddy, I think Agna will be coming with me."

"Do you think so?"

"She'll have her choice, but I think she'll stay in the North. She'll be very useful."

"Good girls!"

"Oh, daddy." Tears began to flow, and Nono crossed to the window and stared blindly out.

Daddy rose from his chair. "Come here, Nono," he said. Nono waited a minute to blink the tears away, then turned to him. He took a card from his wallet and put it on the desk in front of her. It was a snap of herself in Volunteer uniform. "Look at that, Nono." He put one

arm round her shoulder and pointed to the inscription: "Your big soldier son," that she had written on it in jest when she sent it to him.

Nono looked at it, then at daddy; nodded her understanding; tried with trembling lips to smile at him, then hid her head on his shoulder. He held her close as they stood silently.

"Better, daddy." She moved away, thrust up her chin, and smiled at him.

"Good—soldier." He returned her smile.

Nono lifted her suit-case and turned to the door. There she dropped it, ran to him, kissed him, and whispered: "Good luck, daddy. Good luck. Good luck."

CHAPTER XXI.

I.

IT was after four o'clock when Nono arrived home. She was usually home shortly after one o'clock on Saturday afternoon, but to-day she had been collecting cigarettes and tobacco to send to Dublin. They were for the young men who had been working in England and Scotland, and under the Military Service Act were liable for service in the British Army, but who had preferred service in Ireland's Army, and were ekeing out their slender resources by camping in the Dublin mountains while waiting the Call.

"I've been waiting since a little after twelve for you," Barney Mellowes greeted her when she came in.

"If I'd only known——" she began, laughing, but Barney interrupted her.

"There's a job on, Nora; that's why I'm here. I've a letter for you from your father. Here."

Nono opened it and read:

"DEAR NORA,

The bearer will tell you what we want you to do. I have every confidence in your ability.

"Your father,

JAMES CONNOLLY."

"What is the job?" she asked.

"Liam is to be deported to England to-night, and we are to bring him back. He got the word slipped out from Mountjoy and promised to try to send a message telling his destination and the time of his removal."

"I thought his sentence was up to-day."

"Yes; it is. That's why it is thought he will be deported to-night. Word hadn't come out when I left, but they sent me on here to have you ready and waiting. As soon as they get word they will send a messenger to us."

"How are we to do it? I suppose you've got all the plans and instructions?"

"Yes," said Barney, taking several sheets of paper from his pocket, "but your father said these were not plans or instructions—they were only sending these to help you. The only instruction we have is to bring Liam back. He is in charge of the West—and Liam Mellowes must not stay in England. That's what your father said. The idea is that we go to visit Liam wherever he is, and I'm to change clothes with him and remain in his place. Liam is to walk out with you as the visitor. Then it's up to you. You are to go hell-for-leather back to Ireland."

"It's a bit of a job," said Nono. "What's in those papers?"

"Look. This one is in your father's writing. He said we are not to go direct to where Liam is—we're to go backwards and forwards, and he wrote

out the names of the towns at which he thought it would be best to break our journey. They know Liam is to be sent to the south of England—that's all they knew when they were making out this list. This," he took up another sheet, "is Eamon Ceannt's, of alternate breaks."

"I see," said Nono, comparing the two.

"Your father said I was to impress on you that you were not bound to follow either of them—they were only sent to help."

"And what are all those names for?" asked Nono, pointing to the other sheet.

"Sean McDermott wrote that out. Those are the addresses of safe houses scattered over England and Scotland. You can get help and shelter in any of them in case you need it." Barney laughed. "Your father said he thought you would be safer if you didn't bother any of the safe houses, but concentrated on the quickest way of getting out of England."

"Barney! Won't it be great if we pull it off!"

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Miss Molony brought disappointing news. No word had been received as to whether Liam Mellowes was to be deported that night, nor where he was to be taken.

"But you and Barney have to start on your journey to-night," she said to Nono. "You are to go to Birmingham and keep in touch with the safe

address there. Someone will be sent there with the definite information."

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Barney and Nono stared off that night. They crossed to Glasgow. A Zeppelin raid compelled them to stay in Edinburgh overnight. Tuesday they arrived in Birmingham. No message or messenger awaited her. No word Wednesday or Thursday. Friday and Saturday, no word. Nono was anxious and worried. A whole week gone. Sunday the word arrived! Liam would arrive at Leek that morning.

Worry and anxiety was gone. A car was hired and a few hours saw them in Leek. In less than ten minutes after she had entered the house Nono was outside and Liam Mellowes was with her. Next day they were in Glasgow. There Liam was disguised as a priest. At seven o'clock the next morning Nono sighed in relief as she closed the door of her home on Liam. She sought the aid of Denis McCullough to get Liam to Dublin. Two friends of his were motoring to Dublin that night and Liam could travel with them.

When Nono bade Liam "God-speed" and walked back to the house, she was happy in the consciousness that her job was successful.

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Mama looked up from her letter. "Daddy sends you a message, Nono," she said. "'Tell Nono I am proud of her,' he writes."

II.

GOOD FRIDAY. Had there ever been such a Good Friday before? Every bit of clothing in the house was packed in trunks, everything except the kits belonging to Agna and Nono which were stacked on the tables. The youngsters bustling in and out constantly asking the time; scrappy meals eaten at odd corners in the kitchen; the range roaring from the letters and papers which must be destroyed before the house was left. Nono looked up from her task of diligently feeding the flames and saw mama in the door, looking around sadly and wistfully. Their glances caught and held for a long moment, then mama's lips tightened and she shook her head.

"Stop thinking, mama," warned Nono. "You mustn't look sad when you are only going on your holidays."

"Holidays!" said mama. Her voice broke and she came into the kitchen and sat on one of the trunks. Nono sat beside her and put an arm around her shoulders.

"I know, darling; I know," whispered Nono, "but anyone watching the house must see you setting off gay and happy. The cab will be here soon, and we must all be a giddy crowd going to the station. Then in a few hours daddy will meet you."

"And afterwards, Nono?"

"Afterwards? Who knows?" She manfully strangled a sigh, and smiled at mama.

"I wish you and Agna were coming to Dublin. I'd like us all to be in one place. You'll be so far away from me."

"Don't worry about us. Agna and I will be all right. I hope the children will not be a lot of worry to you." She shook mama and triumphantly managed to grin.

"Five years, Nono."

"Five years? What do you mean, mama?"

"Always something happens to break up the home after five years."

"Have sense, woman dear. Don't be thinking such dismal things," cried Nono, but something clutched her heart.

"Here's the car," cried Roddy, bursting in.

"Hats and coats. Quick. Where's yours, mama? That's right. Got your bag? Out of the way, youngsters." Nono bustled about. "Yes, that's the last trunk. Hurry. Into the car with you all." Mama must not have a minute to think. "Will I fit in, or will I have to take a tram? Good. Great Northern Station."

They were off.

III.

"THERE!" said Agna late that night. "Does that satisfy you?"

"Yes." Nono followed her example and slumped into a chair. "Everything is squared up.

Nobody would guess anything if they came in. Are you tired, Agna?"

"Tired!" Agna indulged in a monstrous yawn. "Aren't you?"

"I think the nicest thing in the world would be a long night's sleep. Between field dressings, packing, and burning, and dear knows what else, how much sleep did we get this week?"

"It wouldn't have been so bad if we didn't have to go to work every day, and work like the devil, pretending we wanted a good week's pay for the holidays. To work hard all day, carry on, and laugh with the other girls as if nothing was going to happen, and then come home and work harder—Ow-w." A yawn prevented further speech.

"Come on," said Nono, stretching her arms. "It's half three now and we must be up at seven. You lock the back door and I'll see to the front. We might as well sleep together—no sense tossing two beds."

IV.

THE Ambulance Corps met at the station. Personal kit was in haversacks, but the dressing and other supplies were in suit-cases. The station was thronged with holiday-makers and soldiers on furlough. There were three queues, and Nono directed the girls to take places in each of them. They met again inside the barrier.

"Look," said Nono, pointing to the long line of carriages. "Did you ever see such an assort-

ment? I wonder where the railway company keeps them. You see them at holiday time, then they are spirited away, never to be seen again till another holiday comes along."

"Let's go further up the platform and get into one of those old ones," suggested one of the girls.

They hurried up the platform and got into one of the oldest carriages—it was so old that only the backs of the seats divided the two carriages. They began to stow away their bundles, haversacks and suit-cases, and were startled when a wild whoop resounded through the carriage. Kathleen Murphy angrily hauled in the offender. "What do you mean?" she demanded. "You know we don't want to attract attention to ourselves."

"I saw the Young Ireland Pipers coming along the platform, and thought it would be grand——" But the pipers were already piling into the next carriage, and further explanations were lost in greetings.

"You certainly are the most warlike pipers," laughed Nono. "Ground sheets on your back, haversacks and bandoliers crossing each other, bayonets at your hips, your pipes under your arms." Her smile faded away as she saw the green, white and orange ribbons streaming from the pipes.

One young lad with shining eyes leaned over the seat, and shaking her by the shoulder, whispered: "My God! Isn't it great? We worked and worked without hope, and now——"

Nono smiled back at him; pipes were tuning up,

and as the train began to move out of the station, burst forth into:

"Soldiers are we, whose lives are pledged to Ireland."

V.

THE organiser for Tyrone met them at the station. "We've got rooms for you at the hotel," he told Nono, "and after you have had some supper we'll take you over to the Drill Hall."

"I'm sure we won't be able to eat much," said Nono; "we're all too excited. Will you wait for us or will you come back?"

"I've arranged for some of the boys to carry your bags and take you to the hotel. I've got to see about the Belfast lads who came on the same train. I'll see you at the Hall."

To stow their bags and eat took no time. They hurried out to the waiting boys. As they neared the Hall a man came running out.

"Where's those First Aiders?" he cried.

"Here we are," laughed Nono. "Surely you haven't a job for us already?"

"We have," he answered, as he hurried her along. "Tim Maguire has shot himself."

"How?"

"Cleaning his revolver . . . the fool!"

Nono hurried up to a young man who was holding his hand out, looking surprisedly at the blood. She examined it—it was only a flesh wound. As

she dressed it Nono was conscious of a silent hall, and felt she was the cynosure of all the eyes there.

"There!" she said as she finished. A big sigh went up.

"That's all right," said a huge, dark man. "You're coming with us."

"How do you know?" laughed Nono.

"Be God, you are," he said, with emphasis. "You know your business, and we'll be safe with you to look after us. Isn't that right, boys?"

There was a chorus of agreement.

"Listen," said Nono, keeping her face straight. "I sent a rifle and revolver in the lorries along with the rest of the 'stuff.' How do you know I don't want to make wounds before I dress them?"

"Come with us," roared the huge man, smiting her on the shoulder, "and you can do both."

Nono joined in the laughter.

"When do you mobilize?" she asked.

"To-morrow morning. The Belfast Division is coming in with us, so we're waiting for them to arrive."

"Some of the Belfast men came on the train with us. The Young Ireland Pipers came, too."

"That's doing it in fine style," roared the huge man, and Nono edged away in fear of another resounding whack.

"We start our manœuvres at twelve," said a young man. He winked.

"Is Miss Connolly here?" called a man from the door.

"Here I am," answered Nono. "Do you want me?"

"Please come outside, Miss Connolly. I've a message for you."

Nono followed him out.

"The Commandant sent me to tell you that——"

"What Commandant?" interrupted Nono.

"The Commandant in charge of the North. I am to tell you that he has received a demobilization order."

"What?" cried Nono. "Is there to be no fighting?"

"None up here," the Commandant said.

"None up here? Does that mean there will be fighting elsewhere?"

"The Commandant thinks there'll be fighting in Dublin."

"I can't understand," said Nono, bewildered. "Fighting in Dublin and none here." She turned to the local organiser who was standing by, his face strained and anxious. "Do you vouch for this man? Is he from the Commandant in charge of this area?"

He nodded silently.

"Something has gone wrong," whispered Nono. "My God! Something's wrong! What will I do?"

"The Commandant suggested that you go back to Belfast," said the messenger.

"Go back to Belfast when they are going to fight in Dublin! What does he think I am?" she cried angrily.

"He said he left the matter in your hands. You could go back to Belfast or on to Dublin."

"Something's wrong," said Nono, fiercely. "I'm going to Dublin." She turned back to the hall. "Agna, Kathleen, Eillish—girls, come here. I want you. Come back to the hotel."

"Is anything wrong, Miss Connolly?" asked one of the Volunteers, noticing her strained face.

"Something is very wrong," replied Nono. "I'm going to Dublin."

"For God's sake, Miss Connolly," pleaded the organiser as he accompanied her back to the hotel, "don't go to Dublin."

"Don't go to Dublin!" returned Nono, swiftly. "Do you want me to go back to Belfast?"

"No-no. Something is wrong, all right. Stay here. It will be put right. The men here are depending on you. We've no other Ambulance Corps."

"I can't," said Nono. "I can't. Don't you see I can't? Your Commandant has ordered me away from here. As I won't go back to Belfast I must go to Dublin."

"I see, all right. But I wish to God you'd stay."

"When is the next train to Dublin?"

"Midnight."

"Will you wait outside till I tell the girls and give them their choice? If they decide to go back to Belfast I'd like you to arrange it for them."

"I'll wait."

"What is it, Nono?" asked Agna when they were in their room.

"Come closer, girls. I've had word from the Commandant that there is going to be no fighting here in the North. He says he thinks there will be fighting in Dublin. We can go back to Belfast or on to Dublin. Which will you do?"

Agna looked at Nono and waited for the girls to decide.

"He thinks there will be fighting in Dublin?" asked Kathleen.

"That was his message."

"I'm going to Dublin."

"So am I." "I'm going, too." All decided on Dublin.

Nono smiled. "If daddy were here he'd say, 'good girls.'"

They gathered up their bags and left the hotel.

"We are all going to Dublin," Nono told the organiser. He nodded his acceptance of the decision, and went with them to the train.

While waiting for the Dublin train the second contingent arrived from Belfast. They marched out so gaily and cheerfully that Nono knew they had not received her news. As they marched past she walked beside some she knew very well, and told them of the message she had received, and that she was going to Dublin. She could do no more, as the Dublin train was ready to pull out.

VI.

IT was a little after five when Nono and the girls reached Dublin.

"Hurry," she cried as they came out of the station. "Liberty Hall is only a minute or so away."

"But why Liberty Hall, Nono?" asked Eillish.

"Daddy is there day and night. Ever since the attempted raid the Hall has been garrisoned."

As they came near the Hall, Nono saw an armed guard keeping watch through a window. She ran up the steps and knocked at the door. It was opened to her, but the sentry barred her entrance with a rifle.

"I'm Nora Connolly, the Commandant's daughter." She saw the sentry did not know her. "These girls are ambulance workers from the North. I must see my father immediately."

"You must wait till I get you recognised," he said, and closed the door. When it was opened again the officer of the guard was there. "It's all right," he said to the sentry, and Nono and the girls passed in.

"Is it very important that you see the Commandant?" asked the officer. "He didn't get to bed till after three."

"It's very important," Nono answered. "So important that we've been travelling all night to get here. The others can wait somewhere—I must see him."

They walked up the stair. He passed her through the guard at the beginning of the corridor and made a signal to the one standing at the end.

"The guard down there is outside the Commandant's door."

"Thank you." Nono went along to the door and knocked.

"Who is there?" called daddy.

"Me," cried Nono.

"What are you doing here? I thought you were in the North."

"Can I come in, daddy? Let me come in. I'm afraid something is wrong."

Daddy opened the door and went back to his Army cot. Nono knelt down beside it.

"What's wrong, daddy?" she whispered. "What's gone wrong? I went to Tyrone with the first lot, and about ten o'clock I got a message to say there was to be no fighting. Daddy, what's wrong?"

Daddy turned his head away, but not before Nono saw two big tears run down his cheeks.

"Daddy!" she exclaimed, frightened. She hid his face on her shoulder. "What does it mean? Are we not going to fight?"

"Not fight, Nono!" said daddy in a strangled voice. "If we don't fight now, all we have left to hope and pray for is that an earthquake will come and swallow Ireland up—and our shame."

"Then why was I told there would be no fighting in the North?"

"Who told you?"

"A messenger came from the Commandant to say that he had received a demobilization order and I could choose between returning to Belfast and going to Dublin. I couldn't understand it. I had just dressed a wound and the local crowd were demanding that I should stay with them. They said they'd feel safer. I was joking with them when the messenger called me out. I was awfully upset, especially when he said that there would be no fighting there, but the Commandant thought that the fight would go on in Dublin. I asked the local organiser to vouch for the messenger, and he did. Then I decided to come on to Dublin. The girls and I hurried down to the station. Before we got on our train the second contingent arrived from Belfast and were marching out of the station."

"The second contingent, Nono?"

"Yes, daddy. Fifty or more had come on the same train with us, and there seemed a bigger crowd on the midnight train."

"But, Nono, we had a message that fifty men could not be got to leave Belfast."

"What!" cried Nono. "Who could have made such a mistake? There was well over a hundred."

"Are you sure you are not mistaken, Nono?"

"Daddy, if it is important, don't take my word for it. I have some girls down below. Call them in and ask them."

"It is important. Ask the guard to have the girls sent up."

Nono gave the guard the message.

"Daddy, what is the trouble?"

"McNeill. The arms we expected won't arrive. And McNeill won't take the responsibility of allowing the plans to go through without them."

"Daddy, was the demobilization order from him?"

"I think so, Nono. All the arguments and talks won't move him. He remains steadfastly obstinate."

"Daddy, do you remember you wrote to me when I was in New York and said he was a danger; that the need for a neutral figurehead was gone; and that he must be replaced by a revolutionary? You've always said he shouldn't be at the head of the Volunteers."

"Yes, Nono," said daddy with a sigh. "But I couldn't——"

The girls came in.

"Daddy wants you to tell him——" began Nono.

"Tell me," said daddy to the girl nearest him, "exactly what happened since you left Belfast, and what you have seen."

Eillish Corr's story was the same as Nono's.

"Is that right?" daddy asked the next girl.

"Yes, Mr. Connolly."

"Has anything been left out? Have you anything to add? Would you all tell the same story?"

Every girl was questioned. Daddy was silent for a while, and then turned to Nono.

"Call in the guard."

Nono did so.

"Send the officer of the guard to me immediately," said daddy. The guard saluted and went out.

"I am going to send each of you to see someone," said daddy to the girls. "You will tell him exactly what you have told me, and answer any question he may ask. And then you will say to him that I ask him to come here immediately. Do you understand?"

The officer of the guard entered.

"I want six men to escort these girls to different addresses and to bring them back."

"Yes, sir." He went closer to the cot and there was a short whispered conversation. Then he saluted and left the room.

"The men are ready, sir," he announced when he came back.

"Go with them, girls," said daddy.

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Nono did not have far to go. She was escorted to a house near Parnell Square. The Citizen Army man knocked, and when it was answered, announced: "Messenger from Commandant Connolly."

After some discussion Nono was conducted to a room where Sean McDermott was lying in bed. Like daddy, he was very pale and tired-looking.

" Sean," said Nono, " daddy sent me to tell you. I've just arrived from Tyrone——" Without saying a word Sean listened until she had finished, then he asked: " Do the others know this, Nono? "

" Yes, Sean. Daddy sent a girl to each of them to tell their story and ask them to come to Liberty Hall as soon as possible."

" I am very glad," he said. " Tell your father I'll be at Liberty Hall as soon as I can."

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When Nono returned to Liberty Hall she found daddy up and in uniform. As he crossed the room he sang:

> " We've got another saviour now,
> That saviour is the sword."

" Oh, daddy! " she cried. " Stand still and let me look at you. This is the first time I've seen you in uniform."

" What is your report? " he asked, but he stood still and smiled at her.

" I saw Sean McDermott, and he said he was glad I came, and would be here as soon as he could. But, daddy, daddy," she burst forth, " didn't I tell you you would look well in uniform." She patted his broad shoulders and stood back to feast her eyes on his soldierly figure, his erect, black head, his grey eyes twinkling at her, and an amused smile showing beneath his moustache.

" Where is your sword? " she demanded. " Oh, I see. Let me put it on."

"You should be doing that for some young chap," said daddy, "not for an oldster like me."

"How about breakfast?" asked Nono, briskly.

"See about it, Nono, will you?" asked daddy.

One by one the girls came and reported; always the same report—"He said he would come at once."

Nono made breakfast. Daddy and the girls and a young officer from Limerick were eating theirs when Tom Clarke came in. Before his was ready Sean McDermott entered. They were at the table when Joseph Plunkett arrived, his throat swathed in bandages. Thomas McDonagh breezed in with a smile and a jest. Michael Mallin and daddy were standing at the window talking when Padraic Pearse arrived. All were in uniform save Tom Clarke and Sean McDermott.

"Look, Mr. Connolly," said Eillish, holding out the 'Sunday Independent.' "See what it says on the front page. 'No manœuvres to-day.'"

"What is that?" exclaimed daddy. "Let me see." There, in a prominent position, was:

"OWING TO THE CRITICAL SITUATION
ALL VOLUNTEER PARADES AND
MANŒUVRES ARE CANCELLED.
"By order,
EOIN MACNEILL."

"What does this mean?" asked daddy. He turned to Pearse. "Did you know anything about it?"

"I know nothing whatsoever about it," answered Pearse, taking the paper and looking at the order.

There was some low-toned conversation and then they turned to leave the room.

"Nono," said daddy, "tell Agna to take the girls to Madame's house. They can get some sleep there. I would like you to remain in or near the Hall in case I need you. Can you do it?"

"Oh, I can manage," said Nono. "If the worst comes to the worst I can nod in some corner."

"Good girl," said daddy, and he followed the others to the Council Room.

Nono saw the girls off, and thought she would return to daddy's room to rest, but when she reached the corridor her way was barred.

"Orders, Miss," said the sentry. "No one allowed to pass."

"Orders is orders." Nono smiled and turned away.

But the air of excitement and bustle soon drove all thought of sleep or rest from her mind. Women and girls of the Citizen Army Ambulance Corps were coming in; Citizen Army men were arriving with all their equipment. In one room men and girls were filling the last of the bombs.

"The crowd of the world is outside," Nono heard one man say. She went out and stood on the steps. The square outside was filled with people, their eyes fixed on the Hall.

Three women came up the steps—one was in great distress,

"I must see Mr. Connolly," she demanded. The sentry barred her way with a rifle.

"No one can see the Commandant," he said.

"I must see him," she insisted. "I must see him. I must know what has been done to Bulmer Hobson."

"No one can see him now," said the sentry, his rifle across the entrance.

One of the three women recognised Nono, who was watching interestedly. "Do you know, Nono, what has happened to Bulmer Hobson?" she asked.

"No," answered Nono. "I don't. What is the trouble?"

"Bulmer has been arrested by the Volunteers. We want to know where he is."

"I don't know anything about it. I only arrived this morning."

The anxious girl turned back to the sentry, and was demanding admittance.

"It's no use, Miss," he assured her quietly. "No matter what you want to see him about, you can't see the Commandant. No one can see him."

"Come away," urged her companion. "It's no use."

They went away, and Nono wondered what it was all about. Two Fianna officers came up to her.

"What's up, Nono?" asked Eamon Martin.

"I don't know," she replied. "I think McNeill's order has upset things."

"Is it all off?" asked Garry Houlihan.

"I don't think so," said Nono. "There's a

Council meeting on. Daddy asked me to stay here till it was over."

"We'll wait with you," said Eamon. The three stood on the steps, but there was no further conversation.

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A number of Citizen Army men came out from the side street, pulling a wagon. It was piled high and covered with a tarpaulin. Others came out the front door and stood in formation. Women and girls went over to them, shaking their hands, kissing them, and giving them parcels and boxes of cigarettes.

"What does that mean?" asked Eamon.

"Don't know." Nono shook her head.

"It looks like business," commented Garry.

"The Commandant wants you, Miss," said a Citizen Army man.

"Daddy," asked Nono when she saw him, "is everything all right?"

"All right," he answered quietly. Then he smiled. "You are relieved from duty. Get off and get some sleep. Report here with the girls at eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Must I go away again?"

"Yes, Nono." Nono sighed.

"What are the Citizen Army men outside going to do?" she asked.

"They are only going on a march to draw attention away from the Hall."

"I see. Bye-bye, daddy. Eight o'clock in the morning?"

"Eight o'clock."

Nono rejoined Eamon and Garry.

"Everything is all right," she said.

"You're sure?"

"Daddy said so."

"Good."

VII.

"YOU are to take a message back to the North," said daddy when Nono reported next morning. "Pearse will sign it, so you must wait till he comes."

Thomas MacDonagh came in while he was speaking.

"So you are off to the North. You're a brave lot, aren't you?" MacDonagh laughed as he pretended to jeer and taunt them. "Look at you! A fine, strapping bunch of girls. Here we are on the brink of revolution, and all you are thinking of is how to get out of the city before we begin."

"Nono," daddy called from the door. "Come here. I want you."

"Yes, daddy." She followed him into another room.

"Nono." Unlike Thomas MacDonagh, he was very grave and serious. "We begin at twelve o'clock to-day. You will be safe enough till then. But afterwards—I do not know. . . . Troops may

be let loose over the country. . . . You may need to protect yourself. Take this," he gave her a small nickel-plated revolver, "and this," a box of cartridges. "Take care of Agna and the girls." Nono took them. She looked dumbly at daddy.

"Put them away, Nono." She did so. "Here's some money in case you should need it." Nono's throat was tight. "When you get to the North we will be fighting. See that there is no delay in delivering your message. It will be no secret then. Tell every Volunteer you meet. Tell them that a dispatch has already gone to the leaders, and tell them to be ready for orders. Nono"—the calm, level tone was gone—"God protect you and take care of you." Nono clung to him, wordless. "Be proud, Nono," he whispered. "You helped save the day." He held her from him, his two hands on her shoulders.

"Good-bye, daddy." She smiled, head erect.

"Good girl." He stepped back and saluted her.

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Pearse joined them as they were entering daddy's room. "The message," said daddy. Pearse and he went down the corridor. In a few minutes daddy came back, carrying a large poster. He spread it out.

"Come here, girls," he said. "I want you to read this carefully. It is the Proclamation of the Republic. Read it, and remember as much as you can. Then you can tell the men in the North that

you have seen it, and read it. It would be too dangerous to allow you to carry a copy of it with you."

Nono and the girls gathered round and read:

POBLACHT NA HEIREANN.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT
OF THE
REPUBLIC OF IRELAND.

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

"Irishmen and Irishwomen: In the name of God and the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to the flag and strikes for her freedom . . ."

It was signed by Thomas Clarke, Sean MacDiarmada, Thomas MacDonagh, P. H. Pearse, Eamon Ceannt, James Connolly, Joseph Plunkett.

While daddy was rolling up the Proclamation Pearse entered and gave Nono the message. "May God bless you and all the brave men of the North," he said, solemnly and earnestly.

Nono and the girls left for the journey to the North.

VIII.

DISAPPOINTMENT awaited Nono in Tyrone. McNeill's demobilization order had been obeyed. The Belfast contingent had returned to that city; the country divisions had not mobilized.

"Agna," said Nono, "you take Pearse's dispatch to Dr. MacCartan. Eillish, you go to Belfast and see Denis McCullough. Tell him that the men rose in Dublin at twelve o'clock. Tell him that Dr. MacCartan has received a dispatch from Pearse, and ask him to mobilize the men and bring them back. I'll get in touch with the local organiser here and get him to send word to the other officers. We'll carry the messages."

Torn with anxiety, Nono waited in the town for answers from her messengers. Daddy and Pearse, the Volunteers and the Citizen Army were fighting in Dublin. Perhaps they were killed. Nothing was being done up here; but the local organiser had mobilized his men and was waiting for orders.

Eight o'clock—a messenger came from Belfast. The Belfast men were not coming, he said, and advised Nono and the girls to return there. Nono refused, hoping the country would rise. The next day was spent in waiting. A man came running to them the next day. "Pack up, in the name of God," he cried. "The word has come." At last! Then the order was rescinded. A false alarm.

Nono could stand the despair and inaction no longer. "You'd better return to Belfast," she told the girls who had remained with her. "I'll go on to Dr. MacCartan's and find out what has happened, and why no order has been sent out."

* * * * * *

Nono found Dr. MacCartan at his mother's farmhouse.

"You shouldn't have come here," cried his sister when Nono began to speak.

"Why not?" demanded Nono in surprise.

"Didn't you meet the soldiers leaving here?"

"I met lots of soldiers. Were they coming from here?" Nono asked Dr. MacCartan.

"They came to raid this afternoon. They only left a little while ago."

"Did they find anything?"

"They found three thousand rounds of ammunition."

"Where?"

"In the turf stack."

"In the turf stack. My God! Why didn't you leave it on the table for them?" said Nono bitterly.

"I know how you feel," began Dr. MacCartan.

"Leave all that," interrupted Nono. "What are you going to do? The men have been fighting in Dublin since Monday. You had Pearse's dispatch on Monday afternoon. Now it is Thursday and you have done nothing. Think of the men and women in Dublin—who are perhaps dying this minute. Think of them. Think of them fighting since Monday, and you have done nothing. Nothing at all. It's a shame. A shame. The North is disgraced."

"What could I have done?" he asked. "The men were all dispersed when I received the last dispatch. It's a different thing to mobilize men in

the country than in the city. There are a few here; a couple of miles off there are more; they are all scattered over the country. What could we do?"

"What could you do? Why were you in such a terrible hurry to obey McNeill's order? Why were the men rushed home on Sunday night? I was told that you were in such a hurry to get the Belfast men away that you rushed them at the double to Cookstown on Sunday night. Why was there such a hurry to demobilize the men when the Easter holidays lasted till Tuesday? Why couldn't you wait?" Nono broke off, choking with rage and tears.

"Say what you like, Miss Connolly. What can I say?" And he spread out his hands helplessly.

"It's a disgrace. Why weren't the men given the same chance as I was? Why didn't you let them chose between going to Dublin and sitting here with folded hands? Why, the North can never hold up its head again! The men in Dublin preparing to lay down their lives, while the men of the North were being chased home by their officers! Oh, my God! It's awful!"

"Miss Connolly," said the doctor, "don't you believe that I feel it as much as you do? Think what it means to me that the men of Dublin are being killed while we are doing nothing."

"And why are you doing nothing? You can do nothing now. Why didn't you issue another order when the dispatch came from Pearse?"

"We were waiting——"

"Waiting! And now you've waited too long. You've given the enemy time to cut you off and prevent you from doing anything. All you and the Northmen can do now is to sit tight and pray that the Dublin men will free your country for you. A manly part for the North to play!"

Nono broke down, and anger dissolved in tears.

"Where's Agna?" she asked, when she had won control.

"In Clogher."

"Can I get there to-night? I am going to Dublin and must bring her with me."

"You couldn't get there to-night. It's over the mountains. Stay here to-night and set out in the morning. Don't be too hard on the North. We acted as we thought best, and perhaps we are sorry for it now. It's McNeill's order that must be blamed."

* * * * * *

It was early next morning when Nono started out. She had had no rest. Anxiety had kept her from sleeping, and the farmhouse had again been raided during the night. She was neither light of heart nor of foot when she started on her walk over the mountains to Clogher. Miles never seemed so long, and she had all but despaired of reaching it when Agna came cycling along. With her was Teasie Walsh, and they took the suit-case from her and encouraged Nono along the few miles to Ballygawley station.

Mrs. Walsh was all sympathy and kindness. She directed Teasie to bring Nono to a bedroom where she could bathe in cool water and rest. Nono lay down and rested, but could not sleep. Agna peeped in. "Come in," called Nono.

"Nono, what are we going to do?" was Agna's first question.

"I am going to Dublin and you are going with me."

"I had made up my mind to try to get there to-morrow, but I am glad you came. Now we can go together."

"Couldn't we start to-night?"

"There's no train. Did you hear that there was fighting in Ardee?"

"No; I didn't hear that. If it is true, we should go there. The men are trying to get to Dublin, I suppose. If we can catch up with them we will be safer and more sure of getting to Dublin. Agna, see if we could get there to-night."

"There is no train to-night. The next train leaves at five to six in the morning. It would take us to Dundalk."

"Well," sighed Nono, "we'll have to wait for that."

IX.

WHEN Nono and Agna arrived at Dundalk the station was full of military and police. They were dismayed, but not surprised to learn that the

line was in the hands of the military. No civilians could travel.

"We'll have to walk, Agna. Scout round and find which is the road leading to Dublin."

Agna returned. "I've found it. We'll have to pass a barricade; and Nono, the signpost says fifty miles to Dublin."

"We can't help that," said Nono wearily. "Let's start."

They walked all that day, but just before dark they had to pass through a barricade with soldiers camped beside it.

"Agna!" Nono was worried. "If there are many of these barricades we are bound to meet one in the middle of the night. We couldn't give any reasonable excuse for walking all night. We don't even know the names of the towns or villages, so we can't say where we are going. There might even be patrols on the road. What will we do?"

Agna stopped in her stride, looked at Nono, then waved her hand to the hedges, and said airily:

"Pick out a nice field and spend the night there."

"Yes," agreed Nono ruefully. "That's about all we can do. We'll walk on as far as we can before it gets really dark."

A heavy stillness covered the countryside as Nono and Agna hunted for the most sheltered spot in a field. They settled down in the lee of a clump of furze bushes. They did not sleep, but shivered the whole night through. Dawn found them

sitting up, waiting for it to grow light enough to start. Then they marched stolidly and silently till they came to Drogheda.

"Wouldn't it be lovely," said Agna wistfully, as she saw the station, "if we could get a train from here?"

"Let's not take it for granted that we can't. Go and inquire."

"No. Only military were travelling. Come on."

Dublin, eighteen miles. "Agna," cried Nono in desperation, "I must get my boots and stockings off, if only for a minute. My feet are burning." Through the hedge she saw a ploughed field. "Come on," she insisted, and scrambled through the hedge. Feverishly she tore off her boots and stockings and thrust her feet into the brown, moist earth.

"Boom—boom!" She started erect at the sound of the dull booming in the distance. Agna was looking at her with widened eyes.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"It's in Dublin, Agna."

"There might be fighting in the Irish Sea."

"No-no. It's in Dublin." They sat listening, dread clutching them.

"Dublin, Nono? And we are——?"

"Nearly eighteen miles from Dublin. We must hurry, hurry, hurry. We can't wait. Hurry."

They swung through villages, discretion forgotten, passed barricades. Nono's mind was frantic. One thought filled it—to get to Dublin.

After a few hours Nono began to go lame. Desperately she decided upon asking a passing car for a lift. A big car passed, slowed up, offered them a lift. Nono told the owner that they were going to Clontarf to bring back their mother who had been there for Easter. How swiftly the milestones passed! They saw soldiers patrolling outside Swords barracks, and were told that the rebels had captured it and cut all telegraphic and telephonic communication and marched away without losing a man. The owner of the car was British.

"I turn off here," he said, and stopped the car.

"Thank you very much," said Nono.

"Glad to help anyone," he replied, and Nono wondered what he would say if he knew he had helped the daughters of James Connolly.

X.

"IT'S all over, Agna," said Nono as they came into Dublin. "How quiet it looks. Just like any Sunday evening."

Kathleen and Margaret Ryan were standing at the door when Nono and Agna came to the house.

"Where have you come from?" asked Kathleen in amazement.

"From Tyrone. We got a train part of the way and walked the rest. But what's the news? How are things?"

"How are things" Kathleen stared in amazement. "Haven't you heard?"

"Nothing."

"The boys are beaten. They've all surrendered. They are all prisoners. Dublin's been burning since Thursday."

"All surrendered? Are you sure?"

"I know. The College of Surgeons was the last."

Nono sat still, too stunned to think or move. Then she raised her head and managed to ask:

"My father?"

"He is wounded and a prisoner in Dublin Castle. They don't think he will live. Maybe they will all be killed." Kathleen's voice rose.

Nono was dumb. Then she thought of mama.

"Can I get across the city?" she asked.

"No," answered Kathleen. "We are not allowed to go out of our own district. Martial law has been declared and no one is allowed on the streets after seven."

"I want to get to mama," explained Nono. "She will be in a dreadful state."

"Where is she?"

"In Madame's cottage at Three Rock."

"There are no trains or trams running."

"We could walk."

"Well, it is no use thinking of it now," declared Kathleen. "You can't go now, and that's all there is to it. What the pair of you want is something

to eat, and bed. We'll see what we can do in the morning."

Nono agreed lifelessly. She was unhappy, disheartened, dispirited. Daddy wounded—prisoner—expected to die. What if she never saw him again! If mama never saw him again! All night long she lay choking and sobbing at the pain-swollen thoughts circling in her mind.

XI.

In the morning Agna and Nono set out to reach mama. Their progress from the North to the South side of the city was difficult. Refused permission to pass one barricade, they went on to the next, trying one barricade after another, until at last they were allowed to pass.

Nono felt as if she were choking as she walked along O'Connell Street. It was just like the photographs of the war zone. Some buildings were in ruins, some crumbling bit by bit, one ruin was swaying. The horrible smell of burning filled the air. In one narrow side street she saw a number of dead horses.

The General Post Office (Headquarters of the Irish Republican Army) was still standing. Just the walls. It was absolutely gutted. The foundations remain, thought Nono, with a sad exultation. It is like the Spirit of Ireland. All around lies destruction and waste. But it stands erect, and will form a rallying place for those who come after.

On the Rathmines Road Nono pointed to a "Daily Sketch" poster. It had a picture of daddy and the inscription—"James Connolly, the Dead Rebel Leader." "Thank God," she cried, "mama is out of the city. She won't see that." And she increased the pace.

* * * * * *

As she hurried up the path to the cottage she heard the sound of sobbing and the frightened crying of Fiona. Mama was sitting near the door, in her hands a copy of the "Daily Sketch." She was moaning for daddy. Nono pushed open the door. Mama looked up in amaze and ran towards her crying:

"My girl, my girl, I thought I had lost you, too."

"You haven't lost any of us yet, mama," Nono consoled her. "That paper is wrong. Daddy is only a prisoner. He is wounded. Agna is coming along the path. Soon we will all be together again."

"But they will shoot him, Nono," whispered mama.

"Nonsense," said Nono cheerfully, "they don't shoot prisoners of war."

Agna came in and mama seemed a bit calmer. "I had given up hope of ever seeing any of you again." She put her arms around Nono and Agna. "Now I have you two and I know your father is not dead. But they will not let him live long," she

cried. "They fear him. They know they can neither bribe nor humble him. He'll always fight them." She broke down. Nono and Agna tried to comfort her. "Nono, I've lost Roddy, too. I don't know what has happened to him. He went with daddy on Monday . . . Father and son . . . Nono, that was the last I saw of him"

"Don't worry any more, mama darling," Nono entreated. "He's probably in jail with the rest of the boys. You know they were all imprisoned when they surrendered. He'll be all right," she said soothingly. "He's in good company, isn't he?"

"I can't stay here any longer, Nono. I must get into Dublin."

"Of course you won't stay here any longer, mama. We'll go in to Dublin and find somewhere to stay so that you'll be near daddy."

"Will we ever see him again, Nono?"

"Mama, mama," wailed Nono piteously. "Of course we will see him again."

CHAPTER XXII.

I.

THEY were in Dublin—in William O'Brien's house. His mother and sister had welcomed mama and the family, and in their quiet way were doing their best to soothe mama's fears. It was there mama found news of Roddy. William and he had been arrested at the same time, Cissie told her. Every day William had gone down to the General Post Office to learn the news and have a talk with daddy. Then one day daddy had told William not to try to come again—it would be too dangerous, and had asked him to take Roddy away with him. When the news of the surrender came, William and Roddy had gone out to try to get through to O'Connell Street, and learn what they could. They were arrested and were now in Richmond Barracks.

The first night in Dublin under Martial Law was a nerve-racked time. Once dark came no one was allowed on the streets, all windows and outer doors must be closed, nor must any light show. Soldiers patrolled the centre of the streets, their nerves as strained as those of the people inside the houses. Shots cracked at intervals; panic-stricken yells from the soldiers—"Put out that light, put out that

light,"—and if the light was not immediately doused a fusillade of shots followed the yells.

Few in Dublin slept well at night time.

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Daddy was a prisoner in Dublin Castle. Agna had gone there to get what news of him she could; to try if it were possible to see him.

"No, mama," she said when she came back. "They won't let anyone see him. I tried and tried, but it was no use . . . I stopped a nurse I saw coming out and asked her if she could give me any news. She said daddy was very weak; he had lost a lot of blood. He was not improving."

Mama's face was white and strained.

"What will we do, Nono?" she whispered. "What will we do?"

Agna began to sob.

"I met Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington there. She was trying to get some information about Mr. Skeffington's murder. We could never be brave like her."

"Poor Skeffington," said Nono. "I wonder does daddy know about him. I'll go to the Castle to-morrow. Maybe I could get in."

"No, Nono, no. You mustn't," cried mama in alarm. "You'd get arrested."

"They won't arrest me, mama."

"They will. A woman came here yesterday and said they were searching for you."

"Don't mind any such talk, mama. They're not looking for me. They won't arrest me."

* * * * * *

Oh, the horror of these mornings! Executions. Executions. Executions. Tom Clarke. Thomas MacDonagh. Padraic Pearse. Willie Pearse. Every morning the heart stood still when the newsboys cried, "Stop Press. One more executed. Two more executed." Joseph Plunkett. Eamon Ceannt. God in Heaven! Will they never stop! Eight. Ten. Oh, the long-drawn-out agony! Twelve.

"Daddy is still alive," said Nono to mama, in mournful consolation.

II.

SUNDAY Nono found a note in the letter-box. It was for mama. "If Mrs. Connolly will call at Dublin Castle on Monday or Tuesday after eleven o'clock she can see her husband," it said.

"Nono, they're going to shoot him."

"Mama," soothed Nono, "isn't everyone telling you that they will not shoot a wounded man? Haven't you been told they must wait till he is well again, and that by then feeling will be so strong they will not dare to shoot him?"

"But I feel it," pressing her heart. "I feel it. They are going to execute him. They wouldn't let him live, Nono; they wouldn't let him live."

"Mama, dear; listen to me." Nono's arms were close around her. "Look. The note says Monday

or Tuesday. So you are sure he won't be executed either day. Take that small comfort to your heart."

"How can I wait till to-morrow?"

"Mama, mama," cried Nono a few minutes later. "Look! Roddy has come back. Isn't that a good omen?"

"Roddy!" cried mama, laughing and crying, "I didn't expect to see you again. They shot Willie Pearse because he was Padraic's brother, and I thought they would shoot you because you were daddy's son. Did they ask you anything about daddy?"

"I didn't give them my right name. I said I was Robert Carney."

"How did you get out?" asked Nono.

"They released all boys under sixteen."

"Oh," cried mama, "I'll be seeing daddy to-morrow and I'll be able to tell him you are safe."

"Tom Clarke, Sean McDermott, and Major McBride were in the same room with me," said Roddy.

Silence.

* * * * * *

Mama was taking Fiona to see daddy.

"If you get a chance, mama," said Nono, "tell daddy Agna and I are safe."

"I won't mention your name. It wouldn't be safe."

"I'm in no danger," insisted Nono. "Tell him Gwendolyn Violet walked to Dublin."

III.

"NONO. He is very ill. He couldn't move in the bed," said mama when she came back. "They only let me stay a little while. I couldn't tell him the things I knew he wanted to know . . . They made me promise not to tell him about anything that had happened. They searched me, and searched Fiona before they let me go up . . . They asked me to promise not to bring in anything to take his life. As if he would! Oh, Nono, Nono."

"Will they let you see him again?" asked Nono chokily.

"To-morrow."

"I'm going with you. I am. I am. I must see him."

* * * * * *

Nono stared at the soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets who stood on guard at the top of the stairs and on the landing. There were more in a small alcove. All that force, she said to herself, and daddy can't move in his bed.

Daddy was lying in a narrow bed. A cage held the bed-clothes above the wounded leg.

"Daddy mine; oh, daddy mine!" Nono knelt beside him and rested her cheek against his. Mama could not say a word; she just held his hand and looked at him.

"You're very pale, daddy, and your voice is very weak. Are you suffering much pain?"

"No, Nono. I'm tired. I've been court-martialled to-day. I was propped up in bed. The strain was very great."

"Court——!" gasped Nono, but daddy warned her by a look, and glanced at mama.

All hope departed from Nono. He would be executed. They would not wait till he was well. If they propped him up in bed to courtmartial him they would not hesitate to shoot him. She was numb.

"Daddy"—she tried to carry on—"how did you get wounded?" He told her it was coming back from placing some men. A sniper had shot him above the ankle. He was too far away from the Post Office, and too far away from the men he had placed, to be seen. So he had crawled back. The bones were shattered. He had lost a lot of blood, too. "We couldn't get it staunched," he said.

He turned his head towards mama and began planning for the future. Nono only half listened, lost in wonderment at his calm, cheerful air. "I want you to tell Skeffington," she heard him say, and saw mama looking at him with pain-stricken eyes. She had given her promise, so could not tell him the news that his very dear friend was dead—murdered by a drunken officer.

"Daddy, the papers say that Liam Mellowes is still out on the Galway hills," she whispered, to relieve mama. "And Larry Ginnell is fighting for the men in the House of Commons."

"Good man, Larry," said daddy. "And well he may," he added proudly. "It was a good, clean fight. The Cause is safe now. Our fight will put an end to recruiting. Irishmen will now realise the absurdity of fighting for another country when their own is enslaved. And the women and girls, Nono." The pride in his voice! "No one can say enough to honour and praise them."

"And the boys, daddy? There was a big number of them released from Richmond Barracks; anyone under sixteen. Roddy was one of them. Did you know?"

"So Roddy was in prison," said daddy. "How long?"

"Eight days."

"He was in the fight, and has been imprisoned for his country, and he is not sixteen. He has had a great start in life, hasn't he, Nono?"

Then came the question Nono was dreading.

"Tell me, what happened in the North?"

"It was no use, daddy. The men were all dispersed and couldn't be brought together again. I did my best. I waited and waited." She was choking at the memory. "When I saw there would be no fighting there I tried to get back to Dublin."

"Did you walk the whole way?"

"Only from Dundalk. And when I arrived the fighting was over. I had no chance, daddy—I did nothing." Tears brimmed over.

"Nothing!" said daddy with a smile, as he raised his arms and drew her head down to his

breast. "I think my little woman did as much as anyone."

A military doctor and a civilian entered the room. "Well." The civilian, a white-haired, elderly man, stood looking down at daddy. "How are you to-day?" "As usual, Surgeon Tobin," said daddy. Surgeon Tobin was talking loudly and briskly. He drew the military doctor and the officer, who had been seated in the room, into the conversation. Nono saw the twinkle come back into daddy's eyes; heard him laugh.

"Wonderful man," said Surgeon Tobin, as he prepared to leave the room. "Wonderful man. Never met his like."

Daddy had just finished telling of the brave boy who helped carry his stretcher from the Post Office, when the officer stood up. "Time is up," he said.

* * * * * *

The next day neither mama nor Nono saw daddy. But at twelve o'clock on Thursday night an ambulance, accompanied by an officer, came to the door. The officer said that James Connolly was very weak and wished to see his wife and eldest daughter. Mama seemed to believe the story—but Nono knew what it meant.

How long the ambulance takes! When it was stopped by sentries as it drove through the dark, deserted streets, Nono could hardly restrain herself from urging the driver to go on. Up the staircase, through the soldiers, they were escorted.

Daddy's head was turned, watching for them to come in.

"Well, Lillie. I suppose you know what this means?"

"James, James. It's not that—it's not that," mama wailed.

"Yes, Lillie," he said, patting her hand. "I fell asleep to-night for the first time. I was awakened at eleven and told I was to be shot at dawn."

Mama was kneeling, her head on the bed, sobbing heart-breakingly.

Daddy laid his hand on her head.

"Don't cry, Lillie," he pleaded. "You'll unman me."

"But your beautiful life, James," mama sobbed. "Your beautiful life."

"Hasn't it been a full life, Lillie," he said. "And isn't this a good end?"

Nono was standing by the other side of the bed; tears were streaming, and she was sobbing. Daddy turned to her.

"Don't cry, Nono. There is nothing to cry about."

"I won't cry," she answered, and bit her lip.

"That's my brave girl." Daddy patted her hand. Then he whispered, "Put your hand under the clothes." Nono did so, and he slipped a stiff paper into it. "Smuggle that out, Nono. It is my last statement." Something to do steadied Nono. But her throat was swelling.

Daddy was whispering to mama, but mama's face was growing greyer and older every minute. Nono listened to the little jokes with which daddy was trying to cheer mama.

"Nono," said daddy, "I heard that poor Skeffington was killed."

"Yes," she choked. "Daddy, daddy, they're all gone! All the best men in Ireland are gone." She gave him the names.

Daddy was silent. Nono felt he was shocked; that he had thought he was the first to go.

"Daddy, everybody said that they wouldn't shoot you while you were wounded. We've been living on that hope."

"I never thought that. I remembered Sheepers in South Africa."

"To-day's papers said it was promised in the House of Commons last night that there would be no more shootings."

"England's promises," said daddy.

"You've only five minutes more," said the officer.

Mama collapsed, and was revived. Daddy tried to clasp her in his arms—but he could only move his head and shoulders. Nono put her head down to his. "Daddy; oh, my daddy."

"Time is up."

"Good-bye, Nono."

Nono could not speak. She stood looking at him.

"Go to mother," urged daddy.

Nono could not move mama. She stood as if turned to stone, and with white face looked at daddy. A nurse put her arms around her and led mama away. Nono ran back from the door and kissed daddy.

"Daddy."

Daddy held her close.

"I'm proud of you, Nono girl."

Mama and Nono stood on the threshold taking a last look at him. They would never see him again.

EPILOGUE.

MAMA stood at the window, pulled back the curtain, and waited for the dawn, moaning all the time. Nono supported her, not a word was said, their eyes fixed on the sky. The sky became pale.

"Nono, he's gone! My darling is gone!"

* * * * * *

Agna and Aideen crept to the door with frightened looks.

"What is it, Nono?" they whispered.

"Daddy is gone."

"Daddy!—oh, mama, mama."

Then Roddy and Moira appeared.

"I heard someone crying," said Moira. "What is wrong" asked Roddy.

"Daddy is gone."

Nono heard Fiona crying. Nono went in to comfort her. She was sitting up in bed. "Everybody is crying, Nono. Why is everyone crying?"

"Oh, little Fi; little Fi, daddy is gone. They have just executed him." She clung to the little one and wept. "Come in to mama."

They were all huddled together, sobbing and crying. Mama still stood at the window watching the sky, moaning.

"Mama. Daddy gave me his last statement before we left him. Listen, mama. I'll read it to you." Nono felt choking; she unfolded the stiff paper and looked at it with clouded eyes. "Mama, will you listen while I read daddy's last words. Children, stop crying and listen to me." With many stops, amid the sounds of stifled sobs, Nono read:

"To the Field General Court Martial, held at Dublin Castle, on May 9th, 1916.

"(Evidence mainly went to establish the fact that the accused, James Connolly, was in command at the General Post Office, and was also Commandant-General of the Dublin Division. Two of the witnesses, however, strove to bring in alleged instances of wantonly risking the lives of prisoners. The Court held that these charges were *irrelevant* and could not be placed against the prisoner.)

"I do not wish to make any defence except against charges of wanton cruelty to prisoners. These trifling allegations that have been made, if they record facts that really happened, deal only with the almost unavoidable incidents of a hurried uprising against long established authority, and nowhere show evidence of set purpose to wantonly injure unarmed persons.

"We went out to break the connection between this country and the British Empire, and to establish an Irish Republic. We believed that the call we then issued to the people of Ireland, was a nobler call, in a holier cause, than any call issued to them during this war, having any connection with the war. We succeeded in proving that Irishmen are ready to die endeavouring to win for Ireland those

national rights which the British Government has been asking them to die to win for Belgium. As long as that remains the case, the cause of Irish Freedom is safe.

"Believing that the British Government has no right in Ireland, never had any right in Ireland, and never can have any right in Ireland, the presence, in any one generation of Irishmen, of even a respectable minority, ready to die to affirm that truth, makes that Government for ever a usurpation and a crime against human progress.

"I personally thank God that I have lived to see the day when thousands of Irish men and boys, and hundreds of Irish women and girls, were ready to affirm that truth, and to attest it with their lives if need be.

"JAMES CONNOLLY, Commandant-General,
Dublin Division,
Army of the Irish Republic."

* * * * * *

"Mama, we must go back to the Castle and ask for daddy's body."

"They won't give it to us."

"We must ask."

It was refused.

"Mrs. Connolly"—a nurse came to them as they stood in the hall not knowing what to do—"before Mr. Connolly left us I cut this off for you." On her hand was a lock of daddy's hair. Mama took it and held to her cheek all that was left of him.

* * * * * *

"It was a terrible shock to me," said Father

Aloysius. "I was with him yesterday evening, and I promised to see him this afternoon. He was much easier than he had been. I felt sure he would get a good night's rest."

"How could they shoot him, Father?" cried Nono. "How could they shoot him? He couldn't sit up in bed. He couldn't stand up to be shot. How did they shoot him?"

"I was sure there would be no more executions. The ambulance that brought you home came for me. I felt so sure that I would not be needed that for the first time I locked the doors. I was astounded."

"But how did they shoot him?"

"The ambulance brought me to your father. He was a wonderful man. I am sorry to say that of all the men that were executed he was the only one I did not know personally. I will always thank God as long as I live that He permitted me to be with your father till he was dead."

"Yes, Father; yes. But they shot him. How——?"

"They carried him from his bed in a stretcher to an ambulance and drove him to Kilmainham Jail. They carried the stretcher from the ambulance to the jail yard. They put him in a chair . . . He was very brave and cool . . . I asked him: 'Will you pray for the men who are about to shoot you?' and he answered: 'I will say a prayer for all brave men who do their duty.' . . . And then they shot him. . . ."